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MEMORIES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

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REGINALD, 12TH EARL OF MEATH, K.P., P.C., G.B.E.

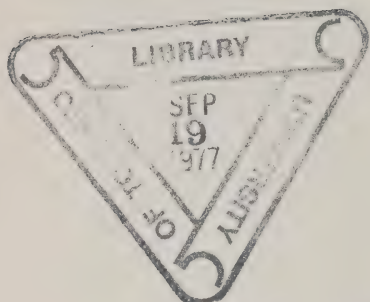
[Frontispiece.]

MEMORIES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

BY REGINALD, 12TH EARL OF MEATH, K.P.

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

1923



TO
THE MEMORY
OF
MY BELOVED WIFE

"She is dead, the sweet Musician,
She has moved a little nearer
To the Master of all Music."

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MEMORIES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD AND ETON

1841-59

IN the following pages I propose to recall some of the incidents which occurred during the earlier years of my life.

In these Memories I shall endeavour to be as accurate as possible ; but as I never kept a Diary, I shall ask any of my readers who may think their memory is better than mine to be lenient, should they discover any error or embroidery in any of my statements, and I would beg them not to act towards me as did the lover of truth who, overhearing a conversation in a train between some travellers and a sportsman who had related to his companions some tales which rivalled those of the famous Baron Munchausen, rushed to the assistance of the narrator of the exciting stories, and assured the doubting audience that he knew the tales were true, for indeed he had witnessed several of the feats, and, moreover, was a personal friend of the sportsman. He added that he could vouch for his strict integrity, had never heard him say anything that was not absolutely true, and finally claimed that he was a member of the same profession as that of the story-teller. When asked what that profession was, with an air of innocent

astonishment, he replied, "Why, of course, that of lying!"

I was born in the corner house of Chester and Belgrave Streets adjoining Belgrave Square, London, on July 31st, 1841. My father bore at that time the courtesy title of Lord Brabazon, and was the second son of John Chambre, tenth Earl of Meath, his elder brother, Anthony, having died on February 9th, 1826.

My mother, to whom he was married on November 14th, 1837, was Harriot, second daughter of Sir Richard Brooke, sixth Baronet, of Norton Priory, in the county of Chester. She was a very beautiful woman, one of the greatest beauties of her day, and she retained her lovely classical features till she died in 1898.

Like my father, I was the second son. My elder brother, Jacques le Normand, died in 1844.

My father was a remarkable man, endowed with many gifts of mind and body which, had he possessed more ambition, might have carried him into the highest ranks of power. He was wonderfully well informed, but remarkably modest. He was a very fair speaker. His business capacities were great. Though he rarely spoke in the House of Lords, his common sense, his power of concentration, and his strong judicial mind and marked moral qualities, incapable of being bent from the straight and honourable path by any fear of consequences, marked him out as an ideal Chairman of Committees.

During his attendances in Parliament these qualities led to his being frequently appointed Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords, but these remarks apply to a later date, after he succeeded, on his father's death in 1851, as eleventh Earl of Meath. Before his marriage he had served for several years in the

House of Commons, as Whig M.P. for the County of Dublin.

Shortly after my birth, he started with my mother, my elder brother, and myself for a prolonged tour on the Continent. He was a remarkable judge of horses, a good whip, and rider to hounds—in short, a thorough sportsman, who understood the management and care of animals.

We left Calais in an open britska, which could be closed when required, my father driving the four thoroughbreds, practically unbroken. We were accompanied by a nurse and one manservant.

By the time he reached Vienna his team had been thoroughly broken in, and they excited great admiration as they were driven through the streets of that gay and aristocratic metropolis. Owing to the marriage of his uncle, the second Earl of Clanwilliam, to Caroline, Countess Thun, and to the marriages of my father's first cousins, the Ladies Caroline and Selina Meade, to Count Paul Szecheny and to General Count Clam-Martinitz respectively, my father, on arrival in Vienna, found himself received with open arms by the members of the Austrian and Hungarian aristocracies.

He was offered such large sums of money for his English thoroughbred horses that at last he was tempted to part with them, and proceeding to Hungary he purchased with the same money thirteen Hungarian greys. Reserving the best five of these, he sold the remainder to great advantage. These horses he continued to drive through Europe for five years, spending the winters in various large towns.

I do not propose to follow my father's wanderings at this time, as his life has been written by my sister, and the MS. is in her possession. I shall only relate

a few events which occurred during this period and which were told me by my parents.

My elder brother, Jacques le Normand, to their great grief, died at Castellammare, near Naples, of diphtheria, in August 1844, and was buried in the old English graveyard at Naples. He and I were both attacked by the same disease, which was not properly understood in those days. The doctors left me, saying that science could do no more for me, and that I must die, and turned their attentions to my brother. He it was who died, though I was for long delicate, owing, I believe, to the large amount of calomel the medicos gave me. My father and mother travelled with us children through Germany, Belgium, France, Austria, Hungary, the Austrian Provinces of Italy, Modena, Parma, Florence, Sardinia, the Papal States, the kingdom of Naples, and Sicily. When we passed through Apulia and other dangerous districts, we were frequently accompanied by mounted guards to protect us from the brigands. My father, I have been told, never sat down to his own dinner at the end of a day's journey until he had personally attended to his horses, and seen them cared for and properly fed, with the result that he rarely had a horse sick or sorry. He drove three leaders and two wheelers. I can well remember occasions, when mounting steep hills, on which the horses were replaced by oxen, for the modern system of engineering roads so as to avoid any abrupt rises, was unknown at that time in many parts of Europe.

Feudalism still existed in some places, notwithstanding the French Revolution of 1789. My father told me that whilst visiting the great Hungarian nobleman Esterhazy, the conversation turned on an exploit reported to have recently occurred in England, when

an Englishman for a bet brought his hunter into his dining-room, mounted him, and jumped over the table, which was fully laid for a large dinner party ! Esterhazy said that he would next day perform a feat which would cap that story and would be impossible for any Englishman to copy.

Next morning, my father was awoken by the clattering of horse's hoofs in the corridor of the castle outside his bedroom, and the voice of Prince Esterhazy calling to him to come out and see the feat he had promised to perform. My father went into the corridor, and found the Prince mounted on a favourite pony. He rode thus along the corridor and down the front doorsteps into the great court of the castle.

Arrived in the courtyard, the Prince dismounted from his pony and got on a fine animal. Pointing to the centre of the court, the Prince asked my father what he saw there. At first he could not make out what was the nature of the object which he saw in the yard. On looking closer, however, he saw that men were lying on their faces in a pile, one on the top of another, like cannon-balls may be seen to be piled in any arsenal, until only one remains on the top.

Esterhazy, pointing to this living heap of human beings, said he was about to jump over it, and that he defied any Englishman to do the like in his own country ! He did jump over these wretched serfs, and happily without touching any of them, but my father had to acknowledge that he was not prepared to accept the challenge of the Prince !

I was too young during these years of travel to remember much of what happened, but a few incidents, all of them connected with frights, impressed themselves on my memory.

When we were in Naples we inhabited a house looking on the Chiaja Reale, now Nazionale—the public gardens along the seaside in the centre of the town. There used to be royal sentries stationed in sentry-boxes at all the entries to the gardens. I remember my horror at being arrested by an armed sentry, who, with a fixed bayonet at the end of his musket, placed me in his sentry-box, and stood in front of me whilst my nurse expostulated with him. I never knew what fearful offence I had committed until, years afterwards, when I had come to years of discretion, I suspected I was held as a hostage by the soldier until such time as my nurse consented to pay a fine, to the mischievous imp yclept Cupid.

My next blood-curdling adventure took place in the courtyard of an inn, where situated I know not. A continuous balcony ran along one side of the house, a steep wooden staircase leading from the balcony to the stableyard of the inn. I and my nurse stood on the balcony, when behold! our one manservant, who occupied so many positions, and when we drove sat behind with the nurse on the dicky armed with a blunderbuss, appeared on the scene, holding something in his hand hidden behind his back. To my horror, I saw it was a live, wriggling snake. The dreadful idea struck me that he was going to place it on my head. I was not so far wrong in my fear, only it was not on my head, but on that of a stable-boy in the courtyard, whom he summoned to mount the staircase, and then when he came quite close the wretched man did place the snake round the neck of the boy! I presume it was a harmless snake, but of course I did not know this and was frightened out of my life.

Another fright I had was when I and my brother, who was only a child himself, were both mounted on a

donkey, and had to cross a stream. I remember, as if it were yesterday, the protective and consoling manner in which he assured me that there was no danger, and how he held me tight in front of him on his saddle. He was a wonderful boy, and always took such care of me, his younger brother. He might have been many years older. He died when he was five. My father used to allow Normy to sit by his side, when he drove his five-in-hand, and sometimes used to place the reins in the child's hands, and allow him to drive, which my father used to say he really did, though, of course, without Normy's knowledge, my father kept hold of the reins behind the boy's back.

My fourth and last reminiscence of these early years of my life was when I was running round a marble table in Naples and slipped, and gashed open my left temple, the mark of which I bear to this day. It was a serious wound and took a long time to heal. The doctors said that I should have been killed if the wound had been a little to the left or right of the actual spot struck.

During this period my mother used to dress me in a somewhat fantastic manner, as a sort of imaginary young brigand, in a kilt, a velvet jacket, and a brigand's high operatic hat. There is a watercolour sketch of me in this costume, holding a gun in my hand, painted by my Aunt Jessie, my mother's sister, the Honourable Mrs. Wilbraham, hanging at "Killruddery" in the small china-room in the west wing, where there is also a watercolour sketch, of the view from the balcony of my parents' house at Castellammare, near Naples, where my brother died.

I have been told that I was a very handsome child with large eyes and long curls, and that I used sometimes to be stopped by ladies appreciative of my beauty.

Upon one such occasion, which was not a rare event, my mother was witness of this adoration, and asked me what the ladies had said to me. I answered, "Oh, nothing, they only said what a bootilum boy I was." Upon this, fearful lest my character should suffer, of which there was not the smallest danger, as I didn't care whether I was bootilum or not, she said, "Yes, dear, you are bootilum; but remember it is better to be good than bootilum."

Afterwards, when we returned to England, I used to continue to wear this dress, when I remember a fearful catastrophe occurred. I was walking with my nurse on the pier at Brighton on a gusty day, when lo! the precious brigand's hat was swept into the sea, and although a boatman was sent out to rescue it at once, it never was recovered, and the dress had to be relinquished, as such a hat could not be procured within the bounds of prosaic England! I had by that time become very proud of that hat, and I remember the anguish at parting from it in this tragic manner. "*Sic transit gloria mundi!*"

My father, after his return to England, obtained the lease of a house which had been just built, No. 17 Gloucester Square, London. It was on the north side, but the numbers have since been changed. It was situated about two-thirds of the way from east to west on that side. He obtained the lease of the house in the following manner. Gloucester Square was at that time just being built, and one day, taking a walk out of London, he watched the builders at work, when he was accosted by a gentleman who asked him if he wanted a house. My father said "Yes," but added that these houses were far too large for either his needs or his purse. The gentleman proved, I believe, to be the builder, and owner of the land, and when he heard my



WILLIAM, 11TH EARL OF MEATH.



HARRIOT, COUNTESS OF MEATH, WIFE OF 11TH EARL.

father's name he told him he could have the lease of the house at his own price, evidently thinking that it would be good business to obtain my father as the tenant of the first house to be let in an entirely new square.

Here I lived with my parents until I went to school in 1851, and here my sister was born. My grandfather died, and my father succeeded as eleventh Earl of Meath, on March 15th, 1851, and I became Lord Brabazon. The only time I can recall seeing my grandfather must have been shortly before his death, when he came to Gloucester Square, and presented me with a flying kite. I rushed off with it to Hyde Park, but alas! not having anyone who understood a kite to help me, it insisted on always returning to mother earth, each time I tried to persuade it to show that it really belonged to more ethereal realms. At length I gave up trying to make it fly, and deserted it for more satisfactory pleasures.

It was about this time that I followed the sport which also proved to me as elusive as it has to many another boy, namely, hunting birds with salt. This usually took place in Gloucester Square. Another fascinating amusement used to be to climb the rafters of the roof of a wooden summer-house, which was in course of construction in the centre of the garden.

Little did I think then that my grandchildren, sixty years afterwards, would play in the same square, and sit under the very rafters which I, at the time, thought I was assisting to erect; but so it is, as Ardee now owns No. 2 Gloucester Square.

During our stay at No. 17 I was taken to see the Zoo, and came back persuaded that the animals, especially the tigers, knew where I lived, had taken a great fancy to me, and would certainly never rest until they had tasted the blood of a little boy of eight or nine. This

terror haunted me as long as we lived there, and until I went to school. I was an only child, and, like all children of gentle blood at that time, had to dress and join my parents at dinner when the dessert arrived. As soon as I had been given some sweets or fruit, I had to bow and retire upstairs. This was the time of my ordeal. I had to ascend alone two flights of dimly lighted stairs in order to reach my nursery, and this I did crab-fashion, sliding up with my back against the wall, and carefully backing into every corner, in order to ensure that the tiger should not be able to attack me from the rear. I did not mind so much if I could only face him. This terror of the dark is far more common on the part of little boys and girls than many people realise, for few children will confess to this fear even to the most loving parents and kind nurses. A little girl, a first cousin of mine, who was brought up by my mother, was heard by her singing at the top of her voice in bed, when she should have been asleep. My mother went to the child's room and asked her why she was singing. She continued to sing, but beckoning to my mother to come close, she whispered, "There is a burglar under my bed and I am singing to let him know I am awake"! Of course there was no burglar, but fancy the nervous strain the poor child must have suffered, perhaps for many nights, without anyone suspecting it!

The school which my parents chose for me was a private one, kept by the Rev. James Reynolds Young, at his rectory in the village of Whitnash, about a mile and a half from Leamington. He usually had about ten or twelve pupils, all of them of good, and many of them of aristocratic, families.

The Great Western Railway was then in course of construction, and ran just in front of our playground.

I have the liveliest remembrance of one of my fellow-pupils, Charles Augustus, third Earl of Dunmore, running across the line just in front of the engine, out of sheer bravado, amidst showers of coal and coke thrown at him by the enraged engine driver and stoker. Dunmore was our champion boxer, and one night a duel was arranged on the village green in front of the stocks (which are now, alas! removed) between the champion boxer of the village and our champion. Dunmore won, to our immense delight, and we all retired secretly to our beds without our escapade coming to the knowledge of the authorities, or if they were aware of it, nothing was ever said about it. I remained at Whitnash for four years.

During my stay at Whitnash the great Duke of Wellington died, and I remember going up to London with some of my fellow-pupils, to see the State funeral on November 18th, 1852.

I saw the procession pass down Pall Mall, from the house of one of my father's friends. This house has now been destroyed. The Wellington boots, which used to be worn by our hero, affixed to stirrups and empty saddle on the back of the Duke's favourite charger, "Copenhagen," made a great impression on my mind.

Our Whitnash schoolmaster used to publish and print a monthly Parish Magazine, and he employed us boys as printers, thus saving, I have no doubt, some expense, and giving us a very useful experience of the secrets of the printing press. I remember I had to place in type, together with others, portions of the famous speech in the House of Lords of the fourteenth Earl of Derby (the Rupert of debate), scholar, orator, and statesman, on the occasion of the speeches in the House in eulogy of the great Duke, and not only had we to do this, but

later on some of us had to recite, in public, passages from this famous oration.

My youthful good looks had apparently not entirely deserted me at this time, as I and Dunmore, who was a handsome boy of my own age, for he also was born in 1841, were commandeered to sit for our portrait to a lady artist, as some species of angelic beings, for insertion in a coloured-glass lancet window, which still exists, as I have lately seen it just behind the pulpit in the church at Whitnash. From this recent inspection, I should say that if we at all resembled our portraits in look or attitude, we should both have been the better for a good kicking !

Amongst my fellow-pupils whose names were afterwards more or less known in the world were S. G. Stopford (who afterwards took the patronymic of Sackville, his mother having been the last representative of the Dukes of Dorset) and Edward Denison, son of a Bishop of Salisbury. Stopford Sackville became afterwards Member of Parliament for one of the divisions of Northamptonshire, and acted as my best man when I married. Denison was the pioneer of those unselfish and devoted philanthropists who, in ever-increasing numbers since his day, have voluntarily taken up their habitation in the poorer districts of our great cities, in order the better to understand, sympathise with, and help their less fortunate fellow-creatures. He lived, worked, and died at the back of the London Hospital.

During my holidays I sometimes visited my uncle the Earl of Gosford, and sometimes my grandmother the Dowager Countess of Meath, and my companions were usually Lord Gosford's two sons, Viscount Acheson and the Hon. Edward Acheson ; the former and I were of the same age. He died in 1922, and the latter in 1921.

When we were at Gosford Castle our delight used to be to climb, with the aid of a short ladder, from one tower of the modern Norman castle to another. Sometimes, in order to do this, one leg of the ladder was placed against some slight stone ornamentation such as a gargoyle, whilst the other leg was without support, except the hand of a boy either below it or above it. How we escaped being dashed to pieces by a fall from one of these lofty towers remains a mystery to me! Of course, we were all really terribly afraid, but none of us would ever have ventured to give expression to our fears; on the contrary, the more nervous we were, the more we challenged each other to still madder feats of agility. Of course our parents knew nothing of these dangerous pranks, and we mercifully were preserved from death or injury.

On one occasion, our parents returned from a walk, and, summoning us boys, told us there was a very dangerous bull in a field near the castle, and solemnly warned us not to go near it. Of course, as soon as we left the presence of our respected parents, we talked the subject over, and determined to see for ourselves this wicked bull. Having heard about bull fights in Spain, and how the matador drops a red flag over the eyes of the bull before he despatches him with his sword, we thought we also ought to arm ourselves in like manner, and ransacked the rooms of Acheson's sisters for every scrap of red cloth or ribbon we could find. At first, when we reached the outside of the field in which the bull was said to be, we looked over the hedge and ditch with the greatest caution. It was some time before we could spot the animal in the farther corner of the field. When we did, we showed our red garments and ribbons over the hedge, but did not venture to cross the fence.

As the bull continued to graze peacefully, and took not the least notice of us, we crossed the fence, always with great caution, prepared to retreat at the first sign of a charge on the part of the bull, but as he would not even look at us, but continued to graze, we plucked up courage, and gradually advanced nearer and nearer to him. Then we began to shout at him, and wave our arms and red rags. At length he quietly moved off, and we drove him in front of us. We were disgusted, and losing all respect for his bovine Majesty, returned home, not quite sure which we thought the greatest cowards, our honoured parents or the bull!

There was a certain head gardener at Gosford Castle who did not love us, for the hot-house fruit used to disappear in a most remarkable way, and when he reported us as being under suspicion in regard to this matter, we issued out of an evening and, hiding in the wood which surrounded his house, made terrifying noises and groans when he and his family were engaged in their evening family devotions, as we could see through a crack in the window curtains.

I am afraid we were not what you may call the most amiable of lads. We egged each other on to do things which singly we should never have done. When we stayed with my grandmother, who had taken Peper Harow House from Lord Middleton on lease, we used to mystify the coachman by telling him that no locks or bars could keep us out of any place we wished to enter. We told him that we intended next day to take a certain carriage—a very light pony-carriage—out of the coach-house, and defied him to prevent us from doing this. He accepted the challenge, and next day when he opened the coachhouse to clean a heavy carriage with a large boothole under the coachman's seat, one of us

slipped into the boothole, whilst the coachman was drawing water with which to wash the carriage, and, when his work was done, he pulled the carriage with the boy inside back into the coachhouse, and locked and double-locked the door, muttering to himself that the young ragamuffins would not be able this time to get the pony-carriage out. The boy in the boothole remained quietly inside, until his companions outside knocked at the door to tell him that the coachman had gone home; then the boy inside quietly raised the great bolt fastened into the stone floor which held the folding doors firmly closed, and as they were pushed from inside outwards the locks of course became useless, and away we used to run with our favourite pony-carriage, taking it on to the high-road; then if we saw any benevolent individual coming we would get inside and all begin to snore, pretending to be asleep, and if the person tried to wake us we would all jump up with a yell and run away with the carriage like mad lunatics, as we were. I must say we never did any harm to the carriage or to anyone, and as it amused us, and gave us healthy exercise, I suppose we may be pardoned for our silly conduct. I think, however, we ought to have been punished for frightening the Gosford gardener and his family, but the gardener was not vindictive, and so we escaped, through his kindness, the reward which we richly deserved.

In 1855 I went to Eton, and entered the house of Augustus Frederick Birch, in Keats Lane. A plain brick house it was then, and I believe is still, recognisable by a beautiful wistaria which adorns the outward shell of what otherwise might be described as a building without any architectural pretensions. Birch's house was popularly known as the House of Lords, owing to the

unusual proportion of boys in it bearing handles to their names. Amongst those living in the house with me who have since distinguished themselves, I may mention the present Marquis of Lansdowne, the eminent statesman, the leader for many years of the Lords, the ex-Viceroy of India, and ex-Governor-General of Canada; the late Earl of Camperdown, whose knowledge of Parliamentary procedure was recognised, and his advice regarded almost as law for so many years in the House of Lords; the late Lord Heneage, at one time Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; the Earl of Coventry, of racing and sporting fame, who reached his eighty-fourth year on May 9th, 1922; the late Earl of Kilmorey, friend of Royalty; the late Earl of Morley, for several years the occupant of the most important position, after that of the Lord Chancellor, of Chairman of Committees, in the House of Lords. All these were my fellow house-students at Eton. Tommy de Grey, Lord Walsingham, the distinguished Fellow of the Royal Society, and the most deadly game shot of his time, was also at Eton with me, and played football, under my captaincy, as also did Morley, who then bore the courtesy title of Boringdon. Lord Newry, afterwards Kilmorey, stroked a four-oar in the house races—the crew consisting, in addition to the stroke oar, of Boringdon, myself, and a boy named Glenney, who was also described in the sporting papers as “Lord” Glenney, although he had no right to the title, for the correspondents could not believe that any of the crew of a boat manned from Birch’s could contain a commoner! We came in second in the races, but all acknowledged that we should have won if our steerer, a brother of Newry, had not lost his steerage ropes, and had to turn two corners in the river (the two “Hopes”) without their assistance. Needham

steered with his hands, and, notwithstanding this misfortune, we arrived at the winning post only $1\frac{1}{2}$ lengths behind the victor.

What can I say about Eton which has not already been said by other ardent Etonians? I loved Eton, and still believe that there is something in its atmosphere which is not to be found in any other school in the world. The enthusiasm which Eton has evoked amongst the thousands who have passed under its influence cannot, I believe, be equalled. I wonder if any old boys from Westminster or Winchester, from Harrow or Rugby, from Charterhouse or from Cheltenham, ever rode as officers to their deaths in a gallant charge with the old school cry on their lips—this occurred in the case of two old Eton boys in the Boer War.

When I was at Eton, fashion had decreed that cricket was to be neglected for the sports of the river. The inevitable result was a series of defeats for Eton on the cricket-field. The hearts of thousands of old Etonians were cut to the quick by these disasters. A crowded meeting was held in Willis's Rooms, London, to enquire into their cause, and a resolution was passed, expressing the grief and humiliation felt by old Etonians at these repeated defeats, and promising every assistance possible, pecuniary and otherwise, to restore victory to the wearers of the light blue. In every house this solemn message was read out by the head boy on the same evening, in the presence of all within the house, amidst a silence which could be felt. We all returned to our rooms feeling like whipped hounds, and determined to do our best to right this wrong to the honour of Eton. A large sum of money was raised, the cricket-ground was taken up and entirely relaid, regardless of expense, and professional players were engaged to teach scientific

play, with the result that victory again was quickly restored to the cricket-fields of Eton.

I am writing, of course, of the years 1855 to 1859, during part of which time Valentine Lawless, now Lord Cloncurry, was Captain of the Boats, and instituted a new species of stroke which carried Eton to victory on the river. I cannot speak of subsequent years. I know not whether the same high spirit animates the hearts of present Etonians. I dare say it does. Great changes have occurred in the school. The education has, I believe, been immensely improved, and all sorts of material comforts are now enjoyed by the boys of which we never even dreamt. Modern parents would be horrified were they invited to subject their children to the Spartan régime which we who were boys over sixty years ago had to undergo, and yet I can honestly say that we would have been immensely astonished if anyone had told us that we were being badly or inhumanly treated. We were practically never ill. A sanatorium had recently been erected, but my recollection of it was as always more or less empty; now I hear of boys at Eton being constantly ill. We were never allowed to wear great-coats or any wrap around our necks, but we hardly ever had colds or sore throats; now I believe they are of frequent occurrence. The schoolrooms and chapel were not heated. There was one room under the Head Master's classroom which contained sixty boys, and there was only one small window, which necessitated the door leading to the open air being constantly open, even when it rained or snowed. If the wind were blowing in the direction of the room, the master, whose desk was at the entrance, and the nearest boys to him, were covered with snow or sprinkled with rain—but we never thought of covering our knees.

I remember on one occasion—a very snowy day, a splendid master, by name Balston, whom we all loved, and who stood some six feet in height, saw some boys brushing the snow from their knees. He stopped, pulled himself to his full height, and let fly at the boys in some words like these: “You young worms! Do you call yourselves British boys? and you can’t stand a little snow on your knees! Shame on you! Your fathers are the rulers of England, and your forefathers have made England what she is now. Do you imagine that if they had minded a little snow that Canada would ever have been added to the Empire, or if they had minded heat we should possess India or tropical Africa? Never let me see you shrink from either heat or cold. *You* will have to maintain the Empire which *they* made.”

This outburst made a great impression on us. I dare say the modern lad would not be so impressed as we were—he might even scoff, and speak of the folly of patriotism; but is such an attitude really an improvement on the old simplicity of youth? We were brought up in a Spartan-like manner, and the spirit of the school taught us that our whole thought and energy was to be centred on the good of Eton in the first place, and on that of our individual house in the second, and of our country in the third. Personally, I think the latter should have come first; self was not to come in at all. I don’t say it didn’t, for that would not be true, and, moreover, it would be contrary to human nature, which we know from the ancient poet will always return, though you may temporarily chase it out with a pitchfork; but I do think that unconsciously modern parents, and modern schoolmasters, who naturally are bound in their own interests to yield to the wishes of the majority of the former, in their desire to give what is called a good time to

their charges, encourage their natural selfishness, and in so doing inflict an injury on the boys, and indirectly on their country.

When I went to Eton a boy was exempt from physical stimulus for the first fortnight. I was sent up to be whipped as soon as my fortnight was over, for not knowing accurately the Latin lines I had been given to learn. I was let off on my plea of "first fault." Such severity would probably now be censured by modern sentimentality. But was the master wrong in doing this? I don't think so. He taught me a lesson early in my Eton life, a lesson which I never forgot, and that was that work was a serious matter, that it could not be neglected with impunity, and that slipshod methods and a half-concentration of mind were not to be tolerated either in an Eton boy or later on in a British citizen. Are we not suffering in the present day from just the faults which my Eton master successfully taught me to avoid? for I escaped from further interviews with the Head Master until I reached the "Remove" division, where the work was in my time exceptionally hard, and needed further stimulus to enable victory to be obtained.

To illustrate the different attitudes of the average mother of the time of which I am writing, towards the vexed question of juvenile discipline, I may tell a story relating to a young Duke at Eton, and his widowed mother. Her Grace is said unexpectedly to have paid a visit to her young hopeful, and to have called on the Head Master to enquire whether her son might be granted leave to lunch with her, at the famous "Christopher" Inn, at noon. The Head Master was most gracious, and said "Certainly," if she would not mind putting her luncheon off half an hour, as unfortu-

nately a meeting between him and the young Duke of an important, though perhaps more or less painful, character had been arranged for that very hour of noon. The Duchess, laughing, and realising the nature of the interview, said of course she would postpone the luncheon hour—she did not wish to interfere with discipline, and without further comment smilingly went her way. When young hopeful arrived for luncheon, not the smallest word or sign betrayed that Her Grace was quite aware why her son could not come to her at noon, nor did he dream of saying one word to his mother of the experience he had just undergone.

Is there no connection between the present indiscipline, lack of respect for parents or for anything or anybody under the sun, the general unrest, discontent, and Bolshevism rampant throughout the world, and the change which has almost universally occurred since my early days, in the attitude of parents towards this question of a sane juvenile discipline?

Whilst I was at Eton, the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII, was a young lad, and his Royal parents thought it would be for his good to give him the society of some carefully selected young companions of about his own age, chosen from amongst the scions of aristocracy at that time being educated at Eton. So the story runs that a few such boys were invited, with the consent of the Head Master, to spend a day at the Castle. Not being born in the present age, they were much impressed by the honour, and were on their very best behaviour. They had dressed themselves in their very smartest clothes, and had bought new silk hats, for let it be known to the free and easy of the present day that Eton School fashion decreed at that time that an Eton boy, who was proud of his school, must be neatly dressed,

and must be able to see his own face, as in a mirror, in his glossy hat.

Our young swells arrived at the Palace and were in due course introduced to the young Prince and his tutor. In accordance with instructions doubtless, the tutor discreetly retired after a time, leaving the boys alone.

They, after their kind, and after that of the canine species between which there exists a certain similarity of action, probably looked at each other for some time, before deciding whether to be friends or foes. At length the ice seems to have been broken by the Prince making some remark on the immaculate hats the Eton boys all wore. Please remember, that to the Etonian of that day his hat was almost as sacred as the beard is to the orthodox Turk. It must not be touched. From words, it is said that the Prince proceeded to show his disrespect to this kind of headgear by violence, and, without warning, he bonneted his nearest Etonian neighbour ! Here was an insult which could not be borne by self-respecting Etonians, even at the hands of a Prince ! So royal blood is said to have flowed ! and, if the story be true, a dishevelled and tearful Prince, with an injured nose, rushed from the room saying that he would tell his Ma ! Which he is reported to have done !

In the meantime consternation reigned amongst the Etonian ranks ! The Queen, the Tower, executioners and the block—high treason, and all its bloodcurdling penalties, of which history relates, such as being drawn and quartered, whatever that might mean, rushed through the brains of these juvenile rebels ! They had not to wait long before the dread and expected summons came to appear before Her Majesty. The trembling criminals were ushered into the dread Presence. But instead of the words “ Off with their heads ! ” which they almost

expected, the Queen, in dignified tones, is said to have apologised to them for the insulting behaviour of the Prince, and thanked them for having given him a lesson, which she felt he would never forget, and which would be of service to him in future years !

But although these were brave words, and quite in keeping with Queen Victoria's noble character and good sense, it was not to be expected that the mother's heart could really regard with indifference such violence towards her son, nor could the exigencies of State permit that the heir to the Throne should again be exposed to indignities at the hands of some of his future subjects ! So this experiment of bringing together into close personal (very personal) contact the future occupant of the Throne and the young aristocrats who in due course would probably sit on the red benches of the Second Chamber, died at birth.

However, the Queen and the Prince Consort thought that, although such personal contact had proved a failure, there was no reason why Eton and Windsor might not be brought with advantage into closer connection, by sending the Prince, under the care of his tutor, to attend some science lectures which had just been organised, under the direction of the well-known Professor Pepper. So experiment number 2 was tried. We boys at Eton were told that the Prince was to attend our science lectures, and that we were strictly forbidden to cheer the Prince or make any demonstration which would interrupt the business character of the lectures. Unfortunately, these lectures were illustrated by the magic-lantern on a white sheet, and in order to do this, the lights in the room had to be lowered. This, of course, was the signal for a demonstration of Etonian loyalty, and for the singing of the National Anthem,

which could only be stopped by the raising of the lights. Such direct disobedience to Royal and school commands could not be overlooked, so experiment number 2 came to an untimely end!

Experiment number 3 was more successful, though it did not last long. The Prince was invited to listen to the speeches in "Pop," the senior boys' debating society. I heard that on one occasion the debate was on the merits and demerits of smoking. The division was very close, and before the Prince left he was informed that the resolution moved had been carried or lost, I forget now which, by one vote. Shortly after he had left it was found that a mistake had been made, and it was thought so important a matter that, although late in the evening, a special messenger was sent to the Castle to say that the announced minority had really won by one vote.

When I first went to Eton it was the custom for a new boy to be asked if "he took a licking." If he said "Yes," he received a kick. If he said "No," he had next day to fight his opponent in "Sixpenny," the recognised boxing-arena for such affairs of honour.

I never was asked this question until I had been some time at Eton, owing, I afterwards found out, to a report which had preceded me that I was a good boxer. As a matter of fact there was absolutely no truth in this report. When, some time after my arrival, this question was asked me, I of course replied "No," and attended at "Sixpenny" next day with my friends, but after waiting for some considerable time, and my opponent not turning up, we returned as victors in triumph. The boy who challenged me had not heard this rumour, but on his telling his friends that he was going to fight me next day, they gave him such an account of my supposed prowess

that he thought discretion would be the better part of valour !

This was my first lesson in the value of "prestige." Years afterwards I remember walking through the streets of Paris while I listened to the eloquence of Lord Lytton, then Secretary of Embassy, and afterwards Governor-General of India, on the same subject !

I shall conclude my remarks on Eton by giving to fond and foolish mothers an example of the manner in which they ought *not* to introduce their dear darlings to Eton, if they wish them to have a happy life there. The poor boy, whose story I am about to give, never recovered the ground lost by his false start in the race, entirely due to the lack of common sense in his mother.

She was the wife of a noble Lord, and had spoilt her child from earliest youth. She had thought to shield him from the smallest blast of cold wind, speaking metaphorically as well as literally, so that he was as much unprepared to meet the world as it exists as is a chick which has strayed from its incubator. The noble Lord must have been somewhat henpecked, for he had not the courage to tell his wife the truth about a public school, for fear she should decline to permit her son to be sent to one ; so when the fatal day arrived, and the old couple with their chick reached Eton, the mother for the first time discovered that there was such an institution as "fagging," and that dear little R. would have to prepare the breakfast and tea of his fagmaster, and in doing this would have to carry up a remarkably dark staircase, boiling water in a kettle.

When the good lady recovered from her first shock, and found it was impossible without scandal to retire home carrying with her her tender offspring, a brilliant idea struck her. She issued forth into the town, and

purchased the lightest tin kettle she could find (the other boys had copper ones), and waiting until all were in school, she sent her husband to the top of the stairs, she remaining at the bottom, and made the boy practise carrying *cold* water up and down the stairs, so that by the time he had to carry *boiling* water, he might not get scalded. Of course the servant-maids reported this proceeding to all the boys, who never gave poor R. a chance of carrying his light tin kettle. Everyone else had a turn with it, but he never! Moreover, whereas under ordinary circumstances his fellow-fags would have helped him, they took, for a time, a fiendish pleasure in making combined rushes downstairs when they knew he was ascending with a kettle filled with boiling water, so as to do the very thing his mother wanted to avoid, that is, that he should spill the hot water over himself!

I can truly say that, with one exception, which was due to peculiar circumstances, this is the only instance of bullying I ever knew at Eton, and this was due entirely to the folly of a foolish mother, and was not bullying by big boys but by his fellow-fags.

The system of "fagging," by separating the bigger boys from the smaller, made bullying almost impossible, for bullying implies familiarity, and the caste system of "fagging" forbade familiarity between the "fagged" and the "faggers." Indeed, I remember that I and my other five fellow-fags loved our fagmaster—a boy of the name of Wood—and fought verbal battles in his defence when we thought that he was slightly spoken of by the fags of another fagmaster, who disliked our friend and hero!

When I first went to Eton, my father would not permit me to row on the river, as owing to my early delicacy of health, of which I have already spoken, he thought I

was not fitted to withstand the great strain of boat-racing. I became therefore, perforce for three years, a cricketer, or "dry-bob," but in the fourth or last year, on my urgent request, he withdrew his prohibition, and I entered as one of the crew of the "St. George," in what were called the "Boats," that is one of the official eight- and ten-oared boats, containing the best rowers in the school. Had I entered the year before, I believe I am not conceited in saying that I should probably have been, before I left, one of the crew of the much-coveted eight-oared boat which contained the champion rowers of Eton, and which represented Eton in the public races at Henley and elsewhere, for after the house-four race which I have described, rumour reached my ears that my name had been mentioned in this connection, but one year was too short a time for anyone to reach such a dazzling height. The last two words are no exaggeration. Never in after-life can a boy hope to occupy in the world again such a dazzling position, if he should be fortunate enough, when at Eton, to be one of the "eight," and no Sovereign, or President, or mighty conquering hero, can count upon such absolute submission and obedience to his orders, as could the Captain of the Boats at Eton in my time. When he walked along the road, the pavement was cleared before him, without the presence of police, for all gave him place, and some even walked in the gutter!

On January 25th, 1858, Prince Frederick William of Prussia, afterwards Emperor Frederick of Germany, married the Princess Royal of England. The newly married couple spent their brief honeymoon at Windsor Castle, and we Eton boys obtained permission from Queen Victoria to unharness the horses which were to have drawn the carriage, and to drag it, together with

its Royal occupants, from Windsor station to the Castle.

Unfortunately, that very morning I had been given a *pœna*, or punishment, to write out and present, just as the boys would be drawing up to the Castle the carriage of the Royal couple. Failure to present the *pœna* would inevitably entail a whipping, so I had to decide between that and missing the honour of helping to drag or push the Princess Royal and her consort to the Castle. Of course I chose the former.

Years afterwards, when I was in Berlin, I asked the Crown Princess of Prussia, who by that time had become German Empress, whether she was aware that I had shed my blood for her! She evinced great astonishment and sympathy, until I told her the above little incident, on which I am afraid her sympathy gave place to hearty laughter! The bloodshed was only enough to swear by, but, as in those days the birch was used, I told no lie.

Modern sentimentality has, I believe, nowadays in many schools replaced the birch by the cane. The mothers' delicate and sensitive nerves are spared, at the expense of the cuticle of their offspring, for any who, like myself, have felt both, know that the cane is far more painful than the birch. But this is only in keeping with the usual result, when ignorant sentimentalism endeavours to reform the world.

Before leaving Eton my parents took me to visit the famous Bishop of Oxford, formerly Bishop of Winchester, at Cuddesdon Palace. He had promised to confirm me and a few other Etonians privately in his chapel. One was Dunmore, and another one of the Lyttelton family—which of this well-known family I cannot now remember. We, and some of the parents, stayed in the Palace, and

the day before our Confirmation the Bishop, in full canonicals, took us separately into his private chapel, and placing each boy in turn in front of him, in the otherwise empty chapel, mounted the pulpit, and gave us each a most impressive and solemn homily. I need hardly say we were greatly awed, and his words went home to our hearts, for they were sincere, grave, and wise words. This was Bishop Wilberforce, the Statesman Bishop, better known to the profane as "Soapy Sam."

All sorts of stories, some laughable and some grave, are told of this great ecclesiastic. Here is one. The Bishop had been invited to preach to the inmates of a lunatic-asylum. Knowing how difficult would be this task, he took great pains to prepare as simple a sermon as he could, and one which would be within the comprehension of the feeble brains of his audience, and he determined, if he saw anyone apparently interested, to address himself to this individual, and put all the others entirely out of his mind, so as not to be disturbed by vacant looks. To his great delight, soon after commencing his address, he remarked a man who gradually straightened himself on his seat, and leaning forward with bulging eyes, drew nearer and nearer to the preacher, until at last he sat on the very edge of his chair, his eyes seemingly jumping out of his head with excitement and interest. The preacher, thus encouraged, responded, and put forward his very best energies to awaken the dormant soul of his listener. At length the crisis came, and the lunatic dashed out, one hand in front of the other, the thumb of the near hand being placed to his nose!

The Bishop, after he had recovered from the shock, saw the humorous side of the incident, and next day, as he was driving with three ladies in a barouche to a great gathering of county magnates and their families, assembled on the

lawn before the house of the Lord Lieutenant of the county, he told his lady companions the above story of his lunatic-asylum experiences, but when he came to the long-nose part, as he could not give a practical illustration of the lunatic's action in the faces of the ladies in front and on one side of him, unaware that the carriage at that exact moment was arriving at its destination, he turned towards the lawn, and "cut snooks" right in the faces of the aristocratic assemblage strolling on the grass in front of the great mansion!

There is another rather good story told about this Bishop of Winchester. It is said that he was invited to dinner by the châtelaine of a very interesting old manor-house, which had been in the possession of the same family for many centuries. In the olden days this family had been one of the staunchest supporters of the Roman Catholic faith, and had maintained a family chaplain.

The Bishop arrived somewhat late for dinner, and found a large party already assembled in the library. To the Bishop's surprise, he saw a Roman Catholic priest amongst the guests, and as he was taking his hostess in to dinner he asked her who the priest was? She told him that there was no priest. The Bishop felt so certain that he had seen a priest, who had not yet gone in to dinner, that he asked permission to leave her for a second to run back into the library to assure himself that his eyes had not deceived him. Sure enough, when he entered the library, there was the very priest he had seen, standing by himself with no one else in the room.

Feeling that there was something uncanny in the fact that his hostess had denied the presence of the priest, the Bishop is reported to have said that he felt compelled

by a superior power to raise three fingers and exhort the priest to speak in the name of the Holy Trinity.

Upon this the priest spoke, and thanking the Bishop for having enabled him to speak, said that he was condemned to haunt this room in consequence of a dreadful crime he had committed when in the flesh many years ago, and that he was forbidden to speak unless thus adjured in the name of the Trinity.

He had been private chaplain to a former Roman Catholic ancestor of the present owner, and had been an ardent fox-hunter. One day when dressed for hunting and just about to mount his horse, a poor woman called on him in bitter distress to confess a mortal sin. He had put her off, and had told her to come in the evening after he had returned from his sport. In the meantime he told her to write her confession on a sheet of paper he gave her, and place it at a certain page in a certain old folio volume which he took down from the library shelves, directing her to replace the volume as soon as she had inserted her written confession, which he intended to study before he confessed her in the evening.

That day he was killed out hunting—and ever since he had to guard this confession from being seen by mortal eyes, until such time as he could get someone to destroy it.

The Bishop took down the folio mentioned by the priest, and found, as he had said, the document at the page indicated, and without reading it, did as the priest asked him, and burnt it in the library fire until the last ash was consumed. This story, of course, got about, and the Bishop was asked whether it was true. His reply was, that it was the first time he had heard it!

As I am recording some stories connected with the

Episcopal Bench, perhaps I may be pardoned if I tell some which occurred at a later date than 1859, when Thorold was Bishop of Rochester.

The Bishop was a man of a certain dry humour, and knew how to keep bores and humbugs in order. On one occasion a clergyman in his diocese wrote to the Bishop asking his advice in regard to the offer to his church of an altar curtain by a rich and influential lady in his parish. He said he did not want the curtain, which he thought was not suitable to the position, but, on the other hand, he did not want to annoy her. What was he to do? The Bishop thought this was a trivial matter about which the clergyman should not have bothered his busy Diocesan, and so he left the letter unanswered. The clergyman, after the manner of bores, did not take the hint, and wrote again with a similar result. After several letters had been received and had been consigned to the waste-paper basket, the Bishop seized a postcard upon which he wrote only three words, "Hang the Curtain!" The correspondence then ended.

Again, another cleric asked him whether he would grant the writer a lengthened leave from his parish in which to visit the Holy Land, and there study the Scriptures. The Bishop again did not answer, but, when pressed, he took another postcard, and this time wrote five words, "You may go to Jericho!" Bores and humbugs did not get much change out of him!

I should like to record a good story which may or may not be true, but which is connected with Dr. Thorold. It is said that he was in the habit of personally superintending the preparation of the young men who proposed to take clerical orders within his diocese, and that he used to lodge them during the course in his own palace.

On one occasion he is reported to have told them that,

although much might be taught them, there were certain qualities necessary to the complete preparation for orders which no amount of teaching would enable them to acquire, unless they possessed in themselves the tact, the sympathy, and the imagination needed to make them true and effective helpers of the sick and dying. He said that although this last remark was quite true, still, he might perhaps be able to assist them in some small measure to acquire these requisite qualities by a personal observation of the manner in which they approached these solemn duties. So he proposed to retire to his library, and to lie down on his sofa and cover himself with a rug, and turn his face to the wall as a dying man might do. He invited his young aspirants to the position of clergymen to enter his room one by one, and remembering that he was supposed to be sorely stricken in soul, mind, and body, to administer to him the consolations of religion, during a period not to exceed, say, five minutes each, and he would afterwards criticise their efforts.

As soon as the Bishop had left the room to carry out this proposal, the young men gazed at each other in terror and astonishment at the awful ordeal through which their Diocesan had condemned them to pass, and began to discuss who amongst them would be brave enough to be the first to "bell the cat." At length the majority picked out a tall, rawboned, sturdy young Irishman, who seemed to be possessed of no nerves, and who, his comrades thought, looked as if he feared no one, and would be quite prepared to play tricks like St. Dunstan with even His Satanic Majesty himself. The Irishman declared he did not mind, and that he was quite ready to face the Bishop, whose Christian name was Anthony, and who was a strong teetotaller. So,

throwing the door of the library open, he strode into the Bishop's sanctum, and seeing him lying on the sofa, covered head and foot by a rug, with his head turned towards the wall, the Irishman threw up his hands in horror, and called out, "Oh! Anthony, Anthony! is it the thdrink again?" What the Bishop replied, history does not relate.

CHAPTER II

YOUTH—GERMANY

1860-1

I LEFT Eton in 1859, and as my father destined me for either the Foreign Office or Diplomacy, he very wisely sent me to Bückeburg, the capital of the small independent State of Schaumburg-Lippe, near Hanover, where the purest German is spoken. Here I discovered my own ignorance, and determined to make amends for the lack of proper teaching at Eton. I was fortunate enough to find some excellent tutors, and I soon benefited by the instruction of men who had mastered the art of teaching.

My first tutor in Bückeburg was a typical German, an ex-fighting student, Professor Lagemann. His face was scarred all over with slashes received in duels at his University. He was a clever man and assisted me greatly in my studies.

He had been married a few years, and had one dear little girl of about three or four summers, who was kept in the most perfect order by the presence of a neat little beribboned birch rod, hanging up by the fire in the sitting-room. Only four words were thrown into the air by her parents, apparently addressed to no one in particular, if the waters of childhood seemed in any way to be ruffled, and then the spirit of peace would, like oil, seem instantly to light on and smooth the most ruffled surface. These words were, "Wo ist die ruthe?"

(“ Where is the rod ? ”), spoken in the quietest possible voice—and no answer was expected to the query.

Frau Lagemann entertained the most remarkable ideas about England and the English. She seemed literally to believe that the streets of London were paved with gold, and once she was very angry with me because, thinking to do a kind deed, I took from the child a piece of raw meat, which had been frequently dropped on a dirty kitchen floor, and which she was sucking! Frau Lagemann said that I must have done it to annoy the child, as all English children were fed upon raw meat, and therefore I must have known quite well that it had been given to her by her mother. It was useless for me to assure her that I had never been fed on raw meat. She only said, of course I had been fed in that way, but was too young at the time to remember it, for all the world knew that this was the reason why English men and women were so strong.

Bückeburg, though nominally a capital, was then practically a large village or very small town, surrounding the mediæval moated castle of its Prince.

He was nominally a Constitutional Sovereign, and had, I believe, two Chambers to assist him in governing his country, which was also his private property, and was about the size of a fair sized ducal estate in England; but, as a matter of fact, I always understood that his power was more autocratic than constitutional.

He was enormously wealthy, as he owned not only his own State, but large properties in Bohemia, and he maintained a Court in which I believe all, or nearly all, were in his pay.

There was more ceremony in this Court than in some far more important Courts of Europe. His army consisted of 300 men (Rifles) and of 9 cavalry soldiers, whose

only duty, I believe, was to keep guard at the principal entrance to the Castle, for they possessed no horses, but were said to practise on a wooden one on Sundays!

The reigning Prince died shortly after my arrival at Bückebug, and I was invited to march in the funeral procession through the streets in the position of a "distinguished foreigner"! His successor was very kind to me and the few other English young men who were studying in his capital, and we were often invited to dinner and entertainments at the Castle, and danced with the young Princesses, and the other fair maidens of Bückebugian society, improving our knowledge of the German language rapidly.

My advice to any parent who wishes his son to learn a language is, not to place him in a large town where he will meet crowds of English people, with whom he is sure to colloque, but to send him to some small place like Bückebug, where he can meet none but natives of the country, and where there exists a small educated society of men and women, but especially of women. It is extraordinary how rapidly a language can be acquired under the above circumstances. When one is thrown into the midst of a society of people who cannot talk English, it appears at first a hopeless task to make progress, but very soon the difficulties vanish, and one finds himself talking fluently, although doubtless incorrectly, and able to take his share in conversation.

Of course one is apt to fall occasionally into linguistic pitfalls, as was the case with a fellow English student at Bückebug, the Hon. Alan Herbert, who afterwards made his name as a distinguished physician in Paris. Alan Herbert (brother to the famous statesman, the fourth Earl of Carnarvon, quite a young man, and just arrived from England knowing not a word of German)

received, as did also his fellow English students, an invitation from a lady in society to attend an "at home." Herbert announced his intention to refuse, as he could not talk German. We, who had been longer in Germany, told him he was making a great mistake, and that he was losing a grand opportunity of obtaining an agreeable lesson in German, gratis. We told him that we had all passed through this mill with advantage, and insisted on his accepting the invitation. To this he agreed, if we would write in German some polite sentence with which he might open the linguistic dance with his noble hostess. He asked what she was interested in. We replied "Bees; she is a great apiarist." So he said, "Write me down in German this sentence, 'I have seen your lovely bees, and they are the finest bees I have ever seen.'" This we translated as "Gnädige Frau! Ich habe ihre hübsche Bienen gesehen; die sind die hübschesten die Ich je gesehen habe." Unfortunately he said "Beine" instead of "Bienen," so that the sentence ran, "Noble Lady, I have seen your beautiful *legs*; they are the finest I have ever seen!" Tableau!

The story has somewhat lost its point nowadays, since fashion has decreed that lovely woman need no longer conceal from the male eye this important part of her anatomy, but in the sixties of last century it was considered a gross impropriety on her part to allow more than a modest toe to be seen by her male friends.

Especially in Germany were the conventionalities of life exceedingly rigid. No gentleman could be seen in public in his shirt-sleeves, so that, without shocking our German friends, it was very difficult for us young English lads to enjoy any kind of open-air games requiring violent exercise. Knowing this, when we started to run a paper-chase, we took care to leave the

town very early in the morning, and only returned at dark, so that society might not be offended by our running without our coats.

For some time we were undiscovered, but at last our social sin found us out. As bad fortune would have it, we happened to cross a public road just as two ladies of our acquaintance in society were passing. If we had been naked instead of being fully dressed with the exception of our coats, and it may be waistcoats, these fair and modest dames could not have been more shocked or outraged. They both, as if by word of command, turned their backs upon us, and remained in this position until we were out of view. For some time society showed us the cold shoulder for this indignity to German womanhood!

On another occasion, whilst in hot pursuit of the paper-chase hare, we crossed a field in which some peasants were working, and as they seemed to resent our crossing the field, we thought it politic to meet them with open faces, and ask them if they had seen a youth running across with a bag over his shoulder.

At this they changed their unfriendly demeanour at once, and said, "Yes, they had; the boy had only just gone over the hill, and we should catch him if we made haste." So, thanking them for the information, we pursued the chase, and forgot all about the incident.

Next morning, when breakfasting in the hotel with my cousin Acheson (afterwards the Earl of Gosford) and his tutor, the landlord knocked at the door, and in a great state of perturbation asked us if we had lost any money. Of course we assured him we had not, and enquired why he asked this question. He reported that a police officer was downstairs, having been sent by the Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe to find out the truth

respecting a report brought to the police-station by peasants, who said that they had seen the young English gentlemen with *their coats off*, running after a thief, whom they also had seen carrying a bag which must have contained *at least* three hundred thalers ! We burst into a roar of laughter, and asked to see the police officer. When a typical, fat German policeman stumped into the room, clicked his heels, and stiffly saluted, we endeavoured to explain the position of affairs ; but the explanation was beyond the mortal experience of the guardian of the peace, and when we explained or tried to explain in broken German the mysteries of a paper-chase, for which no German word then existed, and therefore had to call it a “ *Papier Jagd*,” which represented nothing to the Teutonic mind, he was mentally quite at sea, and could only give utterance, on leaving the room, to a very common statement on the part of Germans when puzzled by the incomprehensible actions of some of our country-people, “ *Mein Gott ! Die Engländer, die sind alle verrückt !* ” (“ My God, the English are all mad ! ”)

The incident did not end here, for within a short time on that very day we received the Prince’s commands to see him personally at the Castle, to explain to him this extraordinary event, which was nearly as much beyond his intelligence as it had been in the case of the policeman. We had then to put on evening dress and white ties in the afternoon, and walk through the streets to the Palace for this interview, not knowing what would happen to us. Doubtless, prying eyes behind the window-curtains were fixed on us as we went to execution, for gossip was as active in Bückeburg as in much larger cities in the world ; and the dullness of a small town was stirred to its depth by the unheard-of

madness of these wild English youths! We really ought to have been paid handsomely, for, unintentionally, we appeared to be constantly adding gratis to the liveliness of the town.

When we arrived at the Palace the amusement was mutual, for when at last we had explained to the Prince that one lunatic filled a bag with torn paper and ran, dropping it at intervals, across the country, and that several other lunatics, after five or ten minutes, followed his track, without any particular object than the pleasure of a run, which to a German would at that time have been the reverse of pleasure, he realised the humour of the situation, and simply roared with laughter; then seeing that it was impossible any longer after such an outburst to maintain a princely dignity, he became most amusing, and made us laugh by telling us that if ever the French attempted to cross the frontier into Germany, *he* would kick them back, emphasising his words by giving a high, violent kick with his military boot, as he said, "If Napoleon do cross de Rhine, *I* vill kick him back." The humour lies in the fact that one of his predecessors was made a Prince by the first Napoleon, and that our host was prepared, with his 300 infantry and 9 cavalry men without horses, to kick the third Napoleon back again into France, quite irrespective of the rest of Germany.

The Prince and family, I think, liked us English youths. They could talk to us in a much more familiar way than they could to the small paid Court which surrounded them. We brought fresh ideas into their milieu, and our freedom of manner, though always respectful, was an actual relief to the monotony of a narrow Court life. We were lads who had most of us been brought up in good society, and could enlighten

them on many points of English life and manners which were obscure to their minds.

Some of us were made free of an aristocratic Bier Halle, where the officers and high officials used to meet and smoke and drink beer of an afternoon and evening. This was an excellent school for us, as we there learnt much of interest in regard to Germany, and the opinions of the classes we met there.

The actual comforts of the Bier Halle were nil. It was nothing more than an ordinary public-house with a room with a sanded floor, a long bare wooden table, and rough chairs. The ordinary public were not admitted to it. It was only for the élite, and before each man was placed, by a maid, as he sat down, a large glass (*Schoppen*) of beer with a lid. If a man was careless and left his lid unclosed, he was liable to have his beer drunk by his next neighbour as a fine for breaking the rule of keeping the lid of his glass closed.

Everyone smoked except myself—I never cared for it—and the atmosphere could be cut with a knife, for a German in those days had an instinctive horror of fresh air. I think that on the whole we were very popular. On my birthday, for instance, I received the following lines from an unknown German friend :

“ Albion’s stolzer Sohn !
Du warest sicher shon,
Im Suden und im Norden,
Jedoch in Keinem Orte.
In deinem ganzen jungen leben,
Wo bessere Wünsche dich unschweben.”

I expect we were also rather popular with the young girls in society, as occasionally, under the chaperonage of some discreet matron, we used to drive them out in a four-in-hand to some café where we entertained

them with coffee and cakes. On one occasion, in our innocence of heart, our ambitions rose to *six* horses instead of four—the wheelers driven by one of ourselves from the box, and two postilions, also provided out of our own number, directing the four leaders, but alas! this exploit brought us into collision with the police, and we were told that the privilege of driving or riding *six* horses attached to a carriage was exclusively reserved to the Prince and his family. Woe is me! We on that occasion learnt the well-known lesson which Shakespeare tried to teach mankind, that “Vaulting ambition o’erleaps itself,” and we had, with bowed heads and chastened spirits, ever afterwards to limit our delicious flights into realms of bliss, by the side of our blushing and happy companions, to those which could be provided for us by four instead of six steeds of speed unrivalled!

I think the Prince, or probably the Princesses, must have been sorry for us that our equestrian flights were thus limited, as sometimes we were invited to accompany the Royalties in state coaches to take tea at some distant shooting-box. Of course we felt honoured, but at the same time, in these solemn and gorgeous processions of Princely equipages, there lacked something of the mystical joy of the freer mode of conveyance, without grooms, coachmen, and footmen!

The gods must have been jealous of our happiness, for there came a fatal day when unexpected calamity overtook us like a thief in the night—and we just escaped a world-wide notoriety!

My cousin, Lord Acheson, and his tutor, invited me to join them in an expedition on foot to ascend a lovely hill overlooking the plain on which was fought the battle of Minden in 1759. The hill is called “Paschenburg,”

and at the summit a restaurant had been built, on the very edge of a precipice overhanging the battlefield. Whilst ascending the mountain, we had been overtaken by a terrific thunderstorm and were drenched to the skin. Mr. Beddome, the tutor, advised us boys, as there were no other people in the room, to take off our boots and stockings and send them to be dried, whilst we put our feet up on a sofa to keep them off the sanded floor of the large dining-room overlooking the precipice on the first floor of the house. There seemed to be no connection between the ground-floor and the first. The latter could only be reached by stone steps from the outside, which led into a small hall, and then from the hall a door led into the large dining-room, which possessed no windows except on the precipice side, nor any other entrance or exit.

Beddome ordered our dinner at a fixed rate, and all went as merry as a marriage-bell until the bill was presented, when Beddome discovered that we had been charged a great deal more than we had bargained for, and in addition there was a considerable item marked down “zum zerbrechen des sofas”—for breaking the sofa.

We had not broken the sofa nor injured it in the smallest degree; but if we had done no material damage to this piece of furniture, we had broken one of the most rigid laws of German society, which regards a sofa as possessed of very sacred attributes, and we had insulted, though unintentionally, the honour of Germany, by placing our bare feet on it, and still worse by occasionally standing upon it with bare feet.

I dare say no notice would have been taken of this lapse of manners, which was entirely unintentional, had not the German mind been lately much excited against

English people by articles in the Press, complaining of their arrogant demeanour and insulting actions toward Germans. A certain Colonel Macdonald, attached to the Court of Queen Victoria, had lately been arrested and thrown into prison at Bonn, for knocking down some railway officials who endeavoured to place a German in a seat in the train which the Colonel had occupied all the way from Calais. Having occasion to leave the train for a few minutes at Bonn, he placed some of his baggage on the seat in order to retain it, as he would have done in England, but when he returned, he found his belongings thrown out of the seat he had occupied, which was now taken by a German who had just got in at Bonn.

Ignorant of the customs of the country, which do not permit a seat to be retained in this manner, he was most indignant, and obtaining no satisfaction from the German, he threw him out of the carriage, with the result already told.

This was called "Die Macdonalds Affaire." Queen Victoria was, I believe, much incensed at this treatment of one of her Court, and a very well-known and popular member of London Society, and Lord Russell, who was then Foreign Minister, took the matter up with perhaps more zeal than discretion, and insisted on the release of Colonel Macdonald. This the Prussians refused, and some strongly worded official correspondence ensued between Lord Russell and Count Schleinitz, in which an ill-considered and scarcely veiled threat on the part of Lord Russell irritated intensely the Prussians, and indeed the people throughout the whole of Germany, which of course was not at this time united. No doubt our landlord had read some of the excited articles in the papers on the subject, and when (in complete ignorance of the sacredness of a German sofa, on which at that

time no male was ever allowed to sit, and no female, unless invited to do so by the owner of the sofa) we committed this fearful act of desecration and social solecism, he rushed to the conclusion that we had intentionally endeavoured to insult him, and through him the whole German nation.

(Price Collier, in his *Germany and the Germans*, comments thus on this sacredness of the sofa in Teutonic eyes: "The sofa, too, plays a rôle in German households and offices for which I have sought in vain for an explanation. Not even German archæology supplies an historical ancestry for this sofa cult. It is the place of honour. If you go to tea, you are enthroned on the sofa. Even if you go to an office, say of the police, or of the manager of the city slaughter-house, or of the hospital superintendent, you are manœuvred about till they get you on the sofa, generally behind a table. I soon discovered that this was the seat of honour. Sofas have their place in life, I admit. There are sofas that we all remember with tears, with tenderness, with reverence. They have been the boards upon which we first appeared in the rôle of lover perhaps; or where we have fondled and comforted a discouraged child; or where we have pumped new ambitions and larger life into a weaker brother; or where we have tossed in the agony of grief or disappointment; or where we have waited drearily and alone the result of a consultation of moral or physical life and death in the next room. Indeed, this all reminds me that I could write an essay on sofas that would be poignant, touching, autobiographical, luminous, as could most other men, but this would not explain the position of the sofa in Germany in the least. 'Travels on a Sofa' I must do one day, and perhaps with more serious

study of the subject, light may be thrown upon this question of the sofa in Germany.”)

But to return to our muttons, as the Frenchman says. It was his (the landlord's) evident duty, therefore, to chastise these arrogant islanders, and show them they could not with impunity treat the great German people with indignities. So he presented his bill, and acknowledged that he had purposely made it excessive in order that we should at least pay for our want of manners and lack of *savoir-vivre*.

Being in perfect ignorance of all that was passing in the German's mind, we declined to pay more than the sum we had agreed with him for our dinner, but we gave him our cards and address, and said that if he considered himself injured he could sue us in the Courts for the difference. We then left the money on the table and prepared to leave. He said little, but went out of the room and returned with two waiters, and refused to allow us to pass until we had paid the whole sum he had demanded. Our British blood then rose. Beddome put his hand on the shoulder of the landlord, and demanded to be allowed to pass. This probably was assumed to be an assault, though it was not intended as such. The two waiters then seized Beddome from behind. He was a good boxer and struck out, leaving one of his three assailants sprawling on the floor. Seeing that we were in for a fight, we young fellows rushed to Beddome's rescue, and soon scattered the landlord's forces, but, rather like the British in the famous Balaclava Charge, we found ourselves under fire from hidden and unexpected batteries.

The landlord, like a clever general, had not attacked without making sure of his reserves, and on finding ourselves in the hall outside the dining-room, we youths were

attacked by a fresh force of waiters armed with empty black bottles. (Acheson got a nasty cut over the head from a concealed enemy behind the door.) These we scattered after a short fight, but to our horror we discovered that the landlord had turned the key of the door leading into the dining-room, and thus imprisoned Beddome and divided our forces.

We also found (a proof of intentional attack) that he had locked the outer door on to the stone steps, and closed all the shutters looking out on that side. However, we opened the shutters in one of the side-rooms, and I managed, with great difficulty, to get out by dropping on to the steps leading to the entrance door on that side.

Once out, I tried to rescue my friends, by endeavouring with a big stick, with which I armed myself, to break in the front door; but this I found impossible to do, especially as a waiter from an upper window bombarded me with empty black bottles, and a boy, who was a new assailant and had been left outside armed with a stick, attacked me always from behind when I tried to break in the door, but ran away when I went for him, only to return again when he saw my intention had been directed from him. Just then I saw Acheson trying to get out of the window through which I had climbed—but the next instant he was seized and dragged back into the room, and the window closed. I had time, however, to tell him that I proposed to go to the nearest police-station for assistance. So off I started, in an unknown country. I never ran faster in my life, as I seriously feared for the lives of my companions.

When I reached the nearest village, I was told that there were no police there, and none nearer than the small town of Rinteln, about seven miles off. I asked for a

conveyance, but there was none to be had. The only one I could obtain was a peasant's cart. I hired this, and with a boy drove off as fast as my cart-horse could trot, to Rinteln. In jumping from the window I had rent my nether garments, so that for decency's sake I had to hold the torn garment together with one hand. In this plight of mind, body, and clothes, I at length reached Rinteln, and to my joy met a policeman walking out of the town. I told him my story. He listened at first, but when he found I was English, he said he was not on duty, and could not do anything for me, and walked on.

In despair I went into a shop, and asked to be directed to the nearest magistrate. A girl in the shop took compassion on me, and said she would accompany me to the house of one she knew. When we reached the magistrate's house, we were told that he was out, and on asking where he could be found, the servant said he had gone to a certain beer-garden. Here we found him, but, like the policeman, he refused to help when he found I was English. At the time I did not understand why help was thus denied me, but afterwards it became apparent that the English were in the German black books owing to the recent Macdonald affair.

My kind German girl still stuck to me, and at length found for me a lawyer who was most kind, and I expect he must also have been a magistrate, for on hearing that my companions were prisoners in the restaurant at Paschenburg, he provided me with a habeas corpus warrant ordering their immediate release.

Armed with this legal document, I rushed out, determined to lose not a moment in returning to Paschenburg to release my poor imprisoned comrades. Imagine my disappointment when I had hardly gone a few yards

before I met them driving towards me. I had thought to rescue them triumphantly from custody and to brandish my warrant in the face of our dastardly assailant and his myrmidons, and to carry them off, leaving our opponents trembling over the terrors of the Law with which I would have threatened them—and now here they were beaten and humiliated, and having meekly paid the money illegally demanded of them.

The story they related was, that when Beddome found himself separated from his charge by the trick which had been played on him by the landlord suddenly locking the door of the dining-room, and knowing that Acheson had been hit over the head with a black bottle, he began to feel his responsibility, and became alarmed for our safety, and not knowing what had happened to us, had consented to pay, under protest, all that had been demanded.

Here was a sad ending to our adventure, but we all returned to our kind lawyer and magistrate, and he then took from us affidavits of all that had occurred, and received our instructions to summon the Paschenburg delinquents, telling us that he had no doubt that he would be able to obtain justice for us. Alas! he and we literally counted without our host! It turned out that Paschenburg and Rinteln were in an isolated portion of the State of Hesse-Cassel. The Prince of Hesse-Cassel had quarrelled with his Parliament, and in order to strengthen his political position had created several of his friends members of the Second Chamber. Our Paschenburg host was one of these new Peers, and when our lawyer found this out, he wrote to say that it would be hopeless under these circumstances to try to bring him to justice—so we had to put our pride in our pockets, and pay off the lawyer—not a very profitable ending to our Paschenburg excursion!

However, not very long afterwards we had our revenge! We were all three walking in the forest near Bückeberg, not far from the Hesse-Cassel frontier, when we saw a lone figure in front of us. It gradually dawned upon us that this was our host of Paschenburg, so we said, "Let us give him a good fright!" We walked quickly and softly behind him, then all coughed loudly. He turned round and thought his last hour had come! We then all took off our hats, made him a profound bow, and walked past him!

Our Paschenburg adventure got into the local papers, and, of course, we were made out to be the aggressors, and it was called in headlines, "Die zweite Macdonaldshe Affaire" (the second Macdonald affair). It probably led to another little scrap—this time we got into trouble with some of the 300 troops of Schaumburg-Lippe.

In the same above-mentioned forest an English student named Curtis and I came across a couple of these soldiers, who were fresh, though not drunk. The soldiers felt so jolly that they insisted on taking our arms and walking with us. This familiarity we resented, and pushed them from us. Upon which one drew his sword, and stood right across the path refusing to let us pass.

Curtis did not hesitate for a moment, but went straight for his man, calling out something to the effect "if we must fight we must fight," and before I realised the position, he had the man on the ground. The other man tried to draw his sword then, but I stopped him, and pointing out to him that we were now two to one, forced him to put his sword back, and walk in front of me. After rolling his man in the mud, Curtis made him get up and walk also in front of him.

In this way we walked the two soldiers back to their barracks. They made one attempt to turn and fight,

but as we were then in sight of their barracks I pointed to them and told the men, what I fear was not true, that an officer was coming out, so that they had better march quietly in front of us, which they did.

Of course, this did not make us particularly popular with the more hot-headed soldiery of Bückeburg, who used to try to hustle us in the street, but they got as much as they gave, and, after that, we never went out except in two and threes, and always with thick sticks in our hands.

I think our adventure with the two soldiers in the wood rather increased than diminished our popularity amongst some of the officers and men, for, on one occasion, when a party under the command of a non-commissioned officer passed us in the street, to our immense astonishment he called his men to attention, and ironically saluted us, giving the order " Eyes right ! " Which salute we solemnly returned !

On another occasion, when we were talking to an officer of our acquaintance on the parade-ground, this officer's brother, who was serving in the ranks as a one-year volunteer private with special privileges, came up to him and in German asked his officer brother whether he knew what the Englishmen had done to his military comrades. The volunteer then explained to his brother that several soldiers, including himself, had sharpened the points of their swords, that they intended to pick a quarrel with the Englishmen, and proposed in future to use the points and not the edges of their swords, as the Englishmen wore such thick overcoats (Inverness coats were then the fashion) that a blow with a sword could not penetrate the cloth, and that this was the cause of the discomfiture of the Schaumburg-Lippe soldiers in the recent fight. All this was said in a very

loud voice for us to hear. To our immense delight, we heard the officer call his brother a fool, and tell him that if he had not been his brother, he would have arrested him on the spot for having broken, by his own confession, a very stringent rule, that no weapon was to be sharpened by a soldier without the command of an officer !

After that we had no more trouble. Whilst this conversation was going on we talked amongst ourselves, as if we had not heard or understood what was being said.

Before leaving Bückeburg, I must record that I had the pleasure, whilst there, of making the acquaintance of Queen Victoria's old governess, Baroness de Lehzen, and her sister. They were most interesting, and often invited me to partake of excellent coffee, roasted and ground by their own hands. They were very proud of this accomplishment, and would allow no one else to touch the coffee, which was renowned in Bückeburg. They told me several anecdotes regarding Queen Victoria's youth. One story, if true, is not, I think, recorded by history.

When she succeeded to the Throne, an attempt was made by an unprincipled member of the Court, to intimidate the young girl into granting him a Peerage and means to support it, by locking her into her room.

The Queen was of course indignant, and brought the matter to the notice of her Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, who banished the man from Court, but to avoid a scandal abstained from prosecuting him for what Lord Melbourne reminded him was high treason !

There was one person in Bückeburg, still unknown to fame, when I was there, whose influence and actions in after years affected the great world outside the narrow limits of the State of Schaumburg-Lippe. He was

one of the reigning Prince's Ministers and was named Strauss. He was a poor man, but enjoyed the confidence of his Sovereign.

In 1860 Germany was still ruled by the Germanic Confederation constituted by the Allies in 1815, in place of the Confederation of the Rhine founded by Napoleon Bonaparte in 1806 when he abolished the Holy Roman Empire. This Confederation consisted of the Empire of Austria, the Kingdoms of Prussia, Hanover, Saxony, and Würtemberg, and of a large number of small independent German States.

Each State sent a representative or representatives to the common Diet, which had its seat at Frankfurt. Seven of the smaller States only possessed one representative between them, and agreed that each should have the right every seventh year to send their own respective representative to the Diet.

In 1866 the great war, which transferred the power in Germany from Austria to Prussia, broke out. Prussia had long been jealous of the supremacy of Austria in the Diet, and had determined to break it. The different States knew that if Prussia got beaten on a particular vote in the Diet, that Power had determined to make war on all the States which supported Austria.

It so happened that the vote was taken in the year when Schaumburg-Lippe possessed the vote of what was called the VII Curiæ.

Strauss on this occasion represented the seven small States, and, at the time of the momentous vote, cast his in favour of Austria, and consequently against Prussia.

Schaumburg-Lippe is situated only a few miles from the great Prussian fortress of Minden, which possessed a garrison of some 10,000 men. It was certain, therefore, that it would be invaded by Prussia if its vote were given

in favour of Austria ; on the other hand, the reigning Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe, in common with most of the States of Germany, thought that Austria must in the long run overpower a comparatively small country like Prussia.

In the final vote in the Diet, Prussia was beaten and immediately declared war, and marched her men into Schaumburg-Lippe as well as into the States of all who had opposed her.

As is well known, Prussia, to the astonishment of the world, won, and destroyed the Austrian and Germanic Armies at Königgrätz in 1866.

The story goes that when the Prussian troops entered Schaumburg-Lippe, they were met by the reigning Prince and his Staff, and welcomed to Bückeburg. The Prussian General was astonished by this friendly reception, and remarked that he had received orders to annex the State to Prussia, as the Prince's representative, Herr Strauss, had voted in favour of Austria. The Prince expressed immense surprise, and said that, if this were true, Strauss would be banished for ever from his territory. Report said that this did take place, that Strauss retired from Bückeburg and lived afterwards at Frankfurt with his family, but the curious thing was that, whereas he was a poor man when in Bückeburg, he is said to have ended his days in comparative comfort in Frankfurt ? Was this accident or corruption ?

Whether there be any truth in this story or not I know not ; the only thing which is certain is, that Schaumburg-Lippe was spared from annexation and confiscation, although her representative had voted against Prussia in the Diet.

But, of course, all this took place five years after I left Bückeburg, and whilst, curiously enough, I had been

sent as a Foreign Office official to serve under Sir Alexander Malet at Frankfurt during this war.

But I am anticipating, and must return to the year 1861, when I left Bückeburg and returned to England.

My father had always destined me for a clerkship in the Foreign Office, but my youthful ambition was to enter the Army.

As I was an only son, and my death would have meant that my successor to the Peerage would have had to be sought amongst the descendants of the first Lord Ardee, or of some of the very earliest of the Earls of Meath, my parents were naturally loath to permit me to enter the Army.

I was, however, insistent, and as a nomination to permit me to enter for the competitive examination of the Foreign Office was necessary, and had not yet been obtained, my father permitted me to enter for the Army Examination, which needed no nomination, on the understanding that I was to continue working for the Foreign Office, and should be permitted, if I passed the military examination well, to enter the Army, should my father have not obtained a nomination for the Foreign Office for me before the end of the year.

So I went up for the examination and passed third for the Army. I then made sure that my ambition would be gratified, but my father personally interviewed Lord Russell (formerly Lord John Russell), and just before the end of the year my nomination for the right to enter the examination for the Foreign Office arrived! I was terribly disappointed at the time, but I have since recognised the wisdom of my father, and if I have been able to do anything in the world, I owe it in large measure to his wise choice for me, and the excellent training I

received whilst in the Foreign Office, and afterwards in Diplomacy.

But, in the meantime, before the nomination for the Foreign Office arrived, he sent me to a first-rate tutor, the Rev. Mr. Whishaw, Rector of Chipping Norton in Oxfordshire. Whishaw was a clever and accomplished man, and having a very small clerical stipend, the whole of which I believe went to the curate, and being a married man, he was obliged to eke out a precarious income by boarding and instructing some half-dozen young men in his rectory.

I was very fortunate to come under the instruction of such a wide-minded and well-informed man, and I made considerable progress in adding to my intellectual equipment whilst at Chipping Norton.

I am not a believer in co-education for boys and girls before the age of puberty, but I do believe that after that age the competition between young men and maidens to appear well in each other's eyes is a stimulus to exertion which it is difficult to surpass, and this truth—for I believe it to be a truth, and one well known to the early Greeks—was recognised by Whishaw, and he had the courage not only to believe it, but to act upon it. Of course we young men, for we all were young men and not boys, never at the time guessed his motive, and I doubt very much whether we should have been permitted by our parents to remain at Whishaw's if they had had any idea that our classes on a Saturday afternoon at the Rectory were attended by an equal number of young maidens of marriageable age, chosen by ourselves, subject to Whishaw's approval. We were all given, young men and young women, on a Saturday night, a subject which we were to work up during the following week, and we were told the books we were to read, and

on the following Saturday afternoon we met at the rectory round a table, young men and young women sandwiched as at a tea or dinner. Whishaw sat at the head of the table with a bag of counters, which he handed out to those who gave the best answers. You may believe, to use the modern slang expression, there was "some" competition! When, in a casual sort of way, Whishaw first divulged to us young men his ideas on the subject of such a competition, we took the matter as an excellent joke and anticipated free and delightful flirtations without any alloy of mental work!

We were not quite sure whether Whishaw had not gone a little bit off his head in making such a proposition, especially as he said that when tea-time came, after our couple of hours' work, the girls might remain for the rest of the evening until fetched by their parents or chaperones at an early hour! So, when the first evening arrived for this extraordinary party, we young men had hardly looked at the books we had been told to read, and sat down expecting a most delightful time. Instead of this we found, to our disgust, that the girls had taken the matter in the most serious spirit, and having "swotted" up the whole week, carried off on the Saturday nearly the whole bag of counters! As for light conversation, there was no chance of getting in a word, the girls being far too eager to show their knowledge of the subject under discussion!

That evening there was grief and tearing of hair in the young men's wigwams! We said this could never be permitted! The girls could not be allowed to carry everything before them, and solemn oaths were taken that we would give the girls a lesson in regard to their proper mental position in the social hierarchy.

So we also "swotted" up the next week, and meta-

phorically bound our manly brows with wet towels, and duly kicked the less enthusiastic of our comrades, all for the honour of our manhood *vis-à-vis* to womanhood ; but although we managed to show our superiority on the next occasion of our intellectual tea party over the rank and file of our girl opponents, there was one protagonist of the enemy whose intellectual prowess defied all our united efforts, and she still came out at the head of the united combatants.

What was to be done ? Such a state of affairs could not in decency be permitted. More towels, and more metaphorical kicking of the slack, at length succeeded in placing man in his proper position as the leader of woman—and then for the first time we were happy ; but as civil liberty is said to be dependent on eternal vigilance, so our intellectual supremacy could only be maintained on the same onerous terms, and, as long as the competition lasted, we had to renounce many of the frivolities of life, and for the honour of manhood agree to “ scorn delights and live laborious days.”

Our petticoated rivals were ultimately routed, as history has so often proved in the cases of races and nations, not so much by outside attack as by internal dissension. That green-eyed demon, jealousy, so often the bane of the fair sex, brought disaster to their cause. The remarkable talents of our leading fair opponent, and her continued success, aroused the jealousy of the other girls, who sent her to “ Coventry,” and would not speak to her.

Having vanquished her, we young men felt nothing but admiration for her intellect, and resented her treatment by her sisters, so we plotted to give her a revenge. We arranged one evening that we would all rush for this lady, and reserve all our attentions for her,

ignoring all the others. This we did, but I need hardly say it did not bring peace to the feminine camp, and, I believe, was the ultimate cause of the collapse of the Saturday afternoon instructional classes. Although they ultimately collapsed, I believe that during the time they lasted they were responsible for adding much to the knowledge of the dozen or so young men and women who were privileged to attend them.

Amongst these were Charles Stewart Parnell (afterwards Irish Nationalist leader) and his brother John, and Maurice Wingfield (artist and art connoisseur), the brother of the late and uncle of the present Viscount Powerscourt (1922). Who knows but this enforced intellectual rivalry between the sexes may have been responsible for some of the successful activities in different spheres of life of these men I have mentioned?

At last, just before the end of the time my father had allotted to himself in which to obtain for me a nomination for the right of entering for a competitive examination for the Foreign Office, the fatal document arrived, and I had to go before the Civil Service Commissioners for examination.

In those days the competition was not so keen as at present, and my competitors only numbered two. The worst was, and is, that only one can win, and the others have no further chance, and must turn their attention to some other mode of living. One of my competitors was a son of Charles Dickens, and I believe, on failing, he went to India. I remember my father told me that his friend Monckton Milnes, the poet and the first Lord Houghton, when he heard that I was to compete against a son of Dickens, consoled my father by telling him that of course I should have no chance of obtaining the appointment, as I had been educated at Eton in the

old-fashioned manner, whereas Dickens's son would be sure to have enjoyed all the advantages of the most modern improvements in education. The young man was also of the same opinion himself, for on meeting at the place of examination he told me the same thing to my face. I was, therefore, not a little pleased when I found that I had come out the first of the three competitors.

It must have been about this time that I attended the famous Preston Guild Ball, which takes place only once in twenty years. At the moment I write, the anticipation of another of these renowned Lancastrian gatherings is agitating the minds of nearly the entire gilded and semi-gilded youth of the County Palatine, and this social event is to take place in September (1922). It is evident, therefore, that the fancy-dress ball I attended must have been in the autumn of 1862. I was the guest of my maternal aunt, Mrs. Wilbraham, the mother of Lord Skelmersdale, who afterwards became Queen Victoria's favourite Lord Chamberlain, and was promoted to the Earldom of Lathom.

My Aunt Jessie had filled her delightful house, Blythe, Ormskirk, with members of her family, until every corner seemed to hold a bed. I remember that I and two of my cousins occupied one room, and another cousin, who was a full-blown officer in the army, and whom we held in great respect, was honoured by the sole possession of a small dressing-room opening into our apartment.

Somehow or other, one of the joint occupiers of the room in which I was placed had taken offence at some remark made by my other cousin and me—he was younger than we were—and in the middle of the night I was awakened by hearing a violent struggle and the

sound of blows. The room was dark, but I heard one of my two cousins say something like, "Now I have done with you, and I will go for the other." I jumped up in time to save my face from a repetition of the blows which one of my cousins had rained upon the sleeping countenance of the other. Being two to one, the aggressor got more than he had bargained for, and took refuge behind the curtains in the officer's room. In those days nightshirts and not pyjamas were worn, and, in the struggle, my infuriated cousin's nightshirt was torn from his back, and ripped from the nape to the lowest hem. Just at that moment the door opened, and an alarmed aunt, not the owner of the house, stood in the doorway, clothed in a hastily donned dressing-gown, and, holding a candle, enquired, "What is the matter?" Seeing the condition of the culprit she thought it wiser and more discreet to beat a hasty retreat and to leave him to receive the punishment of his evil deeds, which he did.

Our quarrel was amicably settled before the night of the great ball arrived. On that occasion I was dressed as a Spanish brigand, and Vesey Dawson, afterwards second Earl of Dartrey, represented a Venetian bravo.

We were both armed to the teeth. We had to travel to and from the ball by train at night, and special compartments had been engaged by the Scottish mail train; but when we reached Ormskirk station, the reserved seats were too few to accommodate the large party, and it fell to the lot of Dawson and of me to invade another compartment of the train, where we found a gentleman fast asleep, who was somewhat seriously startled to find such blood-thirsty-looking ruffians entering his compartment at that hour of the night!

We did our best to assure him that we were quite

harmless, and I believe at last succeeded, though I am not sure that he ever attained that complete confidence which was necessary to enable him to resume the peaceful slumbers which we had thus rudely disturbed!

Blythe recalls to me many a happy visit spent in its delightful surroundings amidst heaps of young cousins about my own age—such pleasant memories spring to my mental vision of runs across country assisted by leaping poles—of expeditions on stilts, both sexes taking part—the girls often performing feats of agility and of courage quite equal, if not superior, to those of the opposite sex.

There I met not only first cousins, but also the children of Colonel the Hon. Edward Wilbraham: the beautiful Ada, who afterwards married Onorato Caetani, Prince of Teano and fifteenth Duca di Sermoneta, Senator of Italy, and at one time Minister of Foreign Affairs; her sister, Emily, who married the twenty-sixth Earl of Crawford and Balcarres; and Evelyn, who married Sir John Gordon Kennedy, K.C.M.G., Minister at Bucharest, and who became one of my sister's most intimate friends.

CHAPTER III

FOREIGN OFFICE

1863-8

I ENTERED the Foreign Office as a Clerk on July 30th, 1863, after passing a competitive examination and obtaining an honorary certificate, and was appointed to what was then termed the French Department, which included the care of British interests in France, Switzerland, and Madagascar, under a Chief of the name of Stavely—a most capable and delightful man, who was kindness itself to all us juniors and won our admiration and respect. The second in command at that time was Edward Scott Gifford, third son of the first Lord Gifford. Though much older than myself, he was good enough to treat me as a friend and companion, and I know that a very mutual regard existed between us, for he often used to invite me to spend the evenings with him and his sister, who kept house for him in a delightful little snugery in Eaton Terrace South. He was a truly religious man, without any cant or affectation, and his influence over me was always for good. I knew that he wished me well, and I tried to live up to his ideals, though I was sadly conscious that I fell far short of them. The third in charge of the department was Robert Henry Meade, familiarly known as “Bobsy,” second son of the third Earl of Clanwilliam. He afterwards became Sir Robert Henry Meade, G.C.B., Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies. Others of my

colleagues in the Department were Algernon Bertram Mitford, who afterwards went into Diplomacy, and became Lord Redesdale, K.C.B., and Frank Bertie, who afterwards rose to the position of H.M.'s Ambassador at Paris, under the title of Lord Bertie, G.C.B.

It is difficult to realise that I witnessed the first timid entrance of this distinguished diplomatist into the Foreign Office. I remember, as if it were yesterday, Bobsy Meade coming into the room, and asking us if anyone knew who the young man was who was then standing in the corridor outside. Someone looked out and said he did not know him. So Bobsy asked the unknown visitor if he could do anything for him. He said his name was Frank Bertie, and that he had been told to report himself at the Foreign Office, but was too timid to announce his arrival! So thus entered the boy who was afterwards to be for a time Permanent Under-Secretary to the Foreign Office, and to end as Ambassador to France!

Another young colleague of mine in the office, though not in my department, who afterwards distinguished himself, was Thomas Henry Sanderson, usually known as "Giglamps," or "Lamps," because he always wore spectacles. He ultimately became Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs from 1894 to 1906, and was created Baron Sanderson, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., on December 20th, 1905.

Amongst those young diplomats who temporarily passed through the French Department to learn their business before proceeding abroad was Nicholas Roderick O'Connor, who afterwards became H.M.'s Ambassador at St. Petersburg and Constantinople. He was one of my particular chums, and when in London helped me to run to earth my future wife, and when I changed into

Diplomacy and went as a married man to Berlin in 1868, he prepared for us a delightful nest in which to settle as love-birds at Potsdam. But this is future history.

I worked as a clerk in the same department until the year 1866, when I was sent to relieve a diplomatist at Frankfurt who had been taken ill, Wilfred Scawen Blunt—whose name must be familiar to many as a breeder of Arab horses, and as having afterwards supported the Irish and Egyptian national causes which brought him into some notoriety.

Exchange between Foreign Office clerks and diplomats was then extremely rare, so that I was extraordinarily fortunate to get a glimpse of diplomatic life in such an interesting time as the year 1866, for the Prussian and Austrian War was then in progress, and I was placed under the British Minister to the German Diet at Frankfurt, Sir Alexander Malet—the father of a still better known diplomatist, Sir Edward Malet, afterwards Ambassador at Berlin.

But before this time, between 1863 and 1866, I lived a varied life—during the day working often until 7 p.m. and sometimes later in the Foreign Office, and then in the evening dining out, frequently in the houses of men whose names were household words throughout the great world of statesmen and diplomats.

This was an education of which I know I did not take the fullest advantage, but still it was not lost on me entirely, especially after I was promoted to the position of one of the four Resident Clerks who were given apartments in the Foreign Office, and who took it in turn to assume entire control of the office when the clerks left in the evening, until they returned next morning.

During the week a Resident Clerk was on duty, he had to be constantly at hand during the night, and was

not allowed to dine out. He might go to the St. James's Club, the Diplomatic club, for dinner, but had to return early to the Foreign Office.

There was no occasion for him, however, to dine out, for an excellent cook was provided, usually some female *cordon bleu* who had in her younger days been in the cuisine of some Foreign Secretary, and therefore knew how to prepare a dinner as it should be served.

The Resident Clerk had two rooms, a bedroom and sitting-room, a servant's room, and his own separate pantry. The rooms which I occupied, looking over the river in the days before the Embankment was finished, in the temporary building in Whitehall, were not so magnificent as the truly palatial apartments on the top floor of the Foreign Office looking over St. James's Park and its lake, now occupied by the Resident Clerks of to-day. There are no rooms, I am persuaded, occupied by the richest and most luxurious young millionaire in London to be compared with these for situation and view.

Before the Park was destroyed in beauty by the exigencies of the great European War, the view from these upper windows of the Foreign Office made the observer think that he was looking from some stately country mansion in England over a magnificently laid-out park. In the summer no house is to be seen, except perhaps an occasional glimpse of a small part of Buckingham Palace, and the eye is carried across St. James's Park, the Green Park, Hyde Park, and Kensington Gardens into the far distance, whilst lovely birds of the choicest breeds swim leisurely over the fascinating waters of the lake beneath.

The Resident Clerk has under his orders a staff of employés, whose duty it is to bring him every telegram

and despatch which may arrive during the night, and to carry for him to the Foreign Secretary at his private residence, in locked red boxes, any telegrams and despatches or letters he considers should be placed in the hands of the Minister without delay. The Resident Clerk has also clerks at his disposal to telegraph from the Foreign Office any messages in cipher which he may be instructed to send abroad. It is his business to decipher any telegrams which may arrive and to place into cipher any which the Minister may wish to send off during the night.

The position is one of great responsibility, as a mistake in sending off a telegram in cipher or in deciphering a telegram for the perusal of the Secretary of State might have very serious consequences.

To ensure complete secrecy, he is provided with what is called a "Cabinet key," because none but Cabinet Ministers and the Sovereign are supposed to possess these keys, which alone can open the official red boxes. He is also supplied with the secret cipher codes, which must be kept always under lock and key, and are being continually changed to insure absolute secrecy.

On one occasion, when off duty, I was dining at the house of a Cabinet Minister. Some other Cabinet Ministers were present, when, in the middle of dinner, a messenger arrived with a red box for one of them. The great man felt in his pocket for the Cabinet key, but could not find it. He then appealed to the other Ministers to give him the loan of one of theirs. However, none had brought them, and there was the box awaiting in all its red leather importance to be opened.

I, of course, was only a young man entirely unknown to these great dignitaries. When I saw that they could not open the box, I meekly asked whether it might be

sent to me, as I thought I could open it! I was instantly told that these red boxes could only be opened by what was called a Cabinet key, and that only fifteen of them existed in the world!

The great men looked to see me fall dead on the spot from confusion and humiliation, and like the islanders of Melita, when Paul was bitten by the snake, watched to see the moment when I would be overcome by the consciousness of my own presumption! But as nothing happened, and I added to my offence by continuing to ask for the box, it was ultimately handed to me, and of course I opened it at once, and handed it with a bow to the great man, who positively gasped with astonishment, and all began, not as in the case of St. Paul to say I was a god, but to ask who the devil I was! The best part of the joke was that all these great men, by leaving their Cabinet keys at home, had been guilty of a heinous offence, for a solemn promise has to be made that the recipient of a Cabinet key shall never allow it to leave his person!

The first night after my appointment as a Resident Clerk was spent by me in agonies, the torture of which I shall never forget. I had then been some considerable time in the office, and had learnt my business fairly thoroughly, and had had some experience in ciphering and deciphering, so that I entered on my duties without any feeling of nervousness. Indeed, I had quite a pleasurable anticipation of the interest there would be in becoming acquainted with the official affairs of other countries, besides those with which the French Department dealt. I had not long to wait. Hardly had the clerks left the building, and there was no one left to help or advise me, when a ciphered telegram was handed to me. I remember it was quite early in the evening, and

I was still in the main part of the building, and had not yet retired to my own apartments. I took the telegram, and went straight to my rooms, opened the cipher-box and began to consider from the general appearance in which cipher the telegram had been sent. I chose the cipher which I considered the most likely to prove the key to the mysterious document before me, but without result. This did not in the least disturb me, as I felt sure that I should soon hit upon the right key; but when I had rung the changes upon half a dozen different ciphers, and could make no intelligible result, except that in one instance I made out the word "massacre," which discovery did not tend to steady my nerves, especially as the telegram came from the East, I began to be seriously disturbed in spirit. I pictured to myself all sorts of blood-curdling events which were taking place at that very moment. Every minute lost might mean the lives of British men, women, and children, and here was I, blundering over a telegram, which probably, but for my stupidity, was quite easy of translation. I pictured to myself the indignation of the Permanent Under-Secretary of State, Hammond (afterwards Lord Hammond), when, at nine next day I should have to confess that on the first night after my appointment as a Resident Clerk I had ignominiously failed in my duty, and by my incapacity had delayed the possible rescue of these unfortunates by thirteen hours!

To make a long story short, I toiled on all through the night until the early hours of the morning without the least result, except increased agony of mind and prostration of body.

At length, I felt that if I continued this nervous strain much longer, without a short sleep, I should soon lose the power of grappling with my trouble, so I gave

instructions to be called in an hour's time, and woke up much refreshed, but still unable to solve the riddle.

I left word to be informed the instant the great man entered his office, and continued work until this announcement was made. I then pulled myself together, and boldly entered the lion's den, confessing all my failure, and expecting this event to be the death-blow to my professional hopes and career !

Hammond took the telegram from me, and without a word sat down to his task of deciphering it.

I expected him, as was his wont, to return it to me almost instantaneously deciphered, with a look of scorn and a few biting words which would crush me to the ground. But as time went on, oh ! how slowly ! and he still remained bent over his work, I began gradually to recover courage, until he slowly turned round to me standing behind him, and smilingly, cunningly, said to my intense relief, " I-i-i-i-t " (he always stuttered) " is difficult, Brabazon, isn't it ? "

" Yes, it is, sir," was my reply, and I was saved !

The telegram never was deciphered, it had been so mutilated by the Turks through whose incompetent hands it had passed, that even the great Hammond was nonplussed by it, and had to telegraph for the wire to be repeated. Happily, there had been no " massacre," which was only the phantom of an overwrought brain and of exhausted nerves ! And so happily ended my first night's spell of duty as a Resident Clerk !

The incident in no way shook Hammond's confidence in me, indeed I think the dogged manner in which I had stuck to an impossible task increased my prestige in his eyes, for one day he sent for me, and grinning all over, laughing to himself, and rubbing his hands, he said to me, as I responded to his summons, " Brabazon, the

Admiralty—the Admiralty—can—cannot decipher a telegram they have received, and have sent over to the Foreign Office to have it deciphered for them—ha! ha! ha!”

Hammond had the most perfect confidence in the men under his command—he entertained the idea that we were all super-men, carefully chosen and trained by himself, and if the British Navy had sustained a defeat, and the Prime Minister of the day had said in Hammond’s hearing that he did not know whom to appoint in the place of the beaten Admiral, it is not much of an exaggeration to say that Hammond might have been capable of answering, “I have a clerk in my office, sir, quite competent to take command of the Fleet if you will appoint him Admiral, sir!” This was the spirit, anyhow, which animated the man. He expected all those trained by him to live up to the high standard of his imagination, under penalty, in case of failure, of his unpardonable displeasure. He had no further use for a man who failed him.

I was, therefore, seized by inward panic, though I did not show it outwardly, when I heard him say, “Brabazon, I want—I want you to go to the Admiralty and decipher that telegram—ha! ha! ha!”

My reply was only, “Yes, sir,” and I turned with beating heart to leave the room, with the feeling that now at last I had been found out, that I should fail him, that by my failure his professional pride would receive a fatal blow, which would end in my being for ever banished to the outer darkness of his deep resentment!

Just before I left, he called me back, and in a whisper, a stuttering whisper, which no one was to hear except me, although we were alone in the room, he said, “Brabazon, I-I-I think it’s-it’s the ‘B-Boat’ cipher.”

I had not the faintest notion what the "Boat" cipher was—there was no such cipher used in the Foreign Office—but of course I knew Hammond too well to ask him any questions, or to seem to doubt in the smallest degree that I should succeed in the task he had assigned me, so I simply replied, "Yes, sir," and went out of the room.

My feelings may be imagined as I walked across to the Admiralty and announced that I had been sent from the Foreign Office to decipher a telegram for them. I well knew that the professional pride of the Admiralty officials would resent the interference of another department, even though the assistance was sent on the invitation of their own chiefs! I was not wrong in this supposition! When introduced to three or four men tearing their hair over an undecipherable telegram, I was received with a frigid politeness, and informed that there was no necessity for me to trouble myself as no one could possibly decipher it, and that I might return to my department with that reply.

Of course, I pointed out to them that I was sure they would recognise that, having been sent by the Foreign Office, on the invitation of the Admiralty, to perform a certain duty, I should be guilty of a grave dereliction of discipline if I returned to my office without having at all events made some attempt to carry out my orders.

As civil servants they recognised the justice of my argument, and reluctantly consented to allow me to assist them. I proceeded to ask them what cipher codes they had used in their efforts to decipher the telegram, and listened intently for the words, "'Boat' cipher," but they were not uttered.

I then thought it time to throw my only ace on the table, so I said, "Have you tried the 'Boat' cipher?"

“ ‘ Boat ’ cipher—‘ Boat ’ cipher ; there is no such cipher,” was the reply. .

Knowing that Hammond was not the man to have mentioned those words without having some good reason for doing so, I bluffed, and said something to the effect, “ Think again. I believe you have a ‘ Boat ’ cipher.”

A dead silence followed, when one of the men, to my immense relief, cried out, “ I’ll tell you what he means. He means the ‘ Boat Signal ’ cipher.”

I said, “ Of course that’s what I meant.”

It *was* the “ Boat Signal ” cipher, which appeared not to be a real cipher at all ; but anyhow, the wonderful knowledge and quick intuition of Hammond had solved the difficulty, and I returned to the Foreign Office with the welcome intelligence that the mysterious telegram had been deciphered.

The funny part of the matter was that Hammond seemed to have forgotten that he had given me the clue, and profusely thanked me for having upheld the honour and prestige of the Foreign Office !

The following story illustrates the strong hold on Lord Hammond’s mind of this firm confidence in all connected with the office, and his determination that no outside influence should ever be permitted to intrude into its secrets. Parliament had appointed a Committee of Members to visit the Foreign Office and report whether certain economies might not be effected in its administration.

The Committee duly arrived and was received with a chilling and somewhat sulky politeness. In going through the departments, an M.P. observed quite a young man deciphering a telegram, and the M.P. endeavoured to look over his shoulder. This excited the wrath of

our Chief, and the story goes that, when the indiscreet M.P. said, "Lord Hammond, are all your clerks permitted to decipher important telegrams?" he replied, "I'll tell you how it is, sir, I would allow my most junior clerk to see telegrams I won't permit you to poke your nose into!" Rapid retreat of the House of Commons!

I said that I lived a varied life in the Foreign Office. By this I meant that, when not on duty, I enjoyed to the full the hospitalities which the great London Society of the day placed at the disposal of a young unmarried man of good family, and especially as, in my case, one who was connected, although in the lowest ranks, with one of the principal departments of the Civil Service. Lady Palmerston, Lady Waldegrave, Lady Egerton of Tatton, Mrs. Gladstone, Lady Home, the Duchess of Inverness (the widow of Royalty), and many other famous hostesses were kindness itself to me, and gave me frequent opportunities of meeting the distinguished, the learned, and the most interesting men and women of the day.

I was privileged to enjoy the hospitality of Lord and Lady Palmerston both in London and at Broadlands, their country house, and I thus had opportunities of making the acquaintance, as far as a young man could, of both these remarkable characters. Lady Palmerston was to my mind the *beau idéal* of a great statesman's wife. Her one thought was to serve the political interest of her distinguished husband, and to gain him friends. No fish were too small for her net. She had the wonderful gift of making each individual she spoke to believe that she entertained a special interest in that particular person.

I was not a very vain young man, but from the interest which she evinced in my career and my personal welfare I was flattered and encouraged by her friendship,

which at the time I thought was more personal than afterwards, when I came to advanced years of discretion, I reasoned could well be natural. Anyhow, she won my highest respect and personal fealty to her and her lord, and consequently to his administration. My political influence was, of course, absolutely nil, but I presume she argued that a young man in the Foreign Office might possibly in later days repay cultivation in the present.

I need hardly say that Lord Palmerston was a wonderful man. I have seen him in his own ballroom, when standing against the wall, with two or three rows of people between him and the dancers, spring forward, in a room full of young men, and catch in his arms a dancing couple who were on the eve of falling. He was born in 1784 and died in 1865; he must therefore, when this incident occurred, have been about seventy-nine years of age. When he was about seventy-seven or seventy-eight he went out shooting at Broadlands with several young men, brought back a larger bag of game than any of them, and beat them all at billiards in the evening!

During this visit I had the great misfortune to be attacked by scarlet fever! Of course the party which had assembled—a very distinguished one—including the French Ambassador and the Italian Minister, and worse still Viscount Sudley (afterwards Arran) and his fiancée, who were to have been married in a fortnight—scattered in all directions as if a bomb had fallen in their midst! When the news reached town, the wits asked the question of each other, “Have you heard the news?” “No, what is it?” “What, haven’t you heard it? Palmerston has been turned out.” “Palmerston turned out! Impossible!” “Perfectly true.” “Who has turned him out?” “Lord Brabazon.”

It was too true and too terrible. Lady Palmerston

overwhelmed me with attention, and gave orders that I was to be supplied with game and every delicacy, but, of course, they all had to leave the house, which had afterwards to be disinfected and partly repainted !

A story was current in the Foreign Office that, before my time, when Lord Palmerston had charge of Foreign Affairs in the old buildings in Downing Street, there resided opposite to the office some rather fast young ladies, who used to carry on a clandestine correspondence with the clerks by means of sheets of foolscap paper of the size of the panes of glass, on each of which sheets was drawn one letter of the alphabet. When this correspondence was being carried on, a clerk was placed with a looking-glass in a garret at the very top of the office, whose duty it was to dazzle the girl's mother should she come to the window. Of course this could not go on indefinitely without being found out, so one day when the mother caught sight of the clerk dazzling her, she sent a most indignant letter to Lord Palmerston, complaining of the action of some of his clerks.

He put this epistle into a locked red box and sent it round the office with the following remark, " Who are these ungallant clerks, who cast reflections upon ladies ? " and here the matter ended !

And now I must tell a story against myself. In my callow and jejune condition I conceived, about this time, a desire to attend Professor Tyndall's lectures at the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street. Any respectable individual who could scrape together a pound or two and who could find a Fellow to introduce him could become a member of this Institution. I mixed this up in my mind with the Royal Society, to membership of which no one may aspire who cannot lay claim to the highest literary or scientific attainments, and remembering that

I possessed a very distinguished relative who had the right to affix the magic initials F.R.S. to his name, I one day coolly called on this world-famous scientist, and, in consequence of our relationship, asked him to obtain for me the right of entry to this sacred circle of the learned and the distinguished.

I was much astonished when in indignant and forcible language he reproved my supposed presumption, and explained to me the difference between the Royal Institution and the Royal Society! I retired from the interview a crushed, humbled, and better-informed man!

Speaking of the interesting lectures delivered by Professor Tyndall at the Royal Institution about this time, I remember that on one occasion, when lecturing on the different nature and qualities of the waters of the most famous rivers in the world, and having opened a succession of bottles containing samples of these waters, and chemically tested their contents, including that of the Jordan, the Professor looked doubtfully at a bottle, and calling an attendant, he asked him where the water in this bottle came from. The attendant replied, followed by roars of laughter, "From the tap, sir!" I am afraid that after this some of us expressed doubt whether the other bottles hadn't been filled from the same domestic source!

Mrs. Gladstone had, as Miss Catherine Glynne, been the most intimate and beloved of my mother's maiden friends, and this friendship lasted during the whole of their lives. Though divided in political feeling, they never permitted this fact to interfere with their private friendship: Mrs. Gladstone became my godmother, and took a more serious view of her responsibilities towards me than most modern godmothers do in these days.

When, on leaving Broadlands, I was still in the infectious stage of scarlet fever, as previously narrated, she personally visited me in lodgings in London, as my mother was out of town, and insisted on sitting by my bedside and doing what she could to relieve me. A more unselfish woman, overflowing with the milk of human kindness, it would be difficult to find.

As all the world knows, she was somewhat vague at times, which led to several amusing stories being told about her, for the truth of which I cannot vouch.

On one occasion I received an invitation to dinner from her, written on a half sheet of paper, and, on turning it over, I found it was a tradesman's bill, and across it in red ink were written the words, "This is the tenth application!"

On another occasion, when I was quite grown up, I took the chair at a public meeting, and on the platform on one side of me sat my mother, and on the other side sat Mrs. Gladstone. She seemed very pleased with the speech I made, and after I had finished my remarks she said to my mother, speaking across me, "May I kiss him?" and without waiting for a reply, she embraced me before the whole meeting. I was still in her eyes the little godchild she had so lovingly watched over from babyhood!

Through her influence, doubtless, Mr. Gladstone offered me, about this time, the position of one of his private secretaries, but my father, although conscious of the honour of the proposal, very wisely declined for me, as he felt that I was too young to make a decision which would definitely bind me to the chariot wheels of a political party.

Mrs. Gladstone's complete lack of personal vanity

led sometimes to a certain carelessness in dress, which, whilst it spoke well for the absolute selfless character of her mind, was not quite in keeping with her high social position in the great world.

For instance, it was said that during Gladstone's great political campaign in Midlothian against the almost feudal power of the Buccleuchs, Gladstone was called upon by an immense crowd in Princes Street, Edinburgh, to address them from the balcony of his hotel. It was dusk. For long he declined to make an impromptu speech, but the mob became impatient, and at length he was advised to yield to their wishes. So lamps were brought out and placed in a row on the front of the balcony, like lights on a stage, to place the speaker in a blaze of light in contrast with the comparative darkness in the street.

At length Gladstone stepped out on to the balcony, leading Mrs. Gladstone by the hand, amidst a storm of popular applause, renewed over and over again. It was long before silence could be obtained, but at length the cheers died down, and a silence reigned in which the fall of a pin might almost have been heard, so anxious was the crowd to listen to the eloquent accents of the popular idol.

Suddenly, before he could speak, a voice was heard from the crowd below, "Catherine, Catherine, pull your stockings up."

It must have required all the presence of mind and sang-froid of the veteran statesman to enable him to commence a great political speech after such an interjection!

Mrs. Gladstone is said on another occasion, during the administration of Earl Russell in 1865, to have received a visit from Lady Russell the day before a great party

reception had been arranged by Mrs. Gladstone to do honour to the Premier. Lady Russell told Mrs. Gladstone that she had called in order to ask a favour at her hands. There was a great friend of hers, a gentleman, who would like to receive an invitation to the reception on the next day, and Lady Russell said that it would be a personal favour to her if Mrs. Gladstone would invite him. Of course Mrs. Gladstone said she would be delighted to invite any friend of Lady Russell's, and enquired who the gentleman was. Lady Russell replied that his name was Lord Russell!

The reception was to be given to the Prime Minister and his wife, and both had been omitted from the invitations. All the invitation-cards bearing names beginning with the letter " R " are said to have been afterwards found under a sofa cushion in the drawing-room!

One more story regarding Mrs. Gladstone which is well known, but for the accuracy of which I must not be held responsible.

A new evening dress had been ordered, and had been sent home by the dressmaker, packed in a band-box, with the bodice pinned to the skirt. Rushing up at the last moment to dress, Mrs. Gladstone snatched up the new skirt and put it on, but searched in vain for the bodice. At last, in despair at keeping her husband and daughter waiting, she seized the first shawl she could find, careless of its colour or texture, and pinned it round her shoulders! Entering her hostess's drawing-room, she confessed her dilemma, and enlarged on the carelessness of dressmakers. " But, Mrs. Gladstone, is not this the bodice? " said her hostess, picking up the missing article still pinned to, and hanging loose from, the skirt!

Here is a letter to me from this dear godmother, typical

of her overflowing kindness and goodness of heart, written some years after my marriage.

10 DOWNING STREET,
WHITEHALL.

May 14th.

“MY DEAR REDGY,

“Thank you for your kind letter. I assure you that it gives me real pleasure if I can have been of any use to you in your excellent work. I have received another £10—from my friend Sir W. Miller, which I send to the Secretary—he would have been present had it not been for the thunderstorm.

“Now please do rest yourself, and give the change fair play. How lovely it all sounds, the place, the rest, the loveliness of your scenery!

“I hope your wife too is making this a holiday. I am looking forward to seeing your parents. Thanks for your messages to my grandson. We are thankful this vote of Censure has ended ‘all right,’ but the trouble and the mischief created when every thought is required to try and act for the best, is untold.

“My husband, in spite of all, keeps well. Our weather has improved, but is still more or less spasmodic, the lovely west wind changing often to east.

“All kind regards to Lady Brabazon,

“Your affectionate old friend,

“CATHERINE GLADSTONE.”

Of course all the world knows how phenomenal was the knowledge of Mr. Gladstone. Listening to his conversation I used to feel like the rustics who gazed at Goldsmith’s Schoolmaster :

And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

Surrounded at Hawarden by clever men, Gladstone never was at a loss. He could talk upon every and any subject, and whether it was grave or gay or learned, he seemed equally at home. His brother-in-law Sir Stephen Glynne and Gladstone would at times astonish us all by the rapidity with which they would "cap verses," by quoting with lightning speed a line from some author beginning with the letter in the last word of the line just quoted by the adversary in the game. It was like a rapid game of tennis or badminton, which seemed never to end owing to the marvellous skill of the players.

One secret of this encyclopædic knowledge was that Gladstone never lost an opportunity of learning from the humblest and the most ignorant if he thought that they possessed some information which was new to him. As an instance of this, I was staying at Hawarden Castle after a trip I had taken to the United States of America during the great Civil War, and to my immense astonishment he remained talking to me at the breakfast table when the others had all gone, picking my brains about what I had heard and seen during that memorable time.

I may perhaps mention here how I came to visit the United States. Having always taken an enthusiastic interest in the Volunteer Movement, which was started in England in 1860 in consequence of certain violent attacks in the French Press the year previously on England, as soon as I joined the Foreign Office I enrolled myself as a private in the Queen's Westminster Volunteers.

A new drill-hall had just been acquired, and a gymnasium, fitted with apparatus, established. One evening an undress parade was called in the gymnasium. The battalion was addressed by the Adjutant, who called

for volunteers to open the gymnasium by showing how the apparatus could be used. At that time few Englishmen understood the use of a gymnasium, and there was therefore no response to the Adjutant's appeal. As I had learnt gymnastics in Brussels, I thought I was in duty bound to come forward as no one else did, but I was not properly clad for violent exercise. I was in a frock coat, and, above all, had no gymnastic belt on, consequently in some trapeze movement I ricked my back, and was ordered to take a sea-trip to the States, lying on a sofa or long chair for as many hours in the day as possible. At that time it took fourteen days from England to the States by the quickest boats, and therefore a trip to the States meant that, if I returned immediately, I should have a full month to recuperate at sea in a recumbent position. I obtained sick-leave, and arrived in New York at the moment when the Confederates were at the apogee of their military success in the great Civil War. The famous Confederate cavalry commander General Stuart had successfully cut all communication between Washington and New York.

On board our ship was a Southern lady and her most attractive daughter. My friend and old schoolfellow Sackville George Stopford (later Sackville) accompanied me. We, like most young men of our class at that time, favoured the Southern cause, and we were most indignant when this young lady and her mother were seized on arrival in New York and submitted to what we considered a most humiliating personal search before they were allowed to land. We determined to show our sympathy by calling upon them at their hotel next day.

This we did, and on presenting my card to the hotel porter or waiter, he, to my immense astonishment, looked at me, and then at my card, and said, "You are not

Lord Brabazon." It was useless for me to assure him that I was. He only replied, "I knew Lord Brabazon well, and have often voted for him, and I know you are not him."

It was with great difficulty that I could persuade him to believe that he was speaking of my father, who had been Member for the County of Dublin—that he was now Lord Meath, and that I had stepped into his shoes as Lord Brabazon. When at last he grasped this fact, his enthusiasm knew no bounds—he rushed about telling everyone that I was Lord Brabazon, and shortly afterwards I had to be smuggled out of the hotel, for he had assembled all his Irish friends, and they had planned to chair me, I believe, through the streets of New York!

I tell this tale to show how different were the feelings of the Irish people towards the gentry of Ireland from what they are now (1922), and in those days they really had grievances to complain of; now genuine ones are very difficult to find!

I may recount another little incident of a somewhat amusing character, which befell me on landing for the first time in the New World. Whilst on board ship I had been warned that I might possibly meet on arrival in New York a certain number of Yankee "crooks" who earned their living by pretending to have crossed the ocean in the company of lately arrived Englishmen. On the strength of this supposed acquaintance I was told these men might accost me in the street, and pretend to have known and conversed with me in the smoking-room of the ship in which I had made the voyage, hoping that the large number of passengers on board these great liners would make it difficult for a man to trust to his remembrance of faces. Once acquaintance was acknowledged, these swindlers would never leave their

victim until by some means or other they had lightened his pockets. The warning made an impression on me, and I determined not to be thus deceived.

Shortly after my arrival, I went to the fashionable watering-place of Newport, where an entertainment was given in my honour, and I was introduced to, and shook hands with, a large number of my host's guests.

Returning to New York, I shortly afterwards met a man in the street, who stopped and held out his hand with every sign of delight at having met an old acquaintance. Remembering the warning I had received, I drew myself up, and in my haughtiest manner informed him that I was not aware that I had ever been introduced to him, and passed on!

Not long afterwards, an American I knew asked me why I cut my best friends, as a man whose acquaintance I had made at Newport complained that I had declined to shake hands with him! Overwhelmed with confusion at my *faux pas*, I explained to my American friend the cause of the mistake I had made, and requested him to convey my humble apologies to my injured acquaintance of Newport.

Not long after this I again saw a man, this time crossing the street, smiling at me, and holding out his hand. Determined not again to be guilty of my former impropriety of conduct, I rushed at him, with both hands held out, exclaiming with loud voice how pleased I was to meet him again, and I slapped him frequently on the back in my exuberance of delight. The man was one of the "crooks" against whom I had been warned, and losing his head, he betrayed such astonishment that I at once saw through him.

Redoubling my energetic slaps on the back, I assured him of my eternal friendship, and regretted that I could

not, owing to a most important engagement, delay to converse with him, but giving him a final slap which nearly took away his breath, I rushed off, calling out that we must positively meet again soon, and renew our acquaintance when we were both less occupied by business!

About 1864 I made the acquaintance of Hervey Charles Pechell, who afterwards became one of the greatest of my friends. He and my mother, who appreciated his humour, used to pretend that they had known each other in some previous state of existence when they were elephants roaming in the jungle. They and I were talking together at an entertainment given by Gladstone. At that time he was deeply interested in china and porcelain, and was proudly showing to his friends some beautiful specimens which he had recently purchased. My mother and Pechell, quite unconscious of the near presence of Gladstone, or of his conversation, were as usual speaking of this imaginary transmigration of souls, and Pechell in a loud voice said, "All this, Lady Meath, is of course quite modern to us." To their immense astonishment, Gladstone, holding in his hand some precious and valuable piece of china, rushed forward and indignantly exclaimed, "*Modern!* did you say modern?—this is a most ancient specimen of china." They were dumbfounded, and could make no reply, for they did not know what he was talking about, and they could not at the moment explain what they were discussing, so I believe he went away thinking them the most ignorant and rudest people he had ever met!

My friend Pechell and I met first of all quite accidentally. We and a few others were invited by mutual friends to meet at the house of a lady in Grosvenor Street.

I must preface my remarks by explaining that until the middle of the nineteenth century London Society with a big S was very exclusive in its character.

In order to obtain entrance to its portals, birth, county position, and in a lesser degree parliamentary distinction, were necessary qualifications. Money alone, or even literary and professional distinction, if not connected with public position, could not force the doors. As an example of this, the overwhelmingly rich German millionaire Strousberg took the largest house in Grosvenor Place, engaged the son of a British Ambassador and the grandson of a Marquis as his private secretary, and endeavoured by a lavish hospitality, with the assistance of his secretary and his secretary's father, to force his way into London Society. He only met with ignominious failure, dismissed his secretary, and retired to Berlin.

But if Strousberg failed, other millionaires succeeded. They employed more subtle means of gratifying their social ambitions, and thus gradually gained a foothold within the fortress.

At the time of which I am writing, the first breaches had been made in the walls of social privilege. This successful invasion of Society by those who were regarded as Huns by the defenders of the fortress not unnaturally led to feeble endeavours to erect new barriers within the stronghold against those who had broken through the outer defences. Hence the small meeting in Grosvenor Street. My friend Hervey Charles Pechell was at that time one of the most ardent of the defenders of the ancient order. There were few social entertainments which he did not attend, and he was well known and popular. Although I had only quite recently joined the ranks of the great and gay world, I threw myself during

my leisure hours with enthusiasm into the vortex of its pleasures, and used to take a pride in being the last, or nearly the last, to leave the scenes of "revelry by night."

On arriving at the small meeting in Grosvenor Street to which I had been invited, and where I first met my friend, I found that it was proposed to form an "Imperium in imperio"—a sort of inner circle of the defenders of the social citadel, composed of the young of both sexes under proper chaperonage, for that was indispensable at that time. This inner circle was to be called "The Jolly Dogs." It was to be more or less a secret society, to be known to each other by signs and watchwords and by a brooch or pin which was always to be worn in a conspicuous place night or day, representing the head of a dog. No introduction was to be necessary between members of either sex who bore this badge and knew the watchwords, and the members of both sexes undertook to give preference in the dance, or otherwise, to all who could prove their membership of this Club.

Pechell and I were elected secretary and treasurer, and were sent out to buy a ballot-box. This was the first time we met. We bought one in Bond Street, and returned with it to the meeting, where the election of the first members of the Society then and there took place. It was all very silly, but I believe that we were the precursors of a far more famous Society, "The Souls," which was founded some years afterwards, of which Mrs. Asquith, the wife of the late Prime Minister, was a leader, and which included some very distinguished men and women.

Our "Jolly Dogs" had not a long tenure of life—the seeds of its decay were obviously sown on the same day it was planted, but it led to the publication of a small

Society paper called *Echoes from the Clubs*, and as the "Jolly Dogs" led to the "Souls," so I think it may be said that *Echoes from the Clubs* led to a succession of Society papers such as *Truth* and others. If my memory serves me well, *Echoes from the Clubs* was a fortnightly publication. Pechell and I supplied the strictly social news, and a fellow Resident Clerk, who was afterwards knighted, and a diplomatist who rose to high position, assisted in its production. Of course, as, with the exception of Pechell, those who were responsible for the publication were Civil Servants, we had to keep our connection with it a dead secret. I need hardly say that we were very careful never to publish any information which we obtained through our official connection.

On one occasion *Echoes from the Clubs* attracted wide and influential notice. Lord Russell had lately lectured the Russian Government on its treatment of the Polish people. The diplomatist who was connected with the magazine was a remarkably good French scholar, and contributed to it a long despatch in that language, which was supposed to be the Russian reply to Lord Russell's despatch. In this document the treatment of Ireland by England was mentioned, and was of course made out to be far worse than the treatment of Poland by Russia. The whole thing was a joke, but a South German paper reproduced the despatch as genuine, and immediately discussion arose in other papers in regard to the matter. This of course brought our literary venture into public notice, but its life was short. Before its decease, I had the pleasure, when sitting in the Travellers' Club after dinner, of drawing my father's attention to an article in *Echoes from the Clubs*, and of hearing him express very laudatory remarks regarding it. I had written it,

but my father was in complete ignorance of my connection with the magazine.

About six months after my entrance into the Foreign Office, a most extraordinary concatenation of circumstances led to my finding myself drafting despatches directing the action of our Ambassador at Paris and our Minister at Berne. I should think such an event is quite unique. My tenure of delegated power, happily for the country, only lasted for two days. It was the autumn holiday. Everybody was out of town, and there was a widespread epidemic of illness. All who were not enjoying their holiday seemed to be in bed.

Usually, besides the Secretary of State, there is a Parliamentary Under-Secretary, a Permanent Under-Secretary, and Assistant Under-Secretaries, whose duty it is to direct the work of the office. Moreover, in each department there are also a senior clerk and several juniors. On the particular day on which this event occurred, I was the only clerk in my department who was not in bed or absent, and I found that the Parliamentary Secretary was the only one of all the Chief Secretaries who was in the office. As the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who was away, was a Peer, the Parliamentary Under-Secretary, according to the custom of the Foreign Office, was a member of the House of Commons. There had recently been a change, and he had only just been appointed, and I believe had never been in the office before.

Although I was " Boots " of the department, I found on arrival that I was expected to take the despatches and telegrams which had come during the night to the new Parliamentary Under-Secretary.

I did so. Of course, being quite new to his work, he showed signs of not knowing exactly what to do with

them. I felt that I had at all events the advantage over him of six months' training, so I took my courage in both hands, and, without betraying my own inexperience, seeing his hesitation, asked him if he would like me to draft replies for his approval and signature. He jumped at this offer, and, evidently with immense relief, said he would be delighted if I would prepare the drafts—so for two days I revelled in my extraordinary good fortune, and unsuspected and shortlived position of a “Jack-in-office,” and gaily presented my Drafts for approval. He signed them all without alteration! Of course he had no idea how short a time I had been in the office, and I never heard that I brought any particular trouble on the British Empire!

Some time after this, when I was a Resident Clerk, my three colleagues and I obtained permission to give a party in the garden of the Foreign Office, which was then in Whitehall looking over the river. The Right Hon. Henry Layard, the discoverer of Nineveh, was at that time the Parliamentary Under-Secretary. I am afraid we young clerks did not sufficiently appreciate the honour of serving under so distinguished a man. Indeed, we could not endure him, for, although endowed with great abilities, he lacked some of the more refined and fascinating gifts which attract mankind, and at one time matters got so bad that some of the seniors refused to transact business with him, and used to send their juniors. “I wish to goodness Nineveh had never discovered Layard,” was the exclamation of one irate and witty clerk.

A change of government was taking place on the day of our garden party, and Layard would have to leave in a day or two. It was known in the office that a deputation from his constituents was to be received by Layard

on that day. Some of us were busy decorating the entrance-hall and staircase for our garden-party guests when the deputation arrived. I was on my knees hard at work affixing the decorations with my back to the staircase, when I became aware that the deputation had halted and was standing stationary behind me. It suddenly struck me that these people were puzzled as to why we were decorating the staircase, and would in a moment probably ask me, so I waited, and sure enough the question came, "May we ask, please, why you are decorating the staircase?" "Oh!" I replied, "don't you know? Layard is going out of office!" Tableau!

Whilst I was a Resident Clerk, the dispute between Prussia and Austria on the one side and Denmark on the other in regard to the Danish Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein arose in 1863. This ended in their military occupation and annexation to Prussia and Austria in 1864. Princess Alexandra of Denmark was married to the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII, on March 10th, 1863. British sympathies were therefore strongly on the side of Denmark, although Queen Victoria's were on the side of Prussia. It is not generally known how nearly England at that time was being drawn into the war on the side of Denmark.

France and England had determined to check the ambitions of Prussia and Austria, but when Napoleon III was called upon to ratify by his signature the mutual agreement, he declined to do so.

I believe the refusal was due to the irritation he felt against England because she had declined to support him in his projected scheme for the re-establishment of the independence of Poland. Rumour said that Napoleon was unwell when the British Ambassador approached him. Rumour is generally a sorry, untrustworthy jade,

and was probably wrong in this instance also; but supposing she were right for once, is it extravagant to think that by this refusal the whole future history of Europe was probably diverted from the lines it would have followed, had France and England thrown their weight into the struggle on the side of Denmark and against Austria and Prussia?

May we not reasonably enquire whether, under these circumstances, Prussia could later on have attacked and overthrown Austria?—an event which led to the unification of Germany—and if Germany had never been unified, France would certainly not have been attacked and humiliated in 1870, and possibly the late Great War would never have occurred. And who can say whether this overwhelming alteration in European affairs was not due, say, to some slight physical cause, such as an indigestion arising from the carelessness of an otherwise excellent *cordon bleu*!

I believe it will astonish many people to hear that in the sixties and, as far as I know, until the end of her life, Queen Victoria insisted on having every important despatch from the Foreign Office submitted to her in draft for her approval before despatch, and all important despatches from abroad were sent to Her Majesty after perusal by the Secretary of State. As the Queen often corrected the draft despatches, it was necessary, in order to save time, to make three fair drafts. These were exactly similar in every way—each sheet contained the same number of lines, beginning and ending with the same words. One draft was sent to the Queen, one to the Prime Minister, and one to the Ambassador or Minister abroad for whom it was intended. The actual despatch was never sent until the Queen's copy was returned. It was then easy to telegraph in cipher to the

Ambassador or Minister any omissions or alterations made by Her Majesty in the draft, and he could then act in accordance with these instructions without waiting for the actual despatch itself to arrive, which, if the Queen were at Balmoral, might be delayed for a few days.

Lord Palmerston once lost for a time his position in the Government owing to his having sent a despatch without first referring it to the Queen for approval. There was a clerk in the Foreign Office who incurred Her Majesty's serious displeasure for his too great gallantry and devotion by tying with pink satin *ribbon* the despatches which were sent to the Queen. They should have been tied with red *tape* !

On one occasion the steamer which conveyed a Foreign Office despatch bag was sunk in the Channel. A fortnight afterwards I was awoken in the night by the most awful stench I have ever experienced, and jumping up, I found a messenger holding up a Foreign Office bag which had just arrived, and was being brought to me, as I happened to be the Resident Clerk on duty. Holding our noses, we opened the bag, which had been fished up by divers from the bottom of the sea, after lying there for a fortnight, and we found that amongst the despatches and letters were a round of beef, besides, I believe, other perishable articles of food which were being sent abroad by the Queen to her Royal relations for Christmas.

Several of the letters were from Her Majesty to these relations, and the stench emanating from them was enough to knock one down. The letters were of course strictly private and confidential. They could not be destroyed without permission, and yet I dared not send such horribly smelling articles to the Queen ! What

was I to do? A happy thought struck me. I would forward them to an official in Buckingham Palace. I heard afterwards that he very nearly lost his post by sending them back in that condition to Her Majesty!

In 1865 I first set eyes on my future wife. It was at a ball at Lady Egerton of Tatton's house in St. James's Square that I first saw her, dressed in blue, dancing like a sylph with the joy and abandon of an *ingénue*. Absolutely unconscious of self, dancing for dancing's sake, thoroughly enjoying herself, she was a striking contrast to the majority of Society girls, *blasées*, self-conscious, and weary of gaiety.

Lady Egerton's daughter received me at the entrance of the room, and, after the customary inane remarks, I said, "Who is that girl who is so thoroughly enjoying herself?" or some such words. She at once replied, "Would you like to be introduced to her? She is Lady Mary Maitland, Lord Lauderdale's daughter." So, as soon as the dance was over, I was introduced, but it appears that she did not catch my name.

Just then an old gentleman came up, and said that the carriage was at the door and that she must come at once. He appeared to be accustomed to be obeyed, and carried her off then and there—so I got no dance—but I followed them both downstairs and spoke a few words to the old gentleman, who proved to be her father, Admiral Sir Thomas Maitland, eleventh Earl of Lauderdale.

Whilst helping my inamorata on with her cloak, I learnt from her that she was going next evening to a Court ceremony at Buckingham Palace. So of course I duly appeared there, and after a diligent search, finding Lady Mary, and having already been introduced, I went straight up to her, and asked her if she would allow me to take her in to supper.

She had entirely forgotten me, but did not say so. On our way in to supper we met the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII. My partner, being new to London Society and not knowing the Prince, told me afterwards that she was much impressed and awed by the Prince stopping to speak to me, and went to a girl-friend and asked, "Who was that bold man who knew the Prince of Wales, and had carried her off to supper without being introduced to her?" This was the first time she learned my name! On hearing this, of course, I took the earliest opportunity I could find to explain that I had not been guilty of the social solecism of which she had accused me, inasmuch as I had been formally introduced to her at Lady Egerton's.

After that, I lost no opportunity of meeting her, and the more I saw of her the more I was persuaded that she and she only must be my wife. I never actually proposed, but we seemed so mutually to enjoy each other's society, that I thought words were unnecessary. Like many another foolish young man, I forgot that the position of a woman in matters of the heart is so different from that of the man. He can take the initiative—she cannot. He knows what he means—she does not. He may simply be amusing himself, and unless he speaks she has no assurance that his love is genuine. And so I allowed matters to drift, until one fine day I was asked by my official chiefs whether I would like to be sent to Frankfurt to replace temporarily a diplomat who was ill. I was told that I should remain there for about two months, from June to August 1866, and then return to the office.

As this would give me an opportunity of learning my business from the diplomatic side, I jumped at the offer, especially as war had then broken out between Prussia

and the German Diet, and there was every chance of my seeing something of the conflict.

So, when I next met Lady Mary, I took her apart, and told her I should be absent from London for a time—this was at Lady Home's in Grosvenor Square—and I thought I made my intentions clear. I must confess that I was sufficiently conceited to be persuaded that she reciprocated my feelings. This I afterwards learnt was an hallucination.

About this time, in July 1866, reform riots broke out in London, and special constables were called for. The mob broke and pulled down the railings which surrounded Hyde Park, and which were not then of such a substantial character as those which have been erected since.

As my inamorata lived with her parents at 83 Lancaster Gate, on the north of the Park, I was anxious for her safety, and enrolled myself as a special constable. We met in the old disused burial-ground which was then behind the Workhouse in Mount Street. The ground has since been turned into a public garden, and the old Mount Street has been pulled down and entirely rebuilt in a much more handsome style than that of those days.

We were told to elect a leader, and not knowing each other, and being of all classes, we reverted to what I expect was the most ancient manner of choosing a leader. We elected the tallest man, as being the easiest to see in case of a physical contest. This happened to be Viscount Mountgarret, and under his orders sentries were placed in Mount Street and at the corners of Audley Street and Grosvenor Street, so as to have communication with Grosvenor Gate, where I was placed opposite to the corner house, then occupied by Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, afterwards the Earl of Beaconsfield. The mob had taken complete possession of Hyde Park, and

it was expected that when it grew dark they would congregate just outside the gate and make a rush for the house of Mr. Disraeli. My orders were, should this occur, to give the alarm to the nearest special constable, and hold the gate until the arrival of reinforcements from Mount Street burial-ground.

As this was some distance, I knew quite well what would happen to me in the meantime, but this idea seemed not to enter the mind of anyone else, so I had to think of Macaulay's poem, and imagine myself Horatius defending the bridge at Rome. I marched up and down for hours, until it got darker and darker, and the distant murmur of an immense mob in the Park seemed to get louder and louder.

The worst was, that I had enlisted to defend my love, and there she was unprotected at the other side of the Park, whilst I was chained by duty to a post where I could not be of the least service to her! It was one thing to die heroically defending, as I had imagined, my dear one, and quite another to be torn in pieces in the protection of a man of advanced middle age, however distinguished, whom I did not know, and who had probably never heard my name!

Night set in. I had long lost all sight of my brother-sentries. Hour after hour passed. Ten o'clock struck. No one had come near me since I had first been posted. I thought of my friends quite close in the St. James's Club, who had long ago dined, and were smoking and taking their ease, whilst, as far as I could see, I should have to tramp like this all the night. At length a gentleman, who also bore a white arm-band, came up to me, and said that he and his comrades in another part of London had been dismissed. So then I realised the truth of what I had for long suspected, that I had been

entirely forgotten ! and I went home a dinnerless and sorrowful man to bed ! But I had learnt the lesson that an untrained, undisciplined body of men, however brave, without leaders accustomed to command, might be of use for a sudden heroic charge, but are valueless, or nearly valueless, for prolonged service ! Happily 83 Lancaster Gate was spared. The mob must have known what a treasure it contained and have chivalrously spared it for my sake !

So my dear one being safe, and believing that we thoroughly understood each other, I left London quite happy, intending to propose formally as soon as I returned home. I reached Frankfurt, and so sure was I of my position in Lady Mary's heart, that when I knew my Chief's wife, Lady Malet, tolerably well, I told her, in confidence, of my engagement.

But now my love-story must break off, in order to describe briefly what befell me in Germany. Sir Alexander and Lady Malet received me in the kindest and most hospitable manner. The old traditions of diplomacy, by which the staff of the Ambassador or Minister were treated as almost members of their family, and which has, I believe, now nearly, if not quite, died out, were religiously kept by Sir Alexander and Lady Malet. A place was always reserved for us at luncheon and at dinner, unless we sent word during the day that we were dining out. There was something exceedingly pleasant in these intimate relations which brought one into very close contact with one's Chief, and led to personal devotion and friendship.

As I have already explained, war was being waged by Prussia against Austria and the German Diet, to which latter political organisation my Chief was accredited as British Minister. It was not long before

the dogs of war approached very near to Frankfurt, and Austria sent large masses of white-uniformed Italian soldiery to assist in its defence. Austria at that time held by the sword the northern portions of Italy, and these conscripts hated the Power in whose cause they were sent to fight. It is not astonishing, therefore, that when they met the Prussians, their resistance was but feeble, and very soon they were in full retreat to Frankfurt. Lady Malet drove out to meet the wretched bloodstained fugitives, and organised as much relief as was possible on very short notice. The white Austrian uniform was perhaps in peace-time the most imposing to the eye of all the pageantries of war, but its whiteness exaggerated the horrors of bloody conflict, and the poor wretches who returned from the battlefield, bleeding, wounded, dirty, in the last extremities of fatigue and destitution, were a most bloodcurdling sight. I heard that this was the last time that Austrian soldiers, expecting combat, were ever clothed in white uniforms.

It was of importance for Prussia to know what telegraphic messages in cipher were passing at that time between the British Government and its representative at Frankfurt. One morning we discovered that the safe in which a cipher code was kept had been broken open, and the code had been abstracted. Fearful consternation ensued. The British Government had instantly to be informed of the loss, and telegrams were sent all over the world to destroy this particular code, so that no further telegrams could be sent in it. A fortnight later the code was found in the garden, having been thrown over the hedge.

The time arrived when it became evident that the German Diet could no longer remain in Frankfurt, but must take refuge in some city farther removed from the

ever-advancing Prussian forces. It was decided that this city of refuge was to be the ancient mediæval town of Augsburg. So a day arrived, July 13th, 1866, when all the members of the Diet were instructed to be at the Southern Railway Station at a certain hour for conveyance in a special train to Augsburg.

Of course, amongst so many men and women, it was impossible to count on punctuality, and the train did not start until some time after the scheduled hour.

This delay nearly led to the capture of the train by the Prussian Cavalry. We knew that the cavalry of the enemy were straining every nerve to cut the line at a particular point, and we only passed this danger-spot a bare hour before the arrival of the enemy !

Of course, no one was travelling in wartime, so there was no difficulty in commandeering the entire accommodation of the Drei Mohren Hotel for the members of the Diet and the diplomatists and their staffs.

Here we settled down very comfortably, glad to be free from the constant anxiety of the near approach of the excursions and alarums of war !

We all dined together, some forty in number, with Baron Kübeck, the President of the German Diet, at the head of the table. The proprietor of the hotel was known throughout Europe for the wonderful collection of first-class wines which he had accumulated in his cellar. It was said, and I believe accurately, that he could give a guest a different bottle of first-class wine every day in the year. Whether this be true or not, I know that we all realised and appreciated the marvellous excellences of our host's cellar. My Chief was a good fisherman, and as our work was not onerous at that time, he undertook to supply our table with fish. I was no adept in the

piscatorial art, but he sometimes allowed me to assist him in his sport.

The Drei Mohren Hotel was situated in a very ancient, celebrated, and beautiful palace of the Counts of Fugger. In the time of Charles V they were bankers, and as Charles V, in common with many mediæval Sovereigns, was often in pecuniary straits, he was in the habit of obtaining advances from these bankers.

On one occasion, so the story runs, he was the guest of the Fugger of the day, staying in the banker's house at Augsburg, when the Emperor confessed his inability to meet his creditors, and also explained his dire necessities. The banker made no reply, left the room, and brought in two pipes, some tobacco, and a slip of paper. The Emperor accepted the pipe and the tobacco, but had no light. There was a fire in the room; the banker gave the slip of paper to the Emperor, and asked him to read it. It was an IOU signed by the monarch for a very considerable sum which he owed to his host! The Emperor read the IOU and handed it back to Fugger, who then lighted it at the fire and offered it to the Emperor, asking him to light his pipe with it. The Emperor is said to have then and there created Fugger a Count of the Holy Roman Empire.

On July 16th Frankfurt was occupied by the Prussians, and after a series of victories on their part, an armistice was signed on July 30th. On August 24th the Diet held its last sitting, and shortly afterwards I saw from the street the flag of the Germanic Confederation lowered for the last time.

During the course of the recent Great European War of 1914 to 1918 I have sometimes heard people talk as if the Prussians had only recently become demoralised by the teachings of Treitschke and of Bernhardi and others,

but after the occupation of Frankfurt by the Prussians in 1866 I heard stories of their brutal and ungentleman-like behaviour to their own German kinsfolk. A maiden lady at Frankfurt—a German—complained bitterly that a Prussian officer who had been billeted upon her declined to accept the room which she had prepared for him and which was the best she could give him. She had deliberately left the house to have tea with a friend after looking to his comfort. When the officer arrived, he went round the house, and finding her bedroom locked, he insisted on having it unlocked. He then declared that he found the lady's bed the most comfortable in the house, and that he intended to occupy it. On the maid objecting, he began to undress, and told her she could stop if she liked, and the lady when she returned found this brute asleep in her bed. Some of the richer inhabitants, in order to avoid having officers billeted on them, engaged rooms for them in the hotels, and they said that these officers, who in their own homes or messes rarely tasted champagne, ordered nightly the most costly wines regardless of the expense to those persons upon whom they were billeted.

I was told that Baron Charles de Rothschild's wife possessed two beautiful ponies which she was in the habit of driving herself. These animals were too small to be of any use for military purposes, but they were seized by some officer in command and sent off to his wife, regardless of the protest of their owner, and his offer to repurchase them from their captor was declined.

I can relate similar stories regarding the conduct of the Prussians in France in 1870. I was, therefore, not so much astonished as some of my friends when I heard of brutalities perpetrated by the German Armies during the recent world war of 1914–1918.

When the Germanic Confederation came to an end, I was naturally recalled with my Chief to England, and returned to my duties in the Foreign Office. This was in the autumn of 1866. The whole of the fashionable world had as usual left London, and I found that Lady Mary Maitland and her father and mother had taken a house at Ryde in the Isle of Wight. Going down there for the first week-end after my return from the Continent, I found how foolish I had been not to make my intentions known to Lady Mary before leaving. She thought I had gone for good, and in my absence rivals in her affection had, through my folly, not allowed the grass to grow under their feet. In other words, I soon discovered that if I really intended to win her as my wife, I must begin my wooing all over again, and show her this time quite unmistakably what my feelings and intentions were.

So I prepared for a long and arduous siege. I laid out my parallels and dug my trenches with care and deliberation, leaving nothing to chance, and gradually, but slowly, I regained the ground I had lost; but I found that whereas before I left for Germany I was the only one in the field who desired possession of the fortress, I now had at least two serious rivals whose attacks in my rear I had to overcome.

To my joy, however, I soon discovered that I had a friend in Lord Lauderdale, who called on me and openly encouraged me. Lady Lauderdale, however, did not smile on me, and so the camp was divided, and I had great difficulties placed in the way of a successful prosecution of my suit. Lady Lauderdale had, I believe, no objection to me personally as a suitor for her daughter's hand, but being an invalid, was loath to part with her, which was quite natural—moreover, I think

she considered that Lady Mary might do better for herself, from a worldly point of view, than marry a very junior clerk in the Foreign Office.

In the month of February 1867 I was on a short visit, staying with my parents at Killruddery. During that month the Fenians were very active. Chester was threatened by an irruption of these rebels, and the Guards were hastily sent there by special train. Attacks on the police took place at Cahireiveen and Killarney and other places, and it was rumoured that a general rising was about to take place in Ireland.

The troops were kept constantly on the *qui vive*, and their sentries doubled, so that the poor soldiers and their officers were worried out of their lives, and openly expressed the hope that the rising would not be long delayed. My father possessed at Killruddery several antiquated weapons including flint and steel blunderbusses with spring bayonets, splendid arms for defending a house, some of which had been used in the Great Rebellion of 1798. I urged him to get these modernised, but he never did, so as I felt that they might soon be needed, without telling him, I had them made into efficient weapons according to the most modern ideas of the time. They arrived from the gunsmith about a fortnight before the actual rising took place. I, in the meantime, had had to return to my duties in London and to my own campaign.

It was on March 6th that, at midnight, in the midst of a snowstorm, the Fenians rose in Dublin. Lord Strathnairn (Sir Hugh Rose), of Indian fame, was in command of the forces in Ireland. Knowing that the Fenians would make for the mountains of Wicklow which run close down to Dublin, and that they could only get there by passing the River Dodder at Tallaght,

he telegraphed to the police officer in charge of about twelve men at that place, to hold the bridge at all hazards until the cavalry, which he was sending, could come to his assistance.

For a whole year rumours had been rife in regard to the composition, size, and efficiency of the Fenian Army, which was said to be largely composed of Irish ex-soldiers, who had been fighting for four years in the Civil War in the United States, which only ended officially on April 3rd, 1866. These rumours had been greatly exaggerated, the Fenians having published in America a statement that officers were going to Ireland to organise an army of 200,000 men, but still there was sufficient ground for alarm, to make the successful defence of this bridge by twelve police against a large, organised, armed body of men a gallant act, which won for the Irish Constabulary the honour of prefixing the word " Royal " to the official title.

When the cavalry arrived with Lord Strathnairn, they consisted of such a small force that it became a problem how to guard and march back to Dublin such a large number of prisoners. " Take away their braces, and cut off the buttons from their trousers," was the answer of the Indian hero to the question put to him by his officers. I believe this has now become a recognised solution of similar problems. A man who has to hold up his trousers can neither fight nor run !

On this occasion about a thousand Fenians marched on our town of Bray, where they expected to be joined by about an equal number of local sympathisers. My father, who was Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Wicklow, on hearing the news, rode off to Bray to organise the police and to purchase ammunition. In the meantime his neighbour, Viscount Powerscourt, had

ridden over to Killruddery to warn him. Finding him absent, Lord Powerscourt asked for my mother, who was in the garden directing the laying out of some new flower-beds by the head gardener. Seeing Lord Powerscourt approach in haste, she became alarmed, and asked what was the matter and whether anything serious had happened, especially to my father. On being told that the Fenians had risen, she said something like "Thank God, is that all?" and then turned to continue her conversation with the gardener. She, like everyone else, had heard so much about the expected Fenian Rising for the past year that she had become quite sick of the subject, and had lost all interest in it!

However, my father soon returned, and organised two bands of defenders of the house, one inside and one outside, and my mother in the evening developed enthusiasm, and nearly blew the house up in learning how to load a rifle. In those days powder was poured down the muzzle of a gun from a flask. She was so eager to learn, that she held a lighted candle quite close to see exactly how the powder was measured!

The assault never came off, for we were all too well prepared, but the rebels attacked a police barrack where there were only two men, and, after capturing them, marched their prisoners in front of their line. Encouraged by this success, they attacked another small barrack, telling the police in it that if they fired they would shoot their own comrades. These men refused to surrender, saying that the Fenians need not be afraid of their shooting the police, as they were good enough shots to be able to pick out a Fenian even if surrounded by constabulary. So, after losing men, the Fenians thought discretion was the better part of valour,

and left the brave policemen for the more congenial task of attacking and robbing a defenceless bakery.

Very shortly afterwards cavalry arrived, and the Fenians scattered in all directions, many taking refuge in Lord Powerscourt's woods and moors, where not a few met their deaths through cold, wet, fatigue, and exposure.

In the meantime the Roman Catholic labourers at Killruddery had met and had passed a resolution that they would offer their services to my father to defend the house. In Ireland, unfortunately, religion and politics almost always go together, and therefore this resolution was most satisfactory. My father went out and thanked the men for their offer, but said that he did not think there would be any occasion to avail himself of it, as the rebels did not seem inclined to attack, but should they do so in the evening or night, after the labourers had left, he would fire three shots quickly in succession, and he would then be grateful if they would come to his assistance.

In the course of the evening one of the keepers, who had been inspecting and testing the efficiency of the arms which had been issued to the regularly organised defenders of the house, not having been informed of the arranged signal, fired off rapidly three shots in succession.

Someone remarked, "Now we shall have all the labourers coming down." My father smiled, and said that he didn't think anyone need worry about that. He did not mean by this remark that the labourers when they passed their loyal resolution had been guilty of wilful deception; but knowing that moral courage, as opposed to physical, of which no people in the world are more richly endowed, was not the strong point of the Irish, he had anticipated what actually did in all probability occur, for although the cottages inhabited

by the labourers were within easy hearing distance of rifle-shot, no one came to the rescue. Probably each man, when he heard the shots, had just sat down to his tea with his Biddy. "Och! Biddy, do ye hear the shots—that's the signal; it's meself will go down." "Pat, ye shan't; do ye want a bullet through ye? Look out, Pat, and see if Molony's going." Molony was probably peering out of his cottage to see if Pat was moving. Had Pat gone out, Molony would have bravely faced the Fenians. But as each labourer was waiting to see whether any other was moving, and found that all were remaining at home, they each and all retired to bed, having made their spouses swear that they never heard the shots.

As I have spoken of Lord Strathnairn as being in command of the military forces during this rebellion, perhaps I may be permitted to jump over several years and tell a story in regard to him which occurred when he was not quite so young as he was in 1867.

As age advanced, he occasionally fell asleep for a few seconds when dining out, and being very much ashamed of this weakness, he used, on waking, to pull himself together, stretch out his arms, pulling up his shirt-sleeves, which was a favourite action of his, and then rush into the conversation, in order to show that he had never gone to sleep, but had been awake all the time. The conversation at a certain dinner table, at which Lord Strathnairn was seated, had been on the subject of Cochin China fowl when he fell asleep; when he awoke it had changed to the beauty of the four lovely daughters of the Marquess of Abercorn, who had been Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland at the time of the Rebellion of 1867. "And do you mean to tell me," said Lord Strathnairn, "that they are feathered *all* the way down the leg?" Tableau!

Before I leave the subject of Killruddery and its neighbourhood, I would like to mention that the famous humorist priest of Ireland, Father Healy, was in charge of Little Bray parish, that portion of the town of Bray which is to the north of the Bray River and in the county of Dublin, the rest of Bray and Killruddery being to the south of the river and in the county of Wicklow. Most of Father Healy's witty stories are well known, but there are some which, I believe, have not attained quite such world-notoriety.

There is, for instance, the story about my neighbour the late Lord Powerscourt's donkey. A certain hotel-keeper in Bray, who had risen from the ranks, and was not quite sure of the meaning of some long words he was in the habit of using, met Father Healy in the train, and asked the witty priest whether he had heard the sad news about Lord Powerscourt's donkey. He said, No, he had not; what was the news? "Well," said the hotel-keeper, "you know what a fine ass that is that Lord Powerscourt owns. The vet. has just declared that it has got the vernacular disease" (he meant "navicular"). The priest did not change a muscle of his countenance, but replied, "Well, indeed that is sad news; but it is most remarkable as well as sad, for I don't suppose there ever has been a case like that since the days of Balaam's ass!"

On one occasion the same gentleman, after my father's death, headed a deputation to me from the town of Bray. I don't exactly remember what they wanted to get out of me, but I know that they desired more than I was willing to give, so to save breath and time I wrote down on paper the limits within which I was willing to accede to their request, and handing them my conditions, I said that this was my ultimatum, and that I would retire

until they had considered it. On my leaving them to discuss the matter amongst themselves, I was told afterwards that the hotel-keeper had exclaimed, "I don't understand this. I don't like to have an ultipomatum thrown at my head in this manner!"

Father Healy was kind enough to encourage my wife in all her efforts to improve the condition of our tenants in Little Bray, and consented, on one occasion, to open a coffee palace which she had erected there; but he whispered in her ear that he was not very sanguine in regard to its future success, for he said, "You know, Lady Brabazon, whiskey is orthodox and coffee unorthodox."

He was called the "Protestant priest" by his co-religionists, because he accepted the hospitality of Protestants. Dining with the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, several clergymen of the reformed faith being present, the conversation was on the difficulty of raising money for religious purposes. The Archbishop, thinking this was a subject which might bore Father Healy, thought to turn the conversation by saying to him, "This is a difficulty which is peculiar to our faith. You Catholic priests never have any difficulty in raising funds for your Church. Can you tell us how you do it?" Father Healy replied, "I should not have ventured, your Grace, to have made any suggestions in your presence, and that of such a distinguished audience, if you had not asked me such a direct question. Recognising your high position, I would most respectfully suggest that you should approach the Pope of Rome and endeavour to induce him to sell you a very small portion of Purgatory, say a quarter of an acre, and I think then you would find a considerable increase in your religious and philanthropic collections in church and chapel!"

CHAPTER IV

MARRIAGE

1868

AND now I must return to the story of my own love-affair, which has been left to take care of itself for far too long.

In those days a girl in Society never left her London home unchaperoned, and it was therefore very difficult for me to obtain an opportunity of a heart-to-heart talk with Lady Mary Maitland. She was a first-rate horse-woman, and rode a beautiful black mare daily in Rotten Row, followed by a faithful groom on horseback. It was not thought quite the right thing for a young man to ride with a girl, even though she was accompanied by a groom, unless some relative of her family was also riding. I, however, felt that my whole future depended upon whether I could make clear to Lady Mary how it was that I had left for Germany without some explanation in regard to my intentions towards her, and so the next time I met her riding, I took my courage in both hands, and boldly went up to her and explained all. She was very good, listened to all I had to say, did not resent my boldness, and from that moment I felt that I had gained the fortress, although of course I did not ask her to do more than think seriously of me as a competitor for her hand. This she finally gave me, seated on the second bench on the right-hand side in the Long Walk in Kensington Gardens leading from Lancaster Gate to the Albert Memorial.

My proposal was made under great difficulties, as she was placed between her father and mother, and I was next to her father, and had to carry on a conversation with him, and at the same time communicate with his daughter behind his back. This occurred on Sunday, June 2nd, 1867, at 5.40 p.m. The reason I know the exact time is, because I was Resident Clerk that evening, had put off asking the momentous question until the last moment, and had to be back in the office at 6 p.m. in order to send off a red box to Lord Hammond containing the Sunday's telegrams and despatches. As soon as I got my reply from Lady Mary, I rushed off like a lunatic, leaving Lord and Lady Lauderdale aghast at my eccentric behaviour, and reached the office just in time. Hammond was the first person to receive the news of my engagement, and that evening he returned the Cabinet box with a very cordial letter of congratulation.

We were not married until January 7th, 1868, in St. George's, Hanover Square. As I have already said, Sackville G. S. Sackville was my best man, and of course forgot the ring, and we had to rush back to get it, meeting my father and mother driving to the church whilst we were driving away. Fortunately we got back before the bride arrived.

That afternoon we went down to Folkestone, and stayed at the Pavilion Hotel until the Monday following, when we went to Boulogne and from there to Amiens.

And now that I am happily married and am on my honeymoon, I may as well say a few words regarding my dear one and her family. "Jeanie," as I always called her, was the only surviving child of Admiral Sir Thomas Maitland, eleventh Earl of Lauderdale, G.C.B., Principal Naval Aide-de-Camp to Queen Victoria, and a Knight of King Charles III of Spain. She was six years younger



THOMAS, 11TH EARL OF LAUDERDALE, G.C.B.



THIRLESTANE CASTLE, BERWICKSHIRE.

than I. Elsewhere in this book I give two photographs of her, taken at different times.

She had had two sisters and a brother, but they had all three died before I knew her.

My father-in-law's two predecessors in the title, the ninth and tenth Earls, both died unmarried. He was the son of General the Hon. William Mordaunt Maitland, the fourth son of the seventh Earl, and therefore never in his early years expected to succeed to the title.

James, the eighth Earl, and Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Maitland, P.C., G.C.B., Governor of Malta and the Ionian Islands, better known as "King Tom," were his uncles. My father-in-law was born in 1803 and went early into the Navy. In 1828 he married Amelia, daughter of William Young, of Rio de Janeiro. He distinguished himself on several occasions, and was knighted for his gallantry in China. He was very reticent in regard to these events in his life, but occasionally I succeeded in inducing him to tell me about them over a glass of port when we dined together alone at his house, 83 Lancaster Gate. I wish I had written down at the time what he said, for much has escaped my memory, but I will endeavour to recall a few incidents.

He told me that he received his knighthood when, as Captain Maitland, he was in command of the Admiral's flagship in an attack on some Chinese fortress, I presume during the Opium War. The sea was rough, and the Chinese gunners had steady platforms for their guns whilst the British, handicapped by the unsteady platforms of rolling vessels, were receiving very severe punishment at the hands of the Chinese. My father-in-law saw that unless a particular step were taken at once, the British Fleet would inevitably be beaten; but this step was hazardous, and he feared that the Admiral

would never consent to it—so he determined to take the risk on his own shoulders.

He sent for his Commander, and instructed him to assume command of the vessel for twenty minutes, as he intended to take the Admiral below decks on pretext of showing him a chart. During this twenty minutes he directed his Commander to run the ship on the mud, broadside on to the principal fort, adding that the operation must be completed within the twenty minutes, as he would not be able to retain the Admiral in the cabin for a longer period. This was soon done. When the shock of running on the mud occurred, my father-in-law told the Admiral, who was alarmed, that the ship had been grounded by his orders, and that there was no occasion for anxiety. As Captain Maitland knew would be the case, as soon as the British guns could be fired from a steady platform, the Chinese had no chance, and the fortress was quickly demolished. He knew that the mud was deep and would not injure his ship, and that the vessel would float off at high tide. He told me that when he gave the order, he knew that, should he fail, he would be tried by court martial for losing his ship through an order given without the knowledge of his superior officer, but he risked this, and received a knighthood.

When he was in command of a small cruiser with a crew of 300 men in the Persian Gulf, he received information that the British Consul had been imprisoned by the Persians at Bushire. In those days there were no wires or wireless, and consequently he had to make up his own mind how to act. He knew that there was a strong Persian garrison of several thousand men at Bushire besides forts, but he did not hesitate, though quite alone in the Gulf, and set sail for Bushire.

On arriving there, he sent an ultimatum to the Persian Commander to say that, unless the Consul was released and brought on board his vessel by a certain hour, and an apology and compensation paid, he would bombard and take the forts and town.

The hour arrived and with it no Consul, so he bombarded, and at the same time landed a small force of bluejackets, who did what he had threatened and released the Consul. This was before the Persian War of 1856 when Bushire was a second time captured by the British, but on this occasion it was done, not by one small cruiser and 300 men, but by a Fleet and Army !

In the Civil War in Portugal in the thirties, between Dom Pedro and Donna Maria, the latter was supported by Great Britain. Captain Maitland found himself off Oporto with three vessels, faced by a Dom Pedroite squadron of about five. The Dom Pedroites embarked some 10,000 men in transports, and endeavoured to force the blockade of the British and land them at Lisbon, which was held by the forces of Donna Maria. My father-in-law warned his opponents that if they attempted to leave Oporto, he would forcibly oppose them ; but trusting in their superiority of numbers, the Dom Pedroites issued from the harbour. Captain Maitland cleared for action with two vessels, the third having unfortunately run aground, and summoned the enemy to surrender. This, after some hesitation and negotiation, they did ; but they bargained to surrender only to him as representing Great Britain. He accepted the condition, and promised that he would not hand them over to Donna Maria. When he arrived at Lisbon with his prisoners, the Government of Donna Maria demanded that they should be handed over to them, but this he, of course, declined to do in consequence of his promise.

He found great difficulty in getting rid of this large number of men without surrendering them to their enemies, and only effected his purpose by landing them in small batches, under protection, and allowing them to escape dressed in civilian clothes. He told me that not one drop of blood was shed in this operation, and that in consequence he was not permitted to wear a decoration which otherwise would have been his. Of course it would have been quite easy, had he wished it, to bring on a conflict.

A few years later, the British Government again espoused the cause of the female claimant to a throne, in the person of Queen Christina of Spain in the civil war between her and Don Carlos. This time Captain Maitland was in command of a naval force at San Sebastian. It was necessary to place some heavy naval guns on an eminence overlooking the harbour and city, and to encourage his men he stripped to the waist like them, and placed himself at the end of the rope by which a heavy gun was being man-hauled to the summit. Whilst engaged in this violent exercise, a dapper Spanish aide-de-camp arrived from the Queen's forces with a message addressed to the Commanding Officer of the British Naval Brigade. He was brought up to this half-naked, perspiring man, and refused to hand the message to him, as he would not believe it possible that he could be the Commanding Officer of the British Naval Force! Those who know the Spaniards will appreciate the feelings of the officer. In their eyes it is degrading for a gentleman or an officer to soil his hands by any species of manual work!

Captain Maitland, although a strong Conservative in politics, was a reformer in his profession. He recognised that the advances made in artillery demanded that

greater attention should be paid to accuracy of fire. In the days of Nelson guns carried so short a distance, comparatively, that accuracy of aim on the part of seamen was not necessary. Nelson's signal in going into battle invariably was, "Close action" or "Closer action." Vessels were brought into such near contact that it was impossible for the gunners to miss striking the enemy ; but as the power of the naval guns increased, so accuracy of aim became more and more important. To obtain this, my father-in-law told me that when in command of a ship at sea, he gave orders that a wooden gun, exactly similar to the most powerful one on board, should be made by the ship's carpenter, and that a rifle should be inserted in the tube. The wooden gun was placed at the stern of the vessel. A bottle was permanently towed in rear of the ship, and any man who was not engaged in some special employment was ordered to practise shooting at the bottle with the rifle affixed in the tube of the wooden gun. This meant that in order to fire at the bottle the gun had to be moved and aimed exactly like the most improved and modern of naval heavy guns.

I remember two characteristic stories which Lord Lauderdale told me about himself.

Story 1. On taking command of one of Her Majesty's vessels, on board of which there was no Roman Catholic chaplain, a large number of the crew declared that they were R.C.s, and consequently were exempted from attendance at the Church of England Divine Service. The names of these men were carefully registered, and on arriving at Rio he sent word to the principal R.C. ecclesiastical dignitary, to inform him that a large part of his crew professed allegiance to his faith. Lord Lauderdale requested the presence of a priest on

board to administer to them the rites of their Church, from which they had been, unfortunately, so long deprived. He also incidentally mentioned that next day large arrears of pay were to be handed over to the men at a certain hour. The priest duly arrived, and Lord Lauderdale was afterwards informed that the ecclesiastic left the ship with a considerable proportion of this pay safely deposited in his pockets! On the next revision of the list of sailors belonging to the Roman Catholic religion, there was, curiously enough, a remarkable diminution in their numbers!

Story 2. When Lord Lauderdale was in South America, priestly rule was dominant, and when the Host was carried through the streets it was accompanied by armed soldiers who, with bayonets fixed, forced all spectators to fall on their knees as the procession passed them. On one occasion, before his accession to the Peerage, Tom Maitland was on shore in uniform and had the misfortune to meet one of these ecclesiastical processions. As he was wearing the Queen's uniform, he felt that it would be improper for him to kneel. He therefore backed into a doorway to get out of the way, but the soldiers followed, and threatened to bayonet him unless he knelt. He refused to do this, and drew his revolver. Happily, the owner of the shop into whose doorway he had retreated sympathised with him, and allowed him to escape from the soldiery, and thus avoid a situation which might have led to very serious consequences.

Lord Lauderdale recognised that under modern conditions of warfare, sailors were often called on to land and assist military forces. In order to enable them to carry this out with efficiency, they needed to be trained in the elements of military drill. He used,

therefore, to drill his sailors on board ship, and train them in the use of the rifle. Like all reformers, he met with a certain amount of opposition and ridicule, but the authorities recognised his talents, and appointed him to the command of the *Excellent*, the first gunnery training-ship, where he did good work. He was a great believer in, and supporter of, the "Naval Volunteers," saying that if they knew how to fire a naval gun, they would in wartime be of the greatest possible assistance to the country, as they would relieve the regular sailors from a large portion of this work, and thus be a means of rapidly increasing the number of our commissioned ships in time of war. His last sea command was as Admiral on the Pacific station. He succeeded to the Earldom of Lauderdale in 1863, three years before I knew him. He was a remarkable man. He had a great sense of duty and of honour. He despised all show, and lived a most simple life. His dress was the despair of his family. I think he rather prided himself on the antiquity of his clothes. Their appearance enabled him to converse with all sorts and conditions of men without betraying his social position.

Lord Lauderdale seemed always happy when he was busy, usually on some manual employment. He was a very early riser, like many old naval men, who have been accustomed to wake every four hours. When the butler came in the morning, he used generally to find Lord Lauderdale already up. Sometimes, he had already washed his socks and handkerchiefs and had hung them out to dry on his walking-stick stuck out of the window ! He would walk up and down Lancaster Gate quite early in the morning, just as he probably used to do when on the quarter-deck of his ship, and he would enter into conversation with the milkman or anyone else who came

in his way. He was well known by many of his humble neighbours around Lancaster Gate, who had not the least idea of his rank. He loved to talk to working men and women.

On one occasion, seeing a rope not properly fastened on a scaffolding, in true sailor fashion he went up the ladder, and asked leave to fasten it properly, to the immense astonishment of those whose lives might have been endangered, but never for one moment did they suspect who he was. One man who had known him for years only discovered who he was by attending, with his wife, my marriage ceremony, and then, who should he see leading in the bride but the man who used to bring him very old boots to repair at a cheap rate, and who he thought was a pauper! The household articles that needed repair would often be taken by him to shops he knew of in obscure streets and brought back again mended, and he generally paid personally all the house accounts. This practice led to some amusing incidents. On one occasion he arrived in his usual attire at his wine merchant's, and paid the bill across the counter. On being given a receipt, he was handed a glass of excellent port, which he drank off with thanks, and was then confidentially informed that if he should ever wish for a similar glass, he would know where to get it!

When he was first appointed Principal Naval Aide-de-Camp to Queen Victoria, he proceeded calmly to Buckingham Palace without making the smallest alteration in his dress, in order to obtain information regarding his duties.

He entered the usual office in the Palace facing the Memorial where such information can be obtained, and found the red-coated attendant engaged in writing—so he waited patiently till the gorgeously attired scribe

had finished, and then presented his card, and said that Lord Lauderdale would be greatly obliged if he could see the official whose duty it was to give the information. The Royal servant did not hurry, but looking at the card and then at Lord Lauderdale, continued to finish some other work, and then turning towards the patient Admiral said, "What sort of man is your master?" Lord Lauderdale, without a motion of his countenance, replied, "Oh! he is not a bad sort of a fellow, but rather grumpy." In course of time an answer came back from the official upstairs that Lord Lauderdale might come in as soon as he liked—so my father-in-law began to mount the stairs, when a horrified cry came from the gorgeous attendant, "Oh! are you Lord Lauderdale? I beg your lordship's pardon a thousand times. I had no idea I was speaking to your lordship!"

When he was staying at Thirlestane Castle, his place in Berwickshire, he would go into the kitchen and ask the cook if she had any old pots and pans to be mended. He would then carry these into the town of Lauder, and call upon a tinker who owned a small shop, and he would stay there nearly all day helping him to mend them. Lord Lauderdale hated all show, and whenever he was obliged to go to Court, as soon as he came away and was in his carriage, he would take off all his medals and orders and throw them down on the seat, and as soon as he got home he would tell the butler he would find them all in the carriage, and would start taking off his uniform as he went upstairs and then say, "*I am happy now in my old grey suit.*"

Sometimes at breakfast, Lady Lauderdale used to say to him, "I am paying some special visits to-day and I want you to go with me, so please make yourself smart at three o'clock." Lord Lauderdale would make no

reply, but would spend the morning carpentering in the basement, and when told the carriage was at the door, would rush upstairs with his trousers turned up nearly to his knees and his hat all battered in and covered with dust. Lady Lauderdale would then say, "I can't go with you in that state." "Well then," he would repeat, "I can't go at all," and he would return to his carpentering. I am afraid that he cannot be entirely acquitted of intentional lack of memory.

On one occasion Lord Lauderdale made an appointment with a lady at 10 a.m. to take up a butler's reference. The lady put on her smartest dress to receive him, and gave orders to the butler that no one was to be shown in until the Earl of Lauderdale had left.

Just before 10 o'clock the bell rang, and the butler, going to the door, found a man dressed in an overcoat green with age, and in well-patched boots. The butler told the man it was quite impossible for him to see the lady, as she had a special appointment with the Earl of Lauderdale at 10 o'clock. What was the astonishment of the butler when the seedy-looking man handed his card. It bore the name, of course, of Lord Lauderdale, who appeared quite pleased at having taken in the butler, who continued to apologise for a considerable time, although Lord Lauderdale assured him the mistake didn't matter in the very least.

I have said that he had a great sense of honour. There was at Thirlestane Castle a marvellous collection of valuable china, and of snuff-boxes and other *objets d'art*. The cellars were bursting with wine of the first quality. All these things were unentailed, but, when in London, he would never drink the wines which were spoiling at Thirlestane, as he had an idea that it was only in Scotland that he had a right to drink the Scots

wine ; and although he might have left to his only child the priceless unentailed treasures of Thirlestane, or have sold them, he thought himself in honour bound to hand them on as heirlooms to his successor in the title—a very distant cousin—who promptly sold them when he succeeded.

In 1872 the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, was very seriously ill from typhoid fever, and his life was at one time in great danger. On his recovery a National Thanksgiving Service was held and the Queen and Parliament went in state to St. Paul's Cathedral. Coming back in procession through the Strand, which was crowded with spectators both in the houses and in the street, some congestion took place which necessitated a halt of a few minutes. This was a splendid opportunity for the spectators to examine at leisure the grand carriages and their occupants in their best attire. Lord Lauderdale, of course, notwithstanding the urgent entreaties of his family, had absolutely declined to make any improvement in his ordinary dress, except to exchange a very old frock-coat for the usual green-with-age one, but his hat, which would probably have been discarded even by a Jew purchaser of old clothes, no power on earth would induce him to replace by a new one. So our carriage stopped and the crowd closed in quite close so as to have a good stare at us. The utmost reverence for the solemnity of the occasion was shown by this vast multitude of all classes. There was a dead silence, when one man, addressing Lord Lauderdale in a clear voice which could be heard by all around him, said, “ Well, I *do* think as 'ow you might 'a got yerself a new 'at for this occasion ! ” Lord Lauderdale was not in the least disturbed, but slowly took his hat off, looked at it as if he had never

remarked it before, began, as he always did, to brush it with his coat-sleeve in the wrong direction, and turning straight towards the speaker said, " Well, I think you are about right, my man ! " Roars of laughter broke out from all who heard it, and he became instantly beloved of the crowd.

From the above stories it will be seen that he was a very true man, a thorough sailor, and one of those men who, though somewhat rough outwardly, have within them a good heart. Such men as Lord Lauderdale are the salt of the earth. The British Empire owes its existence in great measure to their true and virile qualities. That evening, when darkness brooded over Hyde Park, a murder took place there which has never been recorded in police annals. A battered, greasy, disgraceful corpse of a hat was found in that fashionable Park in the early morning. The criminal who murdered the hat has never been discovered, though perhaps the reader may be able to guess his identity.

Before I close my remarks on Lord Lauderdale it may be of interest to quote a description of him written by a newspaper correspondent. He says : " He was an honest, straightforward, bluff sailor, who thoroughly looked and talked and bore himself like a seaman. He took a prominent part in the House of Lords in the discussion of naval affairs, to which he brought all the raciness and quaint humour of an ' old salt.' " A correspondent, writing of the worthy old veteran in the Upper House, describes him as " hardened, weather-beaten, and worn by service ; his face marked by deep furrows which looked as if they had been ploughed by Atlantic or Pacific gales ; his thin grey locks tossed and dishevelled as if these same gales were still playing among them. He used to stand strongly and stoutly, keeping

his sea-legs firmly planted and well apart, as if the floor of the house were heaving and rolling. In that attitude he delivered himself in short nautical barks, as if he were hailing the man at the wheel ; and though he did not actually hitch up his trousers, no one would have been much surprised if he had done so. He looked every inch a sailor, and no fair-weather one either. He was, moreover, a really good officer ; and Mr. Childers, when at the head of the Admiralty, always set considerable store by his lordship's opinions. At all events, the old sailor gave a variety to the somewhat monotonously conventional uniformity and polish of the Upper House ; and whether you agreed with him or not, you could not help taking kindly to his racy talk which brought with it so pleasant a whiff of the sea-breeze."

And now I must return to a very happy couple whom we left spending the early days of their honeymoon in the ancient and interesting city of Amiens. They stayed there one night and then went on to Paris. After a short stay there they proceeded by way of Marseilles and the sea to Athens, and here they were recalled from romance to ordinary life by an invitation to a ball at the British Legation. On referring to my dear lost wife's diary, I find that on this evening she had a long and interesting conversation with the Prussian Minister. How changed our ideas since those days ! Now she would have avoided the Prussian Minister or would have spoken with the greatest reserve, lest she should betray her country's interest in some way !

We thoroughly enjoyed this first ball in which we appeared together in the character of a married couple. We asked whether brigands still existed in Greece, and whether it would be safe to ride on the morrow to and from the site of the ancient battle of Marathon. We

were laughed at, and told that there was not the least danger, as several years had passed since these romantic gentry had been heard of in the neighbourhood of the Greek capital. Could we have foreseen what occurred just a year after this, when Lord Muncaster, Mr. Vyner, and others were captured, carried off into the mountains, and some of the party killed, we should probably have never seen Marathon. But not knowing what would occur in twelve months' time, we ordered overnight a couple of horses and a guide to be in attendance at 6 o'clock a.m.

So we started on a beautiful morning and rode along the honey-laden slopes of Hymettus. I had fastened my revolver in my belt free from the holster, as it has always seemed to me folly to carry a revolver unless one can ensure its instant use without having to take it out of a case. When we were a few miles out of Athens the guide rode up alongside of me, and asked me why I carried a revolver? He said, "Did I think the weapon would be of the least use if we met brigands?" I laughed, and looking him straight in the face replied, "No, it would be of no use against brigands; but I was sure that if we met brigands, it would be with his knowledge, and that the revolver was not intended to shoot them with, but him, should he betray us!" I had hardly said this, before he set spurs to his horse and galloped as hard as he could! Our horses were evidently accustomed to go together, and Jeanie and I were quite unable to stop ours from galloping also, so here we went all three full tilt along the bed of a drystream, jumping boulders. Happily Jeanie was a very good rider, for it was some time before our guide slackened his pace, and to this day I still believe that he desired to anticipate the time at which a certain spot was to be passed, and that this revolver and my

remark saved us from the fate of Lord Muncaster and his friends, when next year they were captured on the way to Marathon and back. Of course I could get no explanation from the guide in regard to this strange conduct.

On February 13th, 1868, we said good-bye to Athens, and took steamer from the Piræus to Constantinople. At Paris, Jeanie, on suggesting that we should go to the East, had given as one of her reasons that we should have to take a long sea-voyage, and that as she was an Admiral's daughter, of course she would not be sea-sick, and added that it would be such fun to see me sick ! On this 13th of February she was punished for her unfeeling and unwifelike remarks by undergoing the extremities of this malady. It came on to blow hard, the vessel rolled and pitched unmercifully, and she had to take refuge in her cabin, and I had to act as combined maid and stewardess. Very soon she told me that if this violent sea-sickness continued she would surely die. I became genuinely alarmed. She said she *must* see the doctor. So I searched the vessel, and at last ran him to ground playing cards with the captain ! He was very loath to leave his game, as he said he could do nothing for her. At last, however, I persuaded him just to look in and tell her she was not dying. This he did, and she gradually felt better, but I never again found her anxious to go to sea, or desirous of the fun of seeing me sick !

It was freezing fast and snowing when we arrived at Constantinople, such a contrast to our preconceived ideas of the capital of the Near East ! We had pictured sun and heat and colour and romance—and here we were shivering under clouded skies, arriving in a very grubby, dirty-looking town even under its mantle of white.

Very soon we found ourselves tramping through snow up the streets of Pera, following strong Turkish porters carrying our baggage to the Hôtel d'Angleterre. Owing to my Foreign Office connection, it was not long before we made new kind friends within the British Embassy, and received most hospitable invitations from the Ambassador and his suite. The Austrian and the French Embassies both asked us to two grand balls which we greatly enjoyed. Perhaps not the least interesting part of these evening entertainments was the novel manner in which we proceeded to them. The streets of Pera being at that time impassable for vehicles, Jeanie had to be carried in a sedan chair, whilst I followed with enormous high boots over my evening footgear.

We made frequent visits to the bazaars, and soon discovered that it was impossible to make any purchases at a reasonable price, unless one was prepared to spend several days over the bargain. Usually the vendor asked about two or three times the proper value of the article, and absolutely declined to lower his price, but offered the intending purchaser the most tempting bowls of a delicious mixture of cream and ground rice, beautifully flavoured, after partaking of which it became, as days went by and additional refreshment was partaken of, increasingly difficult for the purchaser to adhere to his sternly announced determination to decline to pay the sum asked for the coveted article. The only chance was to be firm, to put all scruples in regard to accepting hospitality on one side, and to pretend to have lost all interest in the article for which a sum had been offered. After several days the vendor, as if suddenly actuated by altruistic motives and personal regard for the prospective purchaser, would say that he would give the article away, and would propose half the sum originally

mentioned. If that amount were accepted, the purchaser, if a novice, would probably return triumphantly to his hotel, thinking that he had made a great bargain, only to be informed by his resident friends that the Stamboul merchant had made a very respectable profit on the transaction !

Through the kindness of the Embassy, an invitation reached my wife inviting her to visit the harem of a distinguished Turk, Djemil Pasha. She accepted with pleasure, as she was anxious to see the life led by Turkish women living behind the "Purdah," to use the Indian expression.

So one morning she asked me to accompany her to the palace of her host. This I did. She told me to return in an hour. The door of the harem was opened by a big black eunuch, and closed on me with a bang. Then I remembered that I could not speak a word of Turkish, and therefore, when I returned in an hour, could not make myself understood when I knocked at the door to claim my wife ! However, I consoled myself with the thought that the eunuch would recognise me, and therefore all explanations would be unnecessary. So, after walking about for an hour, I returned and boldly knocked at the door of the harem. What was my horror when a new black man opened at my knock, and here was I unable to say what I wanted ! We stared at each other for a time. At length I mustered courage to utter the one word "Harem." A broad grin spread over his stolid countenance, and the next moment I found the door banged in my face !

After repeating this performance with a similar result, I thought it wiser to wait patiently for events, lest worse should overtake me ! I had "to eat iron" for one and a half anxious hours, as the Spanish lover says when

serenading his lady-love in front of iron-barred windows, and I began seriously to be alarmed as to the fate of my wife. At length the Harem ladies released her after two and a half hours instead of one, and I joyfully carried her off home.

Admiral Lord L. Paget, who was in command of the British Fleet in the Ægean Sea, very kindly took us for a trip on board his yacht the *Psyche* as far as the entrance to the Black Sea, and though the snow was falling all the time the band played, we enjoyed our trip greatly, and could imagine how lovely the Straits must be in summer. We took a lady's saddle across one day to Scutari, and, hiring horses, spent a happy day riding over the site of the British occupation at the time of the Crimean War, made so pathetically interesting by the memory of the "Lady of the Lamp" (Miss Florence Nightingale) and of the awful sufferings endured by our gallant and patient troops until she arrived to inspire them with new hope, and to comfort them by her skill and womanly presence and consolations. This little taste of Asia made us long for more, so we took ship again for Smyrna, where we stayed a few days, enjoying the Oriental character of the city. Here, for the first time, we saw what we had so often read about, a caravan of camels, led by a donkey, arriving at Smyrna from the interior of Asia Minor.

Time was passing ; my leave, although generous, was not indefinite, and we had much to do ; so we were forced to turn our faces towards home, and embarked on an Austrian ship for Corfu. The English had lately surrendered the island to Greece, and blown up the fortifications which defended it. This was Gladstone's last political exploit, and the Greeks in Corfu, who had made fortunes out of the British troops, loudly regretted

it. I saw a game of cricket being played by Greek boys, and the British sporting terms used by them in playing their game showed unmistakably that although the British had left, their influence still remained, at all events in matters of sport ! Here my dear Jeanie fell ill, which entirely spoilt her visit to this lovely island, which her autocratic kinsman, Sir Thomas Maitland (King Tom), had governed for so many years, since it was formed into an independent State under the protection of Great Britain in 1815.

As soon as she recovered, we hastened back to the British Isles, for we were anxiously awaited in Ireland, where a grand reception had been arranged at Killruddery on my darling's first arrival at my home.

We crossed over from Holyhead to Kingstown, and slept the night there in the same hotel, the "Royal Marine," in which, on September 26th, 1886, our younger daughter, Violet, afterwards Viscountess Grimston, was born.

Next morning, April 4th, we found an open barouche with four horses and two postilions à la Daumont waiting to take us to Killruddery. Our drive of nine miles was an impressive procession, past beflagged houses and streets, and under floral arches. As soon as we reached the town of Bray, and crossed from county Dublin into county Wicklow, the carriage had to stop several times to receive addresses of welcome. Outside the gates of the park the horses were taken out of the carriage, and we were man-hauled to the house, where we were welcomed by my parents.

Jeanie in her Diary thus describes her arrival at Killruddery : " When we neared Bray, Irish cheering in the shape of yells and screeches commenced and increased more and more. Our reception was as grand and hearty

as if it had been for Royalty ; no less than nine arches covered with evergreens and with different inscriptions were erected, and I was presented with a lovely bridal bouquet by the Bray school children and had to make a speech of thanks. When we came to the bottom of the hill before the lodge, a mass of people seized upon the horses, took them out of the traces, and dragged us themselves right up to Killruddery. There we found them all ready to receive us. It seemed so still after the hubbub outside. Had my first glimpse of the grounds, etc., in the afternoon. In the evening we had a grand bonfire blazing at the end of the long ponds."

There was a large party in the house in our honour, including Lord Strathnairn, Commander-in-Chief in Ireland. A grand ball and private theatricals enabled my wife to make the acquaintance of our principal neighbours—and thus she was introduced to the home of the Brabazons. In her Diary she says in regard to these addresses and festivities : " A memorable day in our lives, for we received two deputations, who both presented addresses on the occasion of our marriage. I made myself look smart in my blue velvet gown, and the first (the tenants) arrived at 12 o'clock, and they presented their address, most beautifully illuminated, and bound up in a book. The tenants remained to luncheon. The inhabitants of Bray presented their address in the afternoon. Reg made two very excellent replies. There was a grand dramatical soirée, the performers were the people staying in the house. They acted *Ticklish Times*, *Two in the Morning*, a most laughable farce, and *You can't marry your Grandmother*. All went off most brilliantly. Reg and I were put in chairs of state."

The Prince and Princess, afterwards King Edward VII

and Queen Alexandra, arrived in Ireland on the 16th of April and on the next day he was installed in state by the Marquess of Abercorn, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, as a Knight of St. Patrick in St. Patrick's Cathedral. I took part in the procession as one of Lord Arran's Knights.

Perhaps this is as good a place as any in which to give a short description of Killruddery. The learned in Irish etymology are divided in regard to the meaning of the word "Killruddery." All agree that "Kill" in Irish means "a church" or "churchyard," but some say that the remainder of the name means "an oak wood," and others "a knight." "Killruddery" therefore means either "the church or churchyard of the Oakwood, or of the Knight." It is situated in the county of Wicklow, close to the Bray River, the southern boundary of the county of Dublin, some fifteen miles from the capital of Ireland. It is about two miles from the sea as the crow flies, but in order to reach it our bird has to fly in a north-easterly direction over a hill called Bray Head, covered by the most glorious gorse and heather, which lies between Killruddery and the sea, and is about 900 feet high. The hill on the side of the sea is almost precipitous, and the last spur of Bray Head on the inland side runs into the pleasure-grounds of Killruddery, forming a most interesting rocky feature in them, and is called "the Rock," about 150 feet in height, covered by gorse and rock plants of many kinds. Killruddery has been inhabited since about 1174.

Pope Adrian IV invited Henry II of England to invade Ireland in 1155, on condition that he compelled every Irish family to pay a carolus to the Holy See, and that he held it as a fief of the Church. Henry was too much engaged in wars in France to be able to invade Ireland

himself, but invited his nobles and knights to undertake the conquest in his name. This appeal was responded to by a knight named Fitz Stephen. He, however, had not the means of carrying out his offer.

But in 1169 Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, landed at Waterford with a larger force than that of Fitz Stephen, and conquered the counties of Waterford, Wicklow, Dublin, Meath, and Kildare. He brought monks with him to convert those natives who were not already Christians, and established them in fortified monasteries at Donore, outside the walls of Dublin, and at Killruddery in Wicklow. These monasteries gradually acquired extensive lands and feudal rights, and, in Donore, the Abbots held their own Courts of Justice, and were independent of the Lord Mayor and City of Dublin. In 1177 Henry II himself landed at Waterford, and received the submission of the Princes of the country, settled the government, and made his son, John, Lord of Ireland. When the Reformation came, the monasteries were dissolved in Ireland in 1542, and shortly afterwards Henry VIII assumed the title of King instead of Lord of Ireland.

In 1543 Sir William Brabazon was Lord Justice of Ireland and head of the Irish Government, and, on the dissolution of the two above-mentioned monasteries, they were transferred to him by the Crown together with all their lands, rights, and privileges. His son was created Baron Ardee in 1616, and his grandson Earl of Meath in 1627. The extraordinary feudal rights enjoyed by the monasteries were only abolished by Act of Parliament in 1859. Some of the old monastic walls still form part of Killruddery.

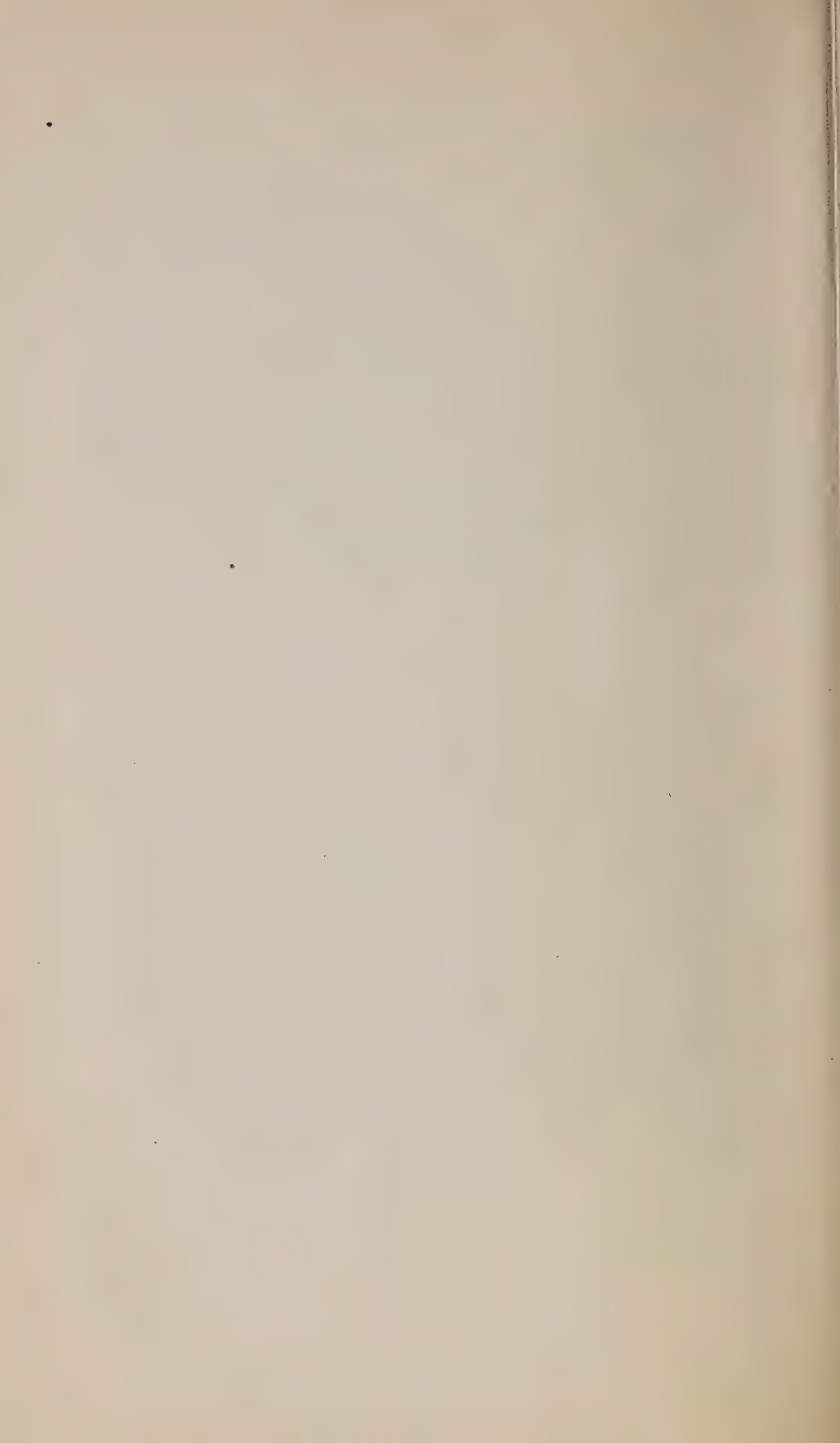
The present building is Elizabethan in character, faced with granite, the inside being partly monastic and partly



KILLRUDDERY.



THE CIRCULAR POND AND BEECH HEDGE, KILLRUDDERY.



the remains of a manor house added on to the old monastery. The gardens contain alleys of beech and hornbeam called the "Monks' Walks," converging on two centres; an old bowling-green, said to date from the time of the monks; and a curious circular pond surrounded by a high double hedge of beech, 25 feet high and about the same width. The hedge contains small cell-like rooms opening on to the water. I believe this hedge and pond to be unique. One of the most interesting and curious sights in the garden is a "sylvan theatre," cut out of the ground, and surrounded by a bay hedge, with rows of grass seats. It is mentioned by Sir Walter Scott in a note to *St. Roman's Well*.

During the summer months Killruddery Gardens used to be thrown open free to the public on Mondays, and on payment during the rest of the week with the exception of Fridays. I heard on one occasion in my grandfather's time, that tea had been provided for the family, but as they were late, some visitors enjoyed what I presume they considered was the remarkable hospitality of the owner of the house, scattering the grape-skins all over the floor in proof of their appreciation of the excellence of the fruit. As a general rule, the visitors were most careful to act in a seemly manner, and I never knew of any injury being done to property. The utmost damage ever perpetrated, and this very rarely occurred, was the cutting of names on trees. Catching a pair of lovers engaged in this very pardonable offence, I approached, and after expressing my sympathy with them in the natural desire to immortalise the union of two loving hearts transfixed by Cupid's dart, said that if they would abstain from carving this interesting memorial on a living tree, I would, if they liked, provide them with a smooth board of soft wood, in which it

would be far easier for them to carve their names and hearts than on the rough bark of a hard-wood tree. I added that this board would be for general use, and on it would be painted an invitation to visitors to indulge in this amusement. I never heard that they, or any others, desired to avail themselves of my thoughtful offer, and the wish to carve on the trees seemed suddenly to die out of their minds.

On a particular Monday there was a large party staying at Killruddery, and, after luncheon, we all began to play the game of "family coach," still sitting around the table in the dining-room. Each player represented some portion of the coach, such as one of the wheels or the pole, and another player had to tell a story in which he brought in as many portions of the coach as he possibly could. As often as he mentioned a part of the coach, the player who represented it had to get up from his seat and turn twice round, and then sit down again. If anyone failed to rise and turn round, on his portion of the coach being named, the story-teller took his place, and the culprit had to continue the tale. We were on this occasion so engrossed in our game that we never noticed a large audience standing outside the windows, who were flattening their noses against the panes of glass, wondering what on earth we were doing. They could not hear the voice of the story-teller, and must have thought this solemn performance was some extraordinary ceremony practised by the aristocracy at their luncheon parties !

The visitors were sometimes a source of amusement to the younger members of our family. Some suits of armour adorn the walls of the entrance-hall at Killruddery. One of my sons, when a youth, donned a suit, and persuaded a cousin of about his own age to do the

same. They then armed themselves, one with an ancient halberd, and the other with an enormous double-handed sword, and placing themselves outside the house, at the head of a flight of stone steps, the only entrance to the gardens, awaited with lowered visors in silence and in rigid attitude the arrival of the visitors. To the great disappointment of these mediæval warriors, not a soul took the least notice of them, evidently thinking they were dummy figures. At length one inquisitive little boy was more intelligent than his elders, and creeping behind, he pinched the calves of one of these mailed sentries, who, amidst the loud clatter of their armour, sprang to attention, and presented arms, to the consternation of the little boy who had galvanised them into life, and of all those who had thought them to be dummy figures !

As I have described Killruddery, perhaps I ought to say a few words about Thirlestane Castle.

Thirlestane is situated at the very end of an upland valley of some eight miles long in the midst of the Lammermuir Hills in Berwickshire. I shall never forget how impressed I was when I first saw it, standing on the side of a hill, dominating the ancient Royal Burgh of Lauder, built adjoining the walls of the park. Both sides of the valley are shut in by wild heathery moors, and down the centre, close under the castle, rushes a wild trout-stream called the Leader (I presume a corruption of "Lauder"). There was no exit from the valley on the north-east except by a mountain road over the moors, and it was only on the south-western side that civilisation could be reached at Earlstoun, seven miles distant, close to the junction of the Leader and the Tweed, near Melrose.

The most ancient portion of the castle is stated to have

been built in the reigns of Edward I and Edward II as a Border fortress, about 1300. The building is in the shape of a T. The lower portion of the T is the most ancient. The Duke of Lauderdale of Charles I and II's reigns is credited with erecting the upper upright portion of the T, whilst the horizontal part dates from more modern times. The walls are of remarkable thickness: the embrasures of the drawing-room and ground-floor windows are 15 feet in depth—delightful retreats for lovers, but terrible traps for the unwary, for one never could be sure that the apparently empty rooms did not hold many 'unseen occupants. The upper storey in the ancient part of the building could only be reached by three winding stone staircases, and consequently bedrooms could only be occupied by bachelors, it being impossible to expect ladies to climb these mediæval winding stairs, encumbered by the long sweeping dresses of the Victorian age. On one of these staircases, I am told that since we left the castle, a hidden oubliette has been discovered. There is also a secret room and secret staircase in the thickness of one of the walls. A stone balcony ran the full length of the upper storey of the castle on both sides, which possibly was originally intended for defensive purposes. A magnificent view of the mountains on three sides, of the town of Lauder, and of the valley, could be obtained by ascending to the top of the highest tower.

The principal entrance to the castle was approached by a fine broad flight of steps leading on to a wide and deep stone terrace between two stately round towers. Here Lord Lauderdale loved to walk, accompanied by his favourite black French poodle "Ponto." I think he imagined that he was on the bridge of his man-o'-war, for he always had a gardener just under the balustrade

up which grew catoneaster and climbing plants, and he occasionally called to him as he would from the bridge to a sailor, and gave him some order. I never could make out how the man was able to find enough work to occupy him in looking after the creepers on this wall, but he generally seemed busy with something; the principal point, I suppose, was that he should always be within call of the Admiral!

The castle contained a marvellous collection of snuff-boxes, of world reputation. Collectors and professional dealers in such *objets d'art* used occasionally to call and ask to be allowed to see them, as also other beautiful and valuable gold and silver, and enamelled and jewelled caskets, and works of art of various kinds. The castle was filled with the most wonderful china. When Lord Lauderdale succeeded, he found that the servants were dining off old Dresden plates and dishes, in complete ignorance of their value. I persuaded Lord and Lady Lauderdale to rescue these treasures from obscurity, and place them where they could be seen, so that ultimately the passages, as well as the reception-rooms, were filled with them. As I have already said, they were all sold by his successor, the twelfth Earl.

This man was a most unhappy and eccentric character. He was his own worst enemy. He was descended from Charles, second son of the sixth Earl, and must not be confounded with the present Earl, the thirteenth, who is descended from the fourth son of the sixth Earl. He had a temper which he was unable to control. This led to his leaving the Army, and afterwards, indirectly, to his death.

When my father-in-law, after the death of his only son, realised that there was no likelihood of his having a direct male heir to the title, he employed professional assis-

tance to discover who would succeed after his death, and was informed that the heir would be Charles, son of the Rev. Charles Maitland, who died in 1844. Lord Lauderdale made enquiries, and found him in humble circumstances, so, thinking to do him a kindness, he placed a certain sum of money annually at his disposal in a bank, and wrote to inform his distant kinsman of the fact, and the reason why he had done this. Instead of receiving thanks, a furious letter arrived, saying that he did not want Lord Lauderdale's money, and desired no dealings with him. Lord Lauderdale took the reply very calmly and, ignoring its rudeness, which he attributed to misplaced pride, said that of course he need not draw the money out of the bank if he did not wish to, but that it would accumulate there in his name, and if he ever changed his mind he could draw upon it. At the same time he wrote to the bank to inform him as soon as the first cheque should be drawn.

This occurred two or three years afterwards, and then Lord Lauderdale wrote again, and invited him to Thirlestane. He accepted the invitation, and all seemed well, but alas ! Lady Lauderdale, in her anxiety to give him good but indiscreet advice, suggested that he should travel so as to improve his mind. This he took to be a hint that his visit should come to an end, and so he departed next morning in dudgeon, not to return again in Lord Lauderdale's lifetime.

When he did return as owner of Thirlestane, he quarrelled with all his principal employees, and shut himself up by himself in the castle making cartridges and shooting rabbits. At length he made friends with one of his dependents, who lived in a cottage on one of his grouse-moors. In course of conversation with this man, the Peer made some remark which the other took

to be an invitation to dinner. When the man appeared in the evening, and said he had been invited to dine with his lordship, the latter was furious and would never speak to him again.

Not long after this, Charles, Lord Lauderdale, was out shooting on the moor near this man's house. A terrible storm of rain accompanied by thunder and vivid lightning arose, and the gamekeeper who was with Lord Lauderdale suggested that he should take refuge from the storm in the house of his former friend. Lord Lauderdale replied, "If you are afraid, you can go there yourself," and stalked on in indignation at the suggestion, with his gun over his shoulder. A few minutes later the lightning, attracted by the steel, struck Lord Lauderdale, and he was carried a dying or dead man into the very cottage which he had refused to enter!

Before leaving Thirlestane Castle, it may be of interest to relate a story connected with one of its builders, John Maitland, second Earl of Lauderdale, who was created a Duke in 1672. This man added the L to the "Cabal" Ministry—Clifford, Ashley, Buckingham, Arlington, and Lauderdale. He devoted his life to bring about the absolute power of the Crown in Church and State, and by forming a Militia of 20,000 men he drilled the Episcopal Church in Scotland into complete submission, and by the unsparing use of the harshest measures, including the iron boot, he harried the Covenanters and brought about the Rebellion of 1666. He was not exactly what one would call an amiable man, though a very strong and clever one. Whilst sitting in the drawing-room at Thirlestane with my children and Lady Lauderdale, I was reading one evening to them from *Little Arthur's History of England*, when I came upon some words like these: "And now, my dear

children, I am going to tell you about perhaps one of the wickedest men in English history—the great Duke of Lauderdale ! ” If an electric current had been suddenly turned on to Lady Lauderdale she could hardly have jumped more and said, “ Oh ! oh ! there is a difference of opinion about that ! ” I declined argument, and quickly jumped to the next paragraph ! I took care in future to look ahead before reading again from *Little Arthur’s History of England*.

The town of Lauder is a Royal burgh, and in conjunction with several other small towns returns a Member of Parliament. In its town hall, when I was at Thirlestane, a silver girdle was preserved, and shown to visitors. This girdle was said to have been presented by the Duke of Lauderdale to the wife of one of his tenants, under the following circumstances. The tenant was in arrears of rent, and he sent his wife to beg the Duke to remit a portion of it. This the Duke sarcastically said he would do if she presented him on next Midsummer Day with a large snowball, thinking it would be impossible. She and her husband, however, showing some ingenuity, dug a big hole in the ground in the winter, filled it with snow, and stamped it down, and then covered it over. When Midsummer’s Day arrived, the tenant’s wife produced an enormous snowball, and presented it to the Duke, who was thus in honour compelled to remit the rent for that year.

Some time afterwards the Duke was taken prisoner at the Battle of Worcester, and lodged in the Tower of London. The tenant and his wife, during his imprisonment, which lasted for nine years, annually put aside the rent. At length, according to the story, the wife determined, with the consent of her husband, to walk to

London, with the accumulated rent due to the Duke concealed about her person. When she reached London, she baked a "bannock," or griddle cake, placed the money inside it, and bribed a jailer to give it to her landlord. With this money in his possession he is said to have effected his escape, and, in gratitude, the Duke presented his benefactress with this silver girdle and the fee simple of the farm she and her husband held. It is a pretty story, and may be true, but I should not like to vouch for its accuracy in every detail. There is no doubt, however, that the Duke gave the girdle, as there is the inscription to this effect on it.

The Duke is said to have hastened the death of his Countess in order to marry the Countess of Dysart, and in the dining-room at Thirlestane is a portrait of him. Underneath the picture is the following inscription, composed by some bitter member of the family: "John, second Earl of Lauderdale, also Duke of Lauderdale, Marquis of March, and Earl of Guilford and Viscount Petersham in England. This man enjoyed all the great Offices under the Crown, but ruined his family by giving away to an old woman, Lady Dysart, his second wife, an immense Estate, handed down to him through a series of prudent and able ancestors, which Estate was the means of raising him to the Honours he enjoyed."

The Duke's handiwork may be seen at Ham House, which still belongs to the Earls of Dysart, near Richmond, Surrey.

The ceilings of the principal rooms at Thirlestane Castle and Ham House are identical, ornamented by interlaced L's.

The Duke had no children, and the dukedom died with him in 1682, while the earldom passed to his brother.

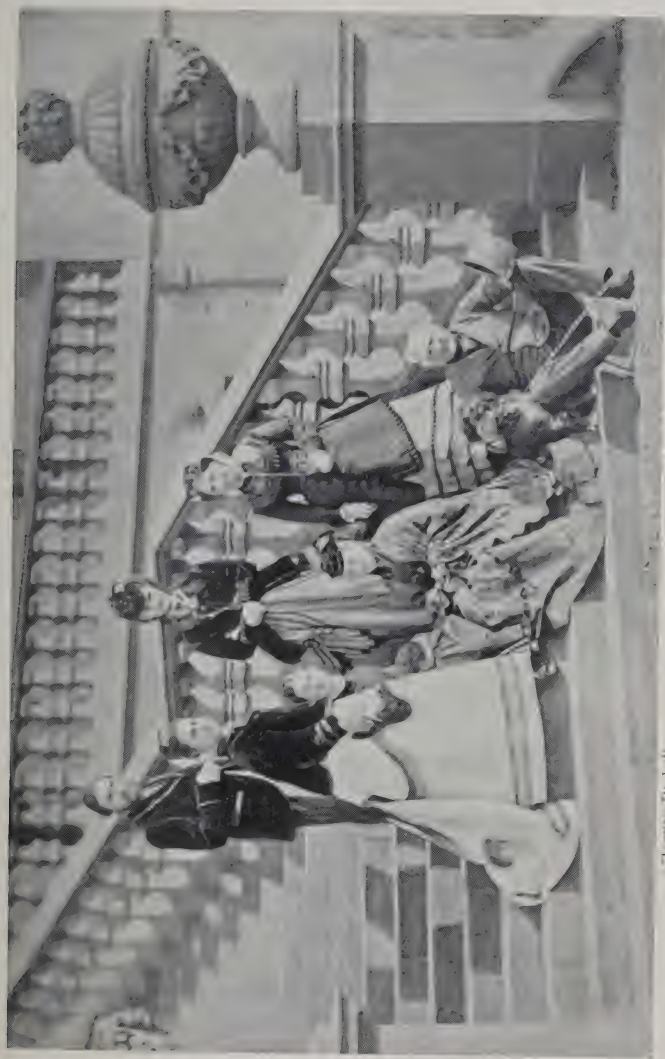
CHAPTER V

DIPLOMACY—GERMANY

1868-70

WE could not stay long at Killruddery, for I was now a diplomatist, having exchanged from the Foreign Office, and I was due shortly to report myself at the British Embassy at Berlin to the Ambassador, Lord Augustus Loftus, fourth son of the second Marquess of Ely. My friend Nicholas Roderick O'Connor, afterwards Ambassador at Constantinople, of whom I have already spoken, was attached to the Berlin Embassy, and had most kindly found a delightful little nest for us at Potsdam—"Amphibious Potsdam," as Carlyle delighted to call it—situated some sixteen miles south-west of Berlin in the centre of the Havel Lakes. Lord Augustus Loftus, after his retirement from the Diplomatic Service, wrote some "Reminiscences" of his life, and it may interest the readers of these Memories to hear the kindly and generous recognition which he made to the Staff of his Embassy, of which I at this time had the honour to become a member :

"Before closing the reminiscences of my seven years' residence as Ambassador at the Court of Prussia, during an eventful period, it affords me much pleasure to express to the members of my Embassy—my fellow-labourers in that field of duty—my cordial appreciation of the valuable services they rendered to me by the zealous and



Harvey Pedwell.

Lady Laurillard, Lord Laurillard.

GROUP ON THE TERRACE AT THIRLESTANE CASTLE.

efficient discharge of their public duties. The Hon. Lionel Sackville-West, now Lord Sackville, was Secretary of Embassy from November 1867 to June 1868, when, to my regret, he was transferred to Paris.

“We were old friends, and had been colleagues at Stuttgart and also at Berlin. He was in every way a genial companion, and he was a valuable and efficient assistant to me. He was succeeded by Mr. George Petre, late Envoy at Lisbon. Both he and Mrs. Petre, a clever and distinguished lady, were a most agreeable addition to the Embassy, and were much liked in the social circles of Berlin. We lived on very intimate terms with them, and in Mr. Petre I always found a sagacious and trusty counsellor. Mr. Henry Dering was senior Second Secretary from 1870, and performed his duties with exemplary zeal. To him I committed the management of the payment by the French Government of the monthly ‘solde de captivité’ to the French prisoners of war—no light task, considering that there were, towards the close of the war, some 300,000 prisoners of war interned in ninety-two fortresses. He performed this duty with great order and regularity, and received the encomiums of the French Government. The other members of the Embassy, to whom I offer this tribute of thanks for the zealous and efficient performance of their duties, were—Lord Brabazon, now Earl of Meath, who, with Lady Brabazon, added efficiency and brilliancy to the Embassy; Mr. F. Lascelles and Mrs. Lascelles, who were popular in society, and agreeable additions to our small circle. It has gratified me to learn that the deserved merits of Sir Frank Lascelles have been recognised by his promotions. I cannot omit to mention Mr. Nicholas O’Conor, now Envoy at Peking, who gave early signs of great intelli-

gence that presaged a successful career. He was very popular, both among his colleagues and in society. Mr. W. Cockerell, a junior clerk in the Foreign Office, was temporarily attached to the Embassy in 1868 as Second Secretary. He was an able and zealous public servant, and on being recalled to his duties at the Foreign Office his departure caused general regret. Mr. Hugh Wyndham, now Envoy to the Brazils, was Second Secretary up to 1868, when he was transferred to Brussels. He was an excellent public servant, and with his charming wife greatly added to the sociability of the Embassy. Mr. Percy Mitford was also Second Secretary to the Embassy at Berlin for some time, and with his bright and clever wife (my niece) were most agreeable additions to our social circle. Had Mr. Mitford remained in the Diplomatic Service he would undoubtedly have made a brilliant career, for he was full of talent and ambition, but it pleased the Almighty to call him to a happier world in the prime of life, to the grief of his many sorrowing friends."

Potsdam is renowned for the beautiful palaces in which the Emperor and several of his family resided during the summer months. Our villa was close to the Greek Church in Potsdam and not far from the lakes, which during our stay at Berlin provided us and my colleagues at the Embassy with much healthy recreation. We brought out from England an outrigger four-oared boat, which was, I believe, the first ever seen on the waters of the Spree and Havel. Our Embassy crew, of which I was appointed stroke oar, consisted of O'Connor, Frank Lascelles (afterwards Sir F. Lascelles, Ambassador at Constantinople), and a Foreign Office clerk, by name Cockerell, temporarily attached to the Embassy. This four-oared boat was steered by my wife. Its appearance

created great interest, as the Berliners had never seen so light and swift a racing boat, and were astonished at its speed. We used to race the steamers which carried passengers to the various pleasure-resorts on the banks of the river. The frequent stoppages made by the steamers enabled us to beat them, and it was amusing to note how the Germans on board were divided in their minds as to which they wished to win—their patriotism, of course, led them to desire victory for the steamer; their admiration for our prowess, the supremacy of the Embassy four. The Crown Princess of Prussia (Princess Royal of England) patronised our aquatic sports, and graciously consented to christen the boat by her own name—"Victoria." It is interesting to note that some ten years after we left Berlin, according to Lord Frederick Hamilton, in his book *The Days before Yesterday*, this boat was still in exercise and maintaining its prestige in German waters.

During our stay in Berlin and Potsdam (for we afterwards took a flat at 12 Leipziger Platz in Berlin, where we lived in the winter), the Crown Prince Frederick and the Princess were kindness itself to us, inviting us frequently to their palace at Potsdam, and on one occasion they paid us an unannounced visit, and took tea with us in our small villa.

The Crown Princess (afterwards Empress Frederick) loved simplicity and hated pomp. She was never happier than when looking after the small model farm which she cultivated near Potsdam, where she had built a small cottage in English style, furnished exactly as such a dwelling at home would be, and where she delighted to entertain her intimate friends. On one occasion, when my wife was one of her favoured guests, some servant, ignorant or forgetful of his or her Royal

mistress's taste, had placed a *silver* teapot, instead of an ordinary brown earthenware one, on the table. She at once rose, opened the window, and threw the silver offender into the garden, as a protest against such an outrage to the simplicity of her cottage life !

In those days all the Imperial palaces belonged to the Emperor, then William I, and were maintained by the Crown. The distribution of these residences amongst the members of the Imperial Family rested in his hands. Even the servants were paid by him. Thus, when the Neuer Palais was allotted to the Crown Prince on his marriage, he had to depend upon the Emperor for alteration, repairs, and maintenance. On the arrival of the newly married Royal couple they found the palace, although a magnificent building, devoid of many of the comforts to be found in far smaller but more modern dwellings, and the cold of the apartments in winter was great. So the Crown Prince ordered double windows to be placed in some of the living-rooms, and central heating to be installed ; but he forgot, or at all events omitted, to obtain the consent of the Emperor, who himself lived a most Spartan life, and always slept on a camp bed. William I was horrified when he heard of these innovations and had them, so the story goes, promptly removed, with expressions of contempt for what he considered the degenerate tendencies of the age.

When I arrived in Berlin in 1868 it was one of the most backward of the capitals of Europe in regard to most matters of municipal sanitation, hygiene, and comfort. The streets were wretchedly paved with rounded stones, which knocked the life out of the best-built modern carriage. There existed no proper drainage system. There were pumps in the streets, and as all the sewage

of the town ran down in deep gutters at the sides of the thoroughfares, covered by loose boards, it was always a wonder to me that the population existed. Only a limited number of houses were supplied with drinking-water by an English company.

The cheque system was unknown. I believe there was only one Bank, that of Bleichröder, that issued cheque-books to their clients, and these books were printed in the French language, which showed that the customers who used the cheque-books were principally foreigners and not natives of the country. The largest and most fashionable shops would refuse cheques, and send to be paid in silver thalers, usually at the dinner-hour. This necessitated keeping large sums of money in hard cash within the house—and being prepared at any moment to open your cash-box and count out these weighty thalers. It was an ideal system for burglars, but for no one else, for one could not carry about with him heavy silver thalers, each about the size of a five-shilling piece, and no credit was allowed.

Ladies were hardly ever seen on horseback, and none handled the reins, except the Crown Princess and my wife, who both drove a pair in phaetons, with the result that we were sometimes saluted in the streets and, occasionally, if we passed a palace or some building guarded by troops, the sentry would call out the guard and present arms. It was difficult to know what was the best thing to do under these circumstances. If we did not return the salute, we ran the risk of bringing the reproach of haughtiness and of bad manners on the innocent heads of the Crown Prince and Princess; and if we did return the salute, we might be accused of pretending that we were Royalties. We came to the conclusion that it was better to run the latter risk than

the former, as no one then besides ourselves would be affected by our conduct.

I believe almost the first lady to be seen in Berlin on horseback was the wife of the British Military Attaché and later on his daughter. The former was at first pelted with mud by boys, until they became more accustomed to the sight. On one occasion the British Military Attaché went in his official capacity in uniform to a review of the troops, accompanied by his daughter on horseback. Her horse ran away with her, and charged a line of troops. The German Commander ordered his men to fix bayonets. Happily, the rattle and flash of a long line of troops fixing bayonets startled the horse and arrested his mad career. This was, of course, the result which the German Commander had anticipated, but the British Military Attaché, terrified by his daughter's danger, could not see the matter in this light. He rode up and in the strongest language denounced the German Colonel before his own Regiment. This was an insult which, according to the German military code, could only be wiped out by a duel, and consequently our Military Attaché was called out by the man who had stopped the runaway horse. Such a duel, owing to the position of both the principals, could not be permitted, and high authority on both sides happily stepped in and forbade the encounter.

The only German ladies I can recall as riding in the Thiergarten, though I suppose there must have been a few more, were the daughters of Count Münster, of Derneburg, near Hanover. He had been Hanoverian Minister at St. Petersburg before the annexation of Hanover to Prussia in 1866, and after that date had accepted the altered political situation. He afterwards was appointed German Ambassador in London, and there

must be many who remember him driving his four beautiful chestnut horses in Hyde Park at the meetings of the Coaching Club. He was exceedingly kind to my wife and me, and used to ride with us in the Thiergarten, I think a good deal because he wanted his daughters to benefit by observing how my wife rode. Indeed, she used to tell him that she knew his daughters would hate her, if he continued to hold her up to them as a model horsewoman. For he used to be constantly drawing the attention of his daughters to the way she rode. "Marie, look at Lady Brabazon. Do you not see de way she hold her reins?"—"Sophie, cannot you sit up? Look at Lady B.," etc. etc., till they must have wished Lady B. a thousand miles off.

He was good enough to invite us to visit him at his old feudal palace of Derneburg, where he used to drive us through his forests in a four-in-hand, quite regardless of the absence of roads. He showed us his wild boars, his farm, and his extensive stables, which I believe could house some seventy horses.

I remember a story Count Münster told me when, some years afterwards, he was German Ambassador in London. He said that his butler, a German, had lived for many years with successive German Ambassadors, and had consequently forgotten much of his native tongue, and had acquired an equal knowledge of English. One day, Count Münster rang his bell, and the German butler, answering the call, said, "Hat Excellenz gebellt?" which translated means "Has Your Excellency barked like a dog?"

Count Münster was afterwards created a Prince, and his son Alexander (Zander), a great friend of, and executor to, my friend Hervey Charles Pechell, reigned at Derneburg till his recent death. Pechell, when he

died, left Maresfield Park, which he got from his wife (who was a Shelley), after her death, to Prince Alexander Münster. During the world-war, the British Government commandeered Maresfield Park and turned it into a Remount Dépôt. Both father and son married daughters of Scottish Peers. The elder Münster married, *en seconde noce*, Harriet, daughter of the third Earl of Rosslyn, and the younger, whose mother was a Russian, married Muriel, daughter of the twelfth Earl of Kinnoull. I remember the father driving us out to visit the grave of his Scottish wife, which I regret to say had been mutilated, happily not seriously, by ardent "particularist" Hanoverians, who resented Count Münster's transference of allegiance to the German Kaiser after the abolition of the Hanoverian Monarchy and the annexation of the country to Prussia in 1866.

When the war between Germany and France broke out in 1870, Great Britain, on the invitation of France, took over officially the representation of the interests of that country. This step was deeply resented by Germany, and the hatred of England, which before that event was great, became fierce and bitter. Bismarck, as is well known, had intrigued to compel France to declare war, and having succeeded in doing this, he was persuaded that he would obtain British sympathy, if not active assistance, during the war. It was, therefore, a terrible blow to him when Great Britain took over French interests. My chief, the Ambassador, told me that Bismarck became deadly pale when he officially informed him of this decision on the part of the British Government.

Bismarck, and indeed the German people, had for long been obsessed by the idea that the British were incapable of taking any action which was not based on their own

selfish material interests, such as those of cotton and coal, and therefore were the more surprised that Great Britain ventured, by accepting charge of the French archives, to run the risk of alienating the sympathies of powerful Germany.

Almost a year or so before the war, Lord Augustus Loftus was instructed by his Government to interview Bismarck, and inform him that a certain policy he was pursuing did not meet with the approval of the British Cabinet, and that if continued would be considered by them as "an unfriendly act." This is the recognised diplomatic phrase for politely informing a Power that a repetition of the act may lead to war. Bismarck, on hearing this, threw himself into a theatrical attitude, leaning his head on his hand as if engrossed in deep thought; and when the British Ambassador asked him what he was thinking about, he replied something to the effect that he could not for the life of him understand "what connection there was between cotton and the subject-matter of Lord Augustus Loftus's communication." This was of course intended to be an insult, and was entirely in keeping with the usual character of this man of blood and iron!

Only once did I have the opportunity of speaking to the great Chancellor, the maker of Germany—Bismarck—and considering how humble was the position I then occupied in the diplomatic world, when I think of it I am aghast at my own audacity. It was at a Royal banquet in the Neuer Palais at Potsdam, when finding myself near the great man, I entered into conversation with him, and rushing in where angels fear to tread, I asked him whether he thought that we should ever have a revolution in England. Far from snubbing me as I fully expected, he was most courteous, and took the

trouble to give me his reasons for the opinion he entertained that a revolution would never occur in England as long as its social condition remained as at that time. He affirmed his opinion that, under present circumstances, the middle classes in England were too rich, too numerous, and too strong to make it possible for a revolution in England to be successful.

At this time the British Embassy was at the corner of the Leipziger Platz, and our flat was next door. Many years afterwards when I revisited Berlin I found that Admiral Tirpitz, who was responsible for the submarine campaign in the Great War, was living in the same rooms we owned from 1869 to 1871, and therefore, in all probability, the orders for the sinking of the *Lusitania* and other vessels emanated from these apartments or from those just above them, for Tirpitz occupied two floors whilst we owned only one. In these rooms, for one season, we gave every fortnight a small dance, whilst a Madame Kotzebue, the wife of a Russian diplomatic colleague, who was a great friend of my wife's, gave similar entertainments in the alternate weeks.

To these dances we of course invited the Prussians we knew, but such was the feeling towards England that few would come, and these were almost entirely young unmarried officers, who did not bring the ladies of their families; nor did we ever receive invitations to any German houses with the exception of that of Count Münster and our banker—excluding, of course, the great official receptions to which as diplomatists we were bound to be invited.

As a matter of fact, Diplomatic Society in Berlin was quite numerous enough to make it a subject of indifference whether the Prussians came to our dances or not,

and perhaps they were the more enjoyable owing to their absence.

I must say that we were not treated much worse than other foreign diplomatists, for Baron Nothomb, who had been Belgian Minister in Berlin, and whose daughter had married a German officer, told me that he had been twenty-five years in Berlin, and had never yet been permitted to penetrate into the intimacy of Prussian homes. I do not blame these Berliners, for an official who was seen to be intimate with foreigners was a marked man.

Amongst these great official receptions to which we were invited was a Court fancy-dress ball which is thus described in Mme Charles de Bunsen's interesting book *In Three Legations* :

" Bismarck appeared in a blue domino, the King (William I) also in a blue moiré antique domino, or rather an apology for one, for it was only a short cloak. The Crown Princess was dressed as Jane Seymour—a very beautiful and exact costume, but it must have been very hot, all velvet, and a heavy coif on the head. The Princess of Hohenzollern looked lovely in a mediæval dress, and there were many beautiful apparitions.

" But now the event of the evening, the dancing of the quadrilles, took place. The Royalties all seated themselves at the end of a gallery, and a space was kept in front of them by silken ropes held by the bystanders. C. [the authoress' husband] got hold of one and secured himself a place in the front row. The first quadrille was of Deutsche Mährchen (German fairytales), in which figured Bluebeard, Little Red Riding-Hood (represented by a beautiful girl, a Countess Hatzfeld), Cinderella, etc. Then there came a country wedding in Louis XV costumes and powdered hair, in which were some charming people, the Countess Harrach,

who is a daughter of the Countess Pourtalès, and a young Lady Brabazon, the wife of an English Secretary here.”

(I give here photographs of my wife and myself, taken at the time, showing the costumes which we wore at the ball.)

George von Bunsen, a brother of Charles, was one of the few Prussians who showed us kindness ; but his friendship did not commend us greatly to those who courted official favour, for he had had the misfortune to incur the personal animosity of Bismarck. Poultney Bigelow, in his *Prussian Memories* of 1864 to 1914, gives the following detailed account of the persecution which this liberal and enlightened politician had to suffer at the hands of the Iron Chancellor :

“ George von Bunsen admired Bismarck for his share in giving Germany the unity desired by her people, but he distrusted the outcome of the new Bismarck legislation and, therefore, as a conscientious member of Parliament, opposed the great Chancellor both in print and on the platform. But Bismarck could not understand that a Prussian might be loyal to his King and yet vote against a Bill proposed by that King’s minister ; consequently he procured the arrest of von Bunsen and his trial for something akin to ‘lèse-Bismarck.’ It was a costly trial to Bunsen, although he won on the mere technicality that there was no official report of the particular speech to which Bismarck had objected. Soon afterwards the von Bunsen family gave a large party for the sake of their daughters, some of whom were now of Society age ; but to their surprise and chagrin no one came but a few of the family or strangers in the capital. It afterwards appeared that Bismarck had forbidden the Bunsen house to all loyal Prussians, or in other words, had pragmatically intimated that such Prussians as chose to consort with a notorious opponent



LORD BRABAZON IN FANCY DRESS, BERLIN, 1869.
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LADY BRABAZON IN FANCY DRESS, BERLIN, 1869.

of the Chancellor need not expect favours at his hands. And as practically every avenue to State preferment depended directly or indirectly upon Bismarckian goodwill, this blow at Bunsen affected not merely officers of the army and navy, but officials in the law, medical, and diplomatic branches of the Government, to say nothing of professors in the university, artists and men of letters who had something to lose and little to gain by disobeying a Bismarck. So great for evil was this name that even the members of the foreign Embassies were made to feel that their business at the Foreign Office would not be accelerated by courting the enemies of its chief; and the newspaper fraternity had learned by sad experience that news from the Wilhelmstrasse was given most freely to those who printed most obediently the words of the Government Press Bureau. From being the Bismarck of German unity, the partner of Moltke in a great national struggle, he was now a monster policeman prying into every family and punishing political opinions as though Germany had no constitution. Bunsen told me, by way of illustrating the power of the Iron Chancellor even over foreign Embassies, that his friend the British Ambassador, Lord Ampthill, showed keen interest in a new palæontological specimen that had just been received by the Berlin University—a pterodactyl, if my memory serves. Bunsen arranged to gratify the Ambassador, but they had to meet as by accident in an inner room, and on parting Bunsen had to forgo seeing his friend even to the public entrance of the University, for fear a spy might report to his Chief that Lord Ampthill had been seen in company with one who voted against Bismarck! Other liberals were persecuted by Bismarck, but none so venomously as Bunsen, because in this statesman he saw, not merely a champion of constitutional Government, but a man of substantial means, important family connection, and above all a warm personal friend of the Crown Prince (late Emperor Frederick) and his wife, the daughter of Queen Victoria. By crushing Bunsen, he proclaimed to all the disaffected

his power to reach an enemy even when under the cloak of royalty. In the happy weeks that I spent as guest of von Bunsen in Berlin he told me much of what liberals had to suffer, tales that would be incredible coming from anyone else. One day, for instance, to his surprise he received an invitation to dine with the Chancellor, and, revolving in his mind all the possible reasons for so strange an act, he concluded that perhaps after all Bismarck intended this as an olive-branch of peace, possibly an acknowledgment of past wrongs. So he went, and found gathered together a large party of Parliamentarians, all waiting until the great Chancellor should appear and make his semi-royal circle according to custom. At last he entered, and having prepared this demonstration for a particular reason, he went from one to the other, greeting each in turn, but reserving Bunsen for the last. Here he stood a moment erect, stared silently at his amazed guest, then turned on his heel and led the way into the banqueting-hall. Bunsen turned also on his heel, sought the nearest restaurant, and meditated on the machinery that can make brutes into Bismarcks and Bunsens into outcasts."

A few little anecdotes will illustrate the anti-British feeling which animated official Prussiandom at that time.

On a vacancy occurring in the German Embassy in London, Lord Augustus Loftus mentioned to Bismarck the name of Count Münster as a man who would be a *persona grata* to the Court of St. James, to London Society, and to English people generally. Bismarck replied, "He is far too fond of Ambassadors." Conceive a British statesman making such a reply to a German Ambassador in London who had suggested the name of an English diplomatist who would be agreeable to the Court and people of Berlin! It is inconceivable! Our whole idea would be, and always is, to find a man

who would be acceptable to the people amongst whom he is to reside.

Münster ultimately obtained the post, notwithstanding Bismarck's objection to him ; but this remark on the part of a leading statesman of Germany at that time gives the key to many a German mystery-box which defies the united intelligence of the rest of the world to open it.

A new British Second Secretary arrived, and, in accordance with custom, Lord Augustus Loftus brought him up at the next official function to be introduced to the Mistress of the Robes, a purely formal but indispensable ceremony. When Lord Augustus, in full uniform, on the completion of a dance, advanced across a large ballroom in the sight of all, to ask permission from the great lady to introduce the new diplomat to her, she shook her finger vigorously, and said, "Nein"! Not another word, and the British Ambassador, followed by his rejected Secretary, had the humiliation of retiring across the whole length of a ballroom! Such a brutal action could only have occurred in Berlin.

The wife of a great Prussian military official, who at a state function was seated next to my wife, took the trouble to lean across her and say *à propos de bottes* to the lady who was sitting on the other side, "Je déteste les anglaises!"

Our Ambassadors on one occasion visited the French prisoners working on the fortifications of Spandau, a fortress not far from Berlin. Because her son offered cigars to the prisoners as well as to the Prussian sentries, a soldier struck the box out of his hand, and this was a signal for a general assault on the Ambassadors and her party, in which affray Lady Augustus was struck over the neck, from which blow she suffered for some time,

This assault was so serious, that official representations were made to the Government, and some of the culprits were caught and punished ; but it was a sad feature that several women joined in the demonstration of hostility, rejoicing when the Ambassadors was struck, calling out, “*Sie hat es gekriecht !*” (“*She has caught it ! She’s caught it !*”).

When the war first began some philanthropic Prussian ladies organised ambulance and refreshment depôts at the principal stations on the long line between the battlefields and Berlin, for the equal relief of German and of French wounded, but soon some brutal fanatics got up a violent agitation against the relief of the French, issuing public placards calling on true Germans to treat any German woman who relieved a Frenchman as the vilest of her sex, seeing that Frenchmen were so morally corrupt that no honest German women could speak to such without infection to their own moral characters. The result was that in some places the mob broke into the stations and maltreated the ladies who were attending to the poor wounded French soldiers—and I was told that in consequence the latter in future had sometimes to spend three days and nights in agony in crowded horse-boxes or trucks without proper attendance or food. When those who survived this treatment finally reached the hospitals in Berlin, they received, as far as the State was concerned, humane treatment.

Amongst other duties connected with the taking over by the Embassy of French interests, that of visiting the hospitals and of paying the French soldiers on behalf of their Government fell to our lot. At one time we had to pay as many as 300,000 men. This we did through their officers. There was at all events one humane British subject who attempted to relieve the

sufferings of a poor wounded Frenchman. He was witness of the callous behaviour of some German soldiers who were carrying in a hand ambulance a wounded French soldier. It was a broiling hot day, and his bearers had gone into an inn to regale themselves, leaving this poor wounded man unprotected from the sun and without food and drink. The Englishman took compassion on him, and, purchasing some refreshment, brought it out and gave it to him. The German soldiers, seeing this, rushed out, took the food from the Frenchman, abusing and ill-treating, and ultimating arresting and imprisoning, the compassionate Englishman. This matter came to the notice of the Embassy, but it was with the greatest difficulty any redress could be obtained for this brutal behaviour on the part of the German soldiers.

The French wounded soldiers used to complain that they had been betrayed by their officers. In conversation with them, I combated this idea, as I thought it was a French weakness to blame their officers for all disasters, but although I still think that this accusation was as a rule undeserved, it was not always so, for a couple of French officers, with whom we came into contact through this payment of the men, boasted of their cleverness in having escaped from the front line unhurt, as they had one night gone to a restaurant between the two forces which they felt confident would next day be taken by the Germans. There they caroused all night, until, as they expected, they were taken prisoners next morning by the advancing Germans!

The French prisoners were not all cast down, for I saw one day a Zouave, who I presume had for some reason been temporarily released, swagger slowly down the "Unter den Linden" looking around him in all

directions, stepping out and holding his head high, as if he had captured the entire city and was inspecting his conquests!

It was curious also to contrast the demeanour of the two nationalities. There was a tram-line which ran right through the Leipziger Platz joining the Western and Eastern stations of Berlin, and daily along this went, at a foot's pace, the horse-boxes and Prussian carriages specially made to carry troops standing as close as they could be squashed. These were filled with unwounded French prisoners being taken to fortresses on the Russian frontier. These men, who had been travelling for at least two or three days and nights in this uncomfortable position, were apparently as gay as larks, and chaffed the stolid, silent crowd of Prussian civilians who lined the streets, kissing their hands to the girls, and generally "ragging" the multitude, upon whose faces there was not even the ghost of a smile! I have no doubt that much of this was camouflage, and due to a desire not to allow the Germans to think that they were cast down, but the effort must have been great, and shows a spirit of heroism and of patriotism which is worthy of a certain admiration.

It must not be thought that we did not do our very best to cultivate good relations with the Prussians, for we did. As soon as we arrived in Berlin we were told by our brother and sister diplomatists that we should never be allowed to enter the portals of an unofficial Prussian, but, like all young people, we would not believe our seniors, but thought that the fault probably lay with them, and that if we were only genial and friendly and hospitable, all this proverbial frigidity would break down before the melting influence of youth and of goodwill.

Lady Brabazon, alas ! spent her days calling on the leading official Prussian ladies, and scattering pasteboards, only to be met at every door with the frigid words in German which are the equivalent of "not at home." On one occasion she did penetrate the outer defences of a great lady, and actually entered her drawing-room, only to see the look of astonishment on her face when she perceived that the guest was my wife and not that of some German whom she had expected. "Oh !" she cried, "I thought it was somebody else." She made no attempt to conceal the mistake she had made, so Lady Brabazon retired (and never called there again) as soon as politeness permitted her to escape from such an inhospitable house !

At State receptions, as one mounted the staircase, one heard a loud Babel of conversation until the name of the diplomatist was roared out by the stentorian voice of the official usher. Instantly a dead silence followed which was more eloquent than words. All this lack of friendliness and of hospitality did not affect the social activities of Lord and Lady Augustus Loftus. These, all the high German officers of State and their wives, by the courtesy of nations, were compelled to attend. On one occasion, the Emperor William I honoured by his presence a great entertainment at the British Embassy, and for the nonce my friend and colleague, Nicholas Roderick O'Connor, of whom I have already spoken, was appointed to perform the duties of a Court Chamberlain, attired in tight silk breeches and stockings, carrying the white wand of office. One of his duties was to receive the Emperor at the entrance, and walk backwards before him right through the ballroom to the temporary throne erected for the occasion. All went well until he reached the

centre of the room, when, in making an extra low obeisance, a loud report like that of a gun was heard, and the Chamberlain was seen to be hurriedly backing into the wall. His breeches had split with the exertion at a most untoward moment, and another Secretary had quickly to seize the wand and endeavour to prevent observation by preceding the monarch in the orthodox fashion !

Our Embassy only consisted of two floors and the basement—the third and top floor was the residence of the Turkish Ambassador, so the wits delighted to say that “the Turk danced on the head of the Englishman!”

Whilst I was attached to the Berlin Embassy, a Queen’s Messenger with despatches for St. Petersburg was taken ill, and a volunteer being called for, I offered to replace him. As this entailed leaving the same night by the mail train, I rushed home to inform Lady Brabazon that I was off and to bid her adieu. To my astonishment she said she would accompany me. I replied that this was impossible, as there were only four hours before the train left in which to make preparations, and that she could not possibly get all she would need for such a long and cold railway journey through Russia, especially as it was in winter, in that short time. Not in the least dismayed, she said she would be at the station in time to catch the train, and she kept her word, having purchased suitable furs and clothing in the meantime.

So away we started for an unknown and mysterious land and capital, and in due time arrived at St. Petersburg on a beautiful moonlit night. The whole land was enveloped in its winter shroud of snow, and St. Petersburg looked its best with its fine lofty buildings and broad avenues lit up by the fairy moonlight. We

were greatly impressed as under the cloak of snow and the mystic light of the moon all the imperfections of buildings and avenues were hidden from view.

We were soon galloping noiselessly, rapidly, and smoothly past what looked like marble palaces, and over a perfect road to the British Embassy. Alas! next day we discovered that these marble palaces under the betraying rays of the sun were very plain and stained and broken stucco erections of no particular beauty, and we were told that in summer when the snow had disappeared we should discover, if we stayed long enough, that the roads were execrable, dirty, and dusty.

After depositing the precious Foreign Office bag in safe custody at the Embassy, and thus being relieved of further responsibility, we retired to our hotel until such time as the Ambassador, Sir Andrew Buchanan, G.C.B., might require my services. Next day we received an invitation to dinner from Lady Buchanan—a daughter of the eleventh Lord Blantyre, and aunt of the Marchioness of Ailsa. This was our first and only introduction to Russian Society with a big S, and the two things which struck me most were the buffet in the anteroom on which were displayed all kinds of hors d'œuvres, which were eaten by the guests, standing, on their way to the dining-room, and the huge cigars smoked by some of the ladies after dinner in the drawing-room.

Next day I was told that I should be required to return to Berlin in a week's time, so that until the expiration of that period Lady Brabazon and I were at liberty to enjoy ourselves and visit as much of the capital as we could. This we proceeded to do, and we lost no time in making the most of our opportunities.

I expressed a wish to see the interior of the Imperial Palace, and was told that there was no difficulty in doing this, if prepared to purchase a golden key. I asked how much would the key cost me, and was told a sum which was not excessive. So armed with this magic key I repaired to the Imperial residence and found an official waiting for me, at a certain spot and hour mentioned. He took me upstairs, and looking out of a window at the back of the palace pointed out to me the Emperor, Alexander II, taking a constitutional, walking up and down on the garden terrace. My guide always kept the Emperor in view, and as the Sovereign walked on the terrace so we kept pace with him in the palace, passing from room to room. My guide even took me into the Emperor's bedroom or dressing-room, I forget which. He never looked to see what I was doing. His eyes were ever fixed on the figure of the Emperor, so as to ensure that His Majesty was still on the terrace. When I afterwards heard of threatening letters being affixed to his pin-cushion, and of bombs being exploded under his dining-room, I failed to be astonished, for I knew how easy it would have been for me to place such during my visit to the Imperial Palace.

We walked from one end of the palace to the other, and across a covered stone bridge, over a thoroughfare, something like the Bridge of Sighs at Venice. We had been walking for what appeared to be a long time through vast, magnificent, but empty State apartments, when we reached this bridge. My guide produced a key and opened a door at the farther end of the bridge, and, to my immense astonishment, I found myself suddenly in the midst of numbers of people, who appeared equally astonished to see us. We were in a

public gallery or museum. I afterwards heard that the Tsar could, in a similar manner, without appearing in the streets, enter across similar bridges other and more important public buildings, so that no Minister could be sure that he might not find the Sovereign looking over his shoulder whilst he was carrying on the business of the department. I was told that the Emperor could also, if he chose, thus unobserved enter some of the Guards' barracks. If this be true, it may perhaps account for the ease with which Peter III of Russia was assassinated, and Paul, his son, was strangled by his own officers in 1801.

Alexander II, the Tsar I saw walking in the garden of his palace, as everyone knows, did not escape a violent death. After three attempts on his life, on March 12th, 1881, he was so severely injured by a bomb thrown at him that he died a few hours afterwards. He will always be remembered as the monarch who, in great measure on his own initiative, emancipated 23,000,000 Russian serfs in 1861, granted legal and municipal reforms, and in 1865 established elective representative assemblies in the provinces. Such an enlightened Sovereign deserved a better fate at the hands of his people.

Lady Brabazon and I enjoyed our short visit to the Russian capital, and it was ever a pleasure afterwards to recall the kindness we met with at the hands of Sir Andrew and Lady Buchanan.

During the time we were in Prussia, Strousberg, the German millionaire I have already mentioned, who possessed a fine palace in the Wilhelm Strasse, suddenly became bankrupt, to the consternation of the whole financial world and the ruin of thousands of unfortunate people, not only in Germany, but throughout Europe.

His house was sold, and after we left, it was purchased by the British Government, and is now their Embassy in Berlin.

The present German Foreign Office in the Wilhelm Strasse, unless I am mistaken, is, I believe, what in my time was known as the Radziwill Palace. Prince Radziwill and his family were exceptions to the rule of unfriendliness which obtained amongst the Berlin officials, but the former were of Polish extraction, which may account for this. Several married brothers lived at that time in the same palace, and I remember that we heard from some of the family, who did not get on very well with each other, excuses for lapses on the part of their domestics, because, they said, it was very difficult to control the servants who belonged to the palace, but not to any particular individual in it, consequently, if any fault were found with a servant by one brother, the former always could say that he, at that moment, had been engaged in the service of another, knowing that none of the family would like to complain to other members of it.

This was not peculiar to the Radziwill establishment, as the Crown Princess of Germany explained to me, when we had once been unable to obtain for some considerable time admission to the Neuer Palais, that the servants were in the pay of the Emperor, and as the relations at that time between father and son were slightly strained, it was very difficult to control the Crown Prince's household.

The first time I saw the ex-Kaiser William II was when he was about ten years old. He paid a visit to my Ambassador, who sent for me to help him to entertain the boy. Little did I think then that I was conversing with a lad who, when a man, would be responsible for

the deaths and inhuman tortures of millions of men and women, for the wanton destruction of the most beautiful and the most famous collections of art treasures, of priceless libraries and museums, of cathedrals and churches and of famous buildings, as well as the destruction of the houses of millions of innocent poor people, and finally the author of the financial ruin for many years to come of the greatest States of the world as well as of millions of private individuals. The greatest malefactor towards the human race the world has ever known ! Let us be thankful that his beloved grandmother and mother died ignorant of the future of their unworthy grandson and son !

This book contains my Memories and does not profess to be a Diary. It will be understood, therefore, that much of what I have written appertains to the years 1869 and 1870 as well as to 1868.

On November 24th, 1869, our eldest son, Reginald Le Normand, was born at 83 Lancaster Gate, London, to which place we had gone on leave for the event.

On September 1st, 1870, Napoleon III was defeated at Sedan, and next day he capitulated to the Germans with all his army. I was in Berlin at the time, and saw the crowds of rejoicing Berliners nearly mad with excitement as they rushed through the streets, cheering and singing and clambering to the top of the famous monument in front of the palace and clinging to all parts of it like a swarm of bees, the topmost bee being a girl !

Soon afterwards we went for a brief period to the Hague, where Admiral the Hon. E. A. J. Harris, R.N., K.C.B., was our Minister. He was the second son of the second Earl of Malmesbury. On our arrival we were invited by him to dinner, and the first remark he

made to me was something like the following : “ Your name, Lord Brabazon, recalls to my mind an incident of my youth. When a midshipman, and on leave, staying with my father at Heron Court, information was brought that your father and others were being attacked by an armed mob at West Park, Hants, the residence of Mr. Eyre Coote, son of the famous Indian General, Sir Eyre Coote, G.C.B. My brother and I immediately called out some of our father’s tenants, and rode as hard as we could to the assistance of the besieged house. We found that the defenders had successfully repulsed the attacks, and taken several prisoners, whom they drove to Salisbury Jail. I remember riding across the Plains, cutting down the fugitives.”

Owing to the kindness of Sir Eyre Coote, grandson of the Eyre Coote who defended his house, I am enabled to present my readers with a copy of the affidavit, signed by the latter before a magistrate on November 27th, 1830, regarding the attack on West Park.

“ County of Southampton)
 To wit.) Eyre Coote of West Park
 in the Parish of Rockborne in the County of
 Southampton, Esquire, states on his oath as follows :
 About half past ten o’clock on the night of Tuesday
 the 23rd day of November inst. that I received
 information that part of a mob was very close
 to my house. I then went out of my front door
 accompanied by two others, having taken the precaution
 to have men in the inside well armed to support me.
 About eight or ten persons came round the house from
 the back, who told me they came from Kent, and
 seemed to have a different dialect from this country,
 at the same time a party of about thirty joined them
 under the portico in front of my house. I asked them
 what they wanted—they said threshing machines—I

told them I had none—they said they were forced to go about the country from distress. I argued with them on the impropriety of their conduct—they said they did not intend to do any other mischief than that of destroying machines. I said I was very sorry they had destroyed the factory, as it would throw so many people out of employ—they said they had done so, and boasted of it—they then asked for money, and I positively refused it—then they asked for beer, and on their promising to go peaceably through the village, I gave them a horn a piece—they were extremely civil, left me, and went in the direction of Rockborne. About half an hour afterwards, being about half past 12 o'clock, a party, I suppose from ninety to one hundred, headed by a person on horseback, came to the door. They said they were merely come to break the machines. I told them I had none. They spoke to the man on horseback, and told him to address them, but he appeared to be in such a desperate state of intoxication, that they appeared to be holding him on the saddle, and was not able to speak. They called him Hunt. On giving them a little beer they went away peaceably. They gave me a very good character, and said I should not be injured, and that no other party was following them. About the same time I observed a fire beyond Rockborne, which I concluded to be Mr. Short's threshing machine, and which it proved to be. From that time till about two o'clock, there was a great shouting and noise in the village and occasionally what seemed a thump on the door. I then heard them hitting my iron gates at the lodges, upon which I sent down four or five men to prevent their doing any mischief. A short time after my own men returned and informed me, from what they had heard, the mob were coming in force to attack the house. About nine of us then drew up under the Portico, and I desired that they would not use fire arms till the last extremity. I had a pistol in my hand, but I placed it in a situation that I could immediately avail myself of it if necessary, and took a stick in my hand.

The mob then came up shouting and halloing. I heard them say 'up with your irons,' and 'be prepared,' or words to that effect. Two then advanced before the others under the Portico. James Woodrow (my servant) and myself descended the steps to meet them, and Woodrow perceiving violence was being offered to me, seized one of them, and said 'let every man take one.' I then immediately caught hold of the man next to me, and in a few minutes I heard three guns fired, one of which I know was fired by Lord Brabazon in the air to intimidate them. They resisted very strongly, but after the guns were fired, they ran away, except eight or nine who were secured. My Lodge gates were completely destroyed, and the fragments, with other formidable weapons, were taken from the mob, and I have them in my custody. One of the men was severely wounded, and remains in a dangerous state at my House.

“ EYRE COOTE.

“ Taken and sworn before us
27th Nov. 1830.

“ A. HALL signed,
“ T. C. MAY signed.”

I had heard my father tell this story, but it was pleasant to hear it corroborated in such an interesting and unexpected manner. My father entered into greater details, which I propose to reproduce, as they were very interesting. He said that he had been invited with some other young men to shoot, by Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Coote, and that, shortly after his arrival, a report came that an armed mob of considerable dimensions, composed principally of agricultural labourers, who resented the introduction of machinery, led by a man of higher social position, mounted on a grey horse, had been burning ricks, smashing machinery, and generally destroying property. The Yeomanry had

been called out, but, owing to bad leadership, were repulsed in an attack on the mob, who defended a churchyard surrounded by a wall. The former were unable to cross the wall, and suffered casualties, whilst the mob came off from the encounter scot free, thanks to the protecting wall. This success encouraged the rioters, and, intoxicated by their victory, they announced their intention of attacking and burning the houses of the country gentry, beginning with the residence of Mr. Eyre Coote.

As soon as the party at West Park heard that the mob was at Fordingbridge, and intended to attack them, they advised Mrs. Coote to retire at once to London. This she positively declined to do, saying that they, of course, were quite at liberty to return to town, but that she intended to remain and protect her property. After this bold declaration on the part of Mrs. Coote, the men, of course, felt that there was no course for them to take but to remain and assist in the defence of the house. So they immediately commenced operations for its protection. There was a very old and extensive library in the house containing many folio volumes. These they used to build up the windows, leaving loopholes between the volumes, through which the defenders could fire. They then got the estate carpenter to cover these volumes with wooden sheathing so as to keep them in proper position. Of course, when the news spread, the maids of the household began to rush about the building screaming, so Mrs. Coote promptly placed them all in one of the largest cellars and locked them up. The keepers and menservants were armed, and with the gentlemen made a force of about nine men. Outside, the garrison drew a circle round the house and offices, clearly marked in the ground, within which they deter-

mined not to permit any of the rioters to enter, and then awaited the announced attack.

They had not to wait long before the mob arrived. Some of the defenders went out to meet them and asked what they wanted. The mob replied, Food and drink. The answer was that they should have these, but that no man must cross the mark around the ground, under penalty of being shot. Food and, unfortunately, a barrel of beer were sent to them. The barrel of beer caused the trouble, for some of them got drunk, and, filled with Dutch courage, crossed the line of demarcation. Shots were fired over their heads to warn them, but these had no effect, and the garrison were then compelled to fire in earnest, and the fight began. Several assaults on the house were made and repulsed, and each time the besiegers retired, the garrison sortied and captured the wounded of the former, and placed them in the cellars with the maids to look after them.

At length, when it was getting dark, the garrison noticed that the enemy were making fascines of brushwood, with the intention of rolling them in front as they crawled up towards the house, and of ultimately placing them against the door and of burning it down. If the enemy succeeded in doing this, the house must ultimately be carried by the mob, so that it was necessary at once to take some step to avoid this catastrophe. The defenders approached Mrs. Coote, and asked her whether she would have the courage to remain alone with the butler in the house, so as to allow the entire remaining fighting force of the defenders to sally out. This she readily agreed to do. The front-hall door was fastened on the chain, guarded by Mrs. Coote and the butler, and, in the dusk, the entire garrison, with

these exceptions, crept out, and divided themselves into three bodies. The first body was to remain hidden at the entrance to the main avenue leading to the house, whilst the other two bodies crept round the two sides of the enemy forces, and it was arranged that as soon as these two bodies had got in their rear they were to open fire. This was to be the signal for the men in front of the house at the entrance to the avenue also to fire. These manœuvres were successfully carried out, and the mob, thinking that the military were attacking them from the rear, fled in all directions.

The two gamekeepers, who were, of course, perfectly acquainted with the country, were sent out to creep along the ditches and follow the mob at a distance, and discover what they were doing, and what they proposed to do. Late at night the two men returned, and reported that the mob had retired to the village—that the leader was sitting in the parlour of the principal public-house, with two pistols on the table, and that his followers were dispersed throughout the village, most of them drinking, and some of them lying dead drunk about the streets and lanes. Someone asked the keepers whether it would be possible to surprise the leader, capture him, and carry him off as a prisoner. The answer was that it all depended on whether the front door of the public-house was locked or not. If it were locked, he would have time to alarm his followers, and the attacking party would be overpowered. After discussion, it was decided to run this risk, so the whole party issued again from the house, and were fortunate enough to find the door of the public-house open. They entered, surprised the leader, gagged him, and carried him off to West Park. They lost no time in placing him and the remaining wounded prisoners in carriages,

and driving them straight off in the early hours of the next morning to Salisbury Jail. The prisoners numbered over twenty. Only one of the defenders was wounded. It was during this drive that they met Lord Malmesbury's armed mounted tenants coming to their assistance under the leadership of his two sons. This was the first and the last time a country house was attacked, and the Government and Parliament were so pleased at the gallant conduct of Mr. and Mrs. Coote and her household and visitors, in thus promptly smashing a rebellion, which, if permitted to extend, might have led to very serious national trouble, that Lord Melbourne, who was then Home Secretary under Earl Grey's premiership, wrote a letter of thanks to Mr. Eyre Coote and those who assisted him in defending the house, and enclosed a cheque for £500 to be distributed amongst Mr. Eyre Coote's gamekeepers and servants. The leaders, a man named Cooper, who assumed the name of Hunt, and another named Eldridge, were tried and hanged for the part they took in this attack, and for murder, during the course of the rising.

Augustus Hare, in his *Memorials of a Quiet Life*, at page 352 in his chapter on "Wiltshire Riots and Village Duties," writes under date of November 24th, 1830 :

"For fear you should be alarmed by cross-country accounts in the newspapers, I write a few lines to say we are all safe after one of the most painful days I ever went through. About two o'clock we were summoned by two half-drunken men who professed to be *sent on*. They came to the door and asked for money, 'any trifle,' announcing that two hundred were coming at their heels. After failing of their errand, they went down to Pile's house, opposite us, whither I followed them. He was gone to Marlborough,

and there were none but women in the house. As the only chance I had the church bell rung, but none of the labourers came: perhaps they were too far off, and did not hear. About ten minutes after the troop arrived. The machine had been taken to pieces, but that did not satisfy them; they must break it. And breaking it they were, when Pile on horseback dashed in among them, and fired. They would have dispersed, perhaps, in a fright, but in a place where they could close with him, his gun went off a second time. They dragged him down, and have nearly killed him. They then burst into the house, and broke everything to pieces, and for some time I expected they would serve us in the same way; so irritated were they, and so mad with drink. Indeed, they talked of coming back to-night, and burning down all his ricks and barns. But the news had reached Devizes even before I could send a messenger. The Yeomanry were here by six, and I have just heard that they have surprised several of the rioters in the public-house at Woodborough. On the Marlborough side ten men were taken to-day; and a regiment of Lancers were to be there by eight o'clock to-night. So we feel safe again. Maria behaved perfectly, as she always does, thinking of everything that was wanted, and taking every kind and proper step towards her poor afflicted neighbours. I had no idea the English peasantry were such cowards as the men to-day on both sides proved themselves. We hear Woodhay has been ransacked. The fires on Saturday and Sunday were dreadful."

And on page 362 he writes to Miss Clinton from Alton under date of December 17th, 1830 :

"I hope by this time you are as free from apprehension as we are. I was told only two days ago that Mr. Hunt was coming with some unknown multitudes to invade us, but, as they have not yet appeared, we may conclude I think, that we are thought unworthy of so illustrious a company."

I imagine these are the same riots which my father described to me. Years afterwards, in 1903, I entertained at Killruddery Sir Eyre Coote of West Park, great-grandson of the Mrs. Coote of this narrative. He was then High Sheriff of the County of Dublin and had just been knighted, and he showed me a written record of this event, which he had found in his family archives. This was a double corroboration of the truth of my father's story.

CHAPTER VI

DIPLOMACY—FRANCE

1871-3

My stay at the Hague was, as I have said, of brief duration. Great events were occurring in Paris, where the Commune had established itself for a time, and driven the Government troops out of the capital.

It was not long, however, before the French Government re-established its power by force of arms, and crushed the rebellion with a severity which did not err on the side of weakness.

The Diplomatic Corps had, as a body, followed the French Government in their flight to Tours, and assistance was needed in the British Embassy when the personnel returned to resume official residence in the Rue St. Honoré.

I was therefore transferred to H.M.'s Embassy in Paris, February 13th, 1871. Two or three gallant souls had remained in possession of the cellars of the Embassy during this exciting period. One was Frank Lascelles, and another was Atlee, the Consul.

For three days no one could leave or enter the British Embassy by daylight, as the Government troops, called the "Versaillais," because their headquarters were in that ancient Royal town and palace, held one end of the street, and the Communist troops the other end, and neither was strong enough to drive the other out,

so the whole street was constantly being swept by rifle and grape-shot fire.

Atlee lived across the street, so he had to wait till darkness set in before he could venture to cross. He noticed that at night both sides would periodically fire into the darkness, to ensure that the enemy was not advancing. He counted the number of seconds after a volley was fired before it was answered by a reply volley from the other end. As soon, therefore, as a volley was fired, he rushed across, knowing that within that number of seconds he was tolerably safe.

My diplomatic colleagues who remained in the Embassy during this time said that, although they lived in the cellars, the usual life of the Embassy was carried on as in ordinary times. Not only was the work carried on just the same, but the household had been so well trained that there was no interruption of the stately dinners, which were cooked and served by an excellent chef and liveried servants and butler as in the olden days.

Lascelles told me that on one occasion, when there was a lull in the firing, he ventured to issue from the cellars and mount to the topmost garret in the hope of being able to see from some safe loophole what was going on around the Embassy. Of course all the shutters were closed. He was smoking, standing behind one of these shuttered windows in the highest storey of the building, thinking whether it would be safe to open a shutter and look out, when a bullet passed just over his head and struck the opposite wall. This made him quickly decide to leave the window severely alone. He never knew whether he was nearly killed by a chance bullet, or whether some lynx-eyed sniper had spotted his presence behind the shutter through his having

unintentionally shaken it, or whether he was betrayed by the smoke of his cigarette !

During these three days of siege, a Scottish surgeon, afterwards Sir John Rose Cormack, turned his lodging, which was in a street close to the Embassy, into a temporary hospital, and there bravely tended the numerous wounded men from both sides, who were fortunate enough to fall where their comrades could pick them up and carry them to his house. There were many who fell in such exposed positions that they had to wait for the darkness of the night before they could be rescued. Sir John told me that he was engaged in a capital operation, and was half through the amputation of a leg or an arm, I forget now which, when a shell entered the room and carried off the patient's head ! He had then to consider whether he need continue the operation !

Lady Brabazon and I remained at Paris until July 8th, 1873, when I was promoted to be Second Secretary at Athens. Any events which I record will therefore have occurred between February 1871 and July 1873.

When we arrived in Paris the Communists had only just been crushed, and the State buildings and private residences burnt by them were in some cases still smoking. The whole front of the Tuileries facing the Place de la Concorde had been destroyed, many of the finest houses in the Rue de Rivoli were in ruins, and the Column commemorating the victories of the first Napoleon had been pulled down. Many houses had great rents in their sides, and there were craters in the streets where shells had fallen.

Cavalry were bivouacked all along the Champs Elysées as far as the Arc de Triomphe and farther towards the Bois de Boulogne. A great enclosure had been

made on the slopes of Fort Valerien, where thousands of Communist prisoners were confined, and the Orangerie at Versailles, under the principal terrace of the palace, was crammed with these wretched men. They were daily taken out in batches, tried by court-martial and shot, for most of them had been found with arms in their hands, and few, if any, escaped the firing parties. An Englishman had been thus captured, and I was sent by Lord Lyons, our Ambassador, to find the man, and do my best to obtain proper defence for him ; but alas ! there was no doubt that he had been a combatant, and it was impossible to save him, though we did our best.

Most of the fires in the city were the work of women, who were called “ Petrolleuses,” for they paraded the streets in bands, carrying cans of petrol, straw, and matches. They pushed straw or other inflammable material into the ventilators of the cellars, poured petrol in, and then threw lighted matches on both. This operation was very easy in Paris, as the ventilators are narrow slits in the walls just above the level of the pavement.

During the fighting between the Communists and the Versailles troops, General Lord Mark Kerr, who was no longer a young man, caused some anxiety to the Embassy by insisting on walking about during the firing, from barricade to barricade, as if no bullets were flying, and when urged to hasten his pace, would turn round, and in a loud voice cry, “ Un Général Anglais ne court jamais ! ”

I have said that Lord Lyons, the son of the famous Admiral of Sebastopol fame, was Ambassador at Paris when we arrived. He was unmarried, and so were all his staff, with the exception of George Hugh Wyndham,

who afterwards became Sir George. Mrs. Wyndham was therefore the only lady in the Embassy until my wife arrived. When Mrs. Wyndham presented Lady Brabazon to Lord Lyons, who was known to be no lover of the female sex, he said, "I hope you two ladies are not going to quarrel." They assured him that they had not the least idea of doing this, and they kept their promise, for they were the greatest of friends.

As there was no *châtelaine* in the Embassy, one of the staff, George Sheffield, had to undertake the duty of managing the house. He did this uncommonly well, and Lord Lyons's dinner parties were admirably managed as far as food, wine, cooking, and a perfect attendance were concerned. The secret of their success was that Lord Lyons always had his whole establishment *en grande tenue*—he never dined with less than six at table, with the result that no servant was allowed to get rusty, and that the machinery was well oiled. The full staff of six footmen, butler, and groom of the chambers were nightly in full attendance.

Although Sheffield was, I believe, proud of the model state of efficiency into which he had brought the entire domestic staff of the Embassy, he did not relinquish the Englishman's supposed right of grumbling, and he was never tired of complaining of what most men would have considered a great pleasure and privilege, namely, to partake every night of a dinner cooked by one of the best chefs in Paris, served by expert attendants, in the company sometimes of the brightest intellects and most famous men and women within the French capital, sitting in beautiful and luxurious rooms, and all at the expense of another. His complaint was that it was his duty to taste every dish in order to see that it came up to the mark expected at

a dinner at the British Embassy, and that his health suffered in consequence. We, of course, used to tell him that if he limited himself to tasting he would never be ill, but that the real truth was, that if he found an extra good dish he ate too much of it!

His duties did not only consist of tasting dishes and ordering the household, he was also a most efficient private secretary to Lord Lyons, and perhaps the most important of his duties was to interview the numerous newspaper reporters who were always on the look-out for the latest diplomatic news. When I was at Berlin, Lord Augustus Loftus did not smile on these purveyors of information for the public, and the staff were not encouraged to enlighten them, with the result that I remember the correspondent of a leading London newspaper making a furious attack in his journal on the personnel of the Berlin British Chancery. I do not think Lord Lyons was any more enamoured of them than Lord Augustus Loftus, but he defended the diplomatic fortress in an entirely different manner. He gave Sheffield a nicely furnished, bright room, supplied with the comforts of life, including cigars and cigarettes, and all newspaper correspondents were invited to visit this room, and meet Sheffield during certain hours in the morning. Every morning, early, Sheffield interviewed His Excellency, who told him what he was at liberty to communicate to these gentlemen. He could dilate as much as he liked, and with what eloquence he could command, on these safe themes. All other news was anathema, and, of course, unknown to the discreet private secretary. This system answered admirably.

Lord Lyons was a marvellous worker. There were no eight hours for him, and a modern trades-unionist would be aghast at the duration of his labours. He

sat down to his desk at 8 a.m. punctually, and worked till 9.30 a.m. He then took a rapid breakfast, and worked again till 2 p.m. Then he lunched, and immediately afterwards drove out to visit some leading French statesmen or brother diplomatists. He then returned with the diplomatic honey which he had collected, and immediately set to work, whilst his memory was fresh, to place on paper, for the information of the British Cabinet, the *ipsissima verba* used by the eminent men whom he had interviewed. These conversations would be the subject-matter of long despatches to the British Foreign Secretary. His labours would continue until 8 p.m., when he would break off to prepare for his usual dinner party. The guests would leave about 10.30 p.m., when he would retire again to his desk until about midnight or later, unless he had to attend some night function, when of course he did not retire to rest until the early hours of the morning ; but this was seldom.

It will be seen by this programme that he took no exercise, and, marvellous to relate, he seemed never to be ill nor to need any recreation. Lord Lyons worked on the principle that if you wanted a thing to be well done, you must do it yourself, and left very little, except routine work, to his staff.

When Lord Lytton, the father of the present Earl, was Secretary of Embassy in Paris, and took command during Lord Lyons's holidays, he carried on the work on completely different lines. Lytton was seldom seen at the Embassy. Once a week he used to throw at the heads of his staff showers of foolscap covered with masterpieces of eloquence on matters of *haute politique*. All ordinary matters were left to the tender mercies of his staff. He spent his time amongst all classes

in France—none were too high and none too low to escape having their brains sucked dry by “Owen Meredith.” If it be asked which was the better of the two systems, it would be difficult to answer. The weakness of Lord Lyons’s system was that, by withholding work from his subordinates, he deprived them of experience and of practice; the weakness in Lord Lytton’s was that whilst concentrating his mind on certain great problems, he was apt to neglect smaller but still important matters. Lord Lytton obtained his honey personally over wide fields of clover, from heathery moors and cultivated gardens; Lord Lyons only obtained his from a few hot-houses, and had to rely upon his younger and subordinate bees for honey from the outside world. They were both great men in their different ways, and neither spared himself in the public service. I was a fortunate man to serve under both.

Lord Lyons entrusted me in 1871 with the preparation of a report on the condition of the Industrial Classes and the Purchase-power of Money in France. This was completed and presented to Parliament in 1872. I hold a letter from Lord Lyons dated February 5th, 1872, in which he was good enough to congratulate me on it. My friend Hervey Charles Pechell, who helped me in its preparation, presented me with a copy bound in white vellum which is in the library at Killruddery. This Report was far too highly commended at the time by the well-known agitator and founder of “Secularism,” George Jacob Holyoake, who, in a letter to *The Times*, speaking on the 56 Reports on this subject published and laid before Parliament, said, “Chief among the Reports is that of Lord Brabazon upon France.”

When we first arrived in Paris, we were fortunate

enough to be introduced into French Society by the Marchioness of Ely, Queen Victoria's favourite Lady-in-Waiting, and a *persona grata* to the *ancienne noblesse* of France. With Lady Ely as sponsor, the doors of the most exclusive Legitimist houses in the Faubourg St. Germain were freely opened to us. I can never forget the kindness of the Marquise de Thuisy, who, no longer in her first youth, called on my wife, mounted several flights of stairs to our humble apartment, and insisted on taking her to her own dressmaker, who made the most beautiful "confections" at extraordinarily cheap prices. She told us there were three prices amongst dressmakers in Paris, the first for Americans, the second for English, and the third and lowest for the French. The beauty of the dresses was as a rule in inverse ratio to the above.

The French *noblesse* are as a rule very poor, and their receptions were consequently of the simplest character. No hot crowded rooms filled by a well-dressed mob. Twenty or thirty men and women would meet for conversation and partake of the very lightest refreshments, such as tea, lemonade, and cakes. All knew each other, and all belonged to the Legitimist party.

But of course there are exceptions to every rule, and there were a few rich Legitimists whose entertainments were on a much more magnificent scale than those I have described. But these rich hostesses were not always of the true aristocracy of France. There was one salon of this character, attended by all the blue-blooded supporters of the Legitimist cause, whose hostess could not herself claim very aristocratic connections. This was a Madame de Behague, whose fortune enabled her to entertain the party regally. Her husband,

however, did not share her pleasure in giving these grand receptions. Whilst she was surrounded by almost princely pomp, he remained in the country, and the story runs that he contented himself with leaving once a year his card on his gay spouse with the engraving on it, "Behague, Marchand de Cochons" ("Pig Merchant")!

When we were in Paris, the followers of the Comte de Chambord, the grandson of Charles X, were in great hopes that amidst the political confusion created by the Commune and the fall of Napoleon III, this "child of miracle," as he was called, born seven months after the assassination of his father, the Duc de Berri, would regain the ancient throne of France; but, although he was offered the Crown in 1873 by a majority of the National Assembly, he threw it away over the question of the national flag. He declined to accept the tricolour under which France had gained all her military glory, and declared he would "never abandon the white flag of Joan of Arc."

His opinions were not those of Henry IV, who, though a Protestant, said, "*La France vaut bien une messe.*" Henry V, as the Comte de Chambord was called, had three times a chance of regaining the Crown of his ancestors. Count d'Orsay likened him to a "palace with no room furnished but the chapel."

The Legitimist salons to which, through the accident of our introductions, we were so frequently invited, buzzed at that time with the excitement of the hourly expectation of a restoration of the Bourbons, and many were the semi-secret and mysterious conversations which we overheard, hinting at all sorts of extraordinary events which never occurred!

But although perhaps somewhat narrow and bigoted in political vision, how kind, how hospitable, how

courteous these men and women were to us ! Such a contrast to the frigid and hostile attitude to which we had got accustomed in Berlin !

Amongst others, we made the acquaintance of a Marquis de Tolosan, who possessed a fine palace and park in the Department of the Seine et Loire. He lived in truly patriarchal fashion, surrounded by all his family living with him, including brothers and sisters, and their children, and in some cases even grandchildren, as well as his own. The day we dined there, I think there must have been some thirty or forty in the house, and we must have been about twenty-five, more or less grown up, at table. I enquired who was responsible for the management of the establishment when the Marquis was absent. I was told that there was a recognised family order of procedure, so that everyone knew who had to take command in the absence of any leading members of the family. That this procedure was adhered to was shown by an incident which occurred at dinner. A very excellent wine was served, when suddenly the Marquis, forgetting for the moment, I suppose, the presence of us strangers, asked with a loud voice who had ordered this special *cru*. A youthful voice replied that he or she had. This recalled to the Marquis the presence of guests at his table, and he at once replied that of course it was quite right to have ordered it. Evidently this extra-precious wine was not for daily consumption !

We were told that at the time of the German invasion in 1870, the Marquis sent away all his family, but remained quite alone with a few servants to receive the invaders, in the hope of being able thereby to protect his property. As the Germans approached, he made every preparation to make them comfortable. He

prepared rooms for the officers in his château, and for the men in his outbuildings.

He collected food and firing. On the day of their arrival he had a nice dinner ready for the officers, and food for the men, and invited the commander and his officers to dine with him. These brutes sent word that they would eat his dinner, but that they would not permit him to be present and partake of his own food in his own house! Is there any nation, except the German, whose officers could be capable of such insulting behaviour?

But this is not the worst. The commander of the German detachment deliberately broke up some of the beautiful furniture in his room in order to feed his stove or fire, although cut wood had been prepared by the Marquis for this very purpose. I was told that the upper rooms were stripped of nearly everything, whilst nothing was touched on the ground and first floors, as the Emperor of Germany was staying in the vicinity, and the Germans were afraid that he might drive over and visit the Marquis's house.

When the Germans left, they presented the Marquis with a document and asked him to sign it. On reading it, he found it was a declaration that they had taken nothing from the château, and that he had no complaints to make. When he asked how they could ask him to sign a paper which was untrue, they said that he need not sign it, but that he should remember that in war-time all sorts of accidents constantly occurred, and that many châteaux had already been burnt! So he signed!

One of my colleagues in the British Embassy in Paris, Sartoris, had French relatives, and he gave me some disgusting details of the filthy behaviour of the

German soldiers who occupied the country house of his French relatives. I had heard similar stories relating to the behaviour of German soldiers quartered in French houses, but hardly believed them, but here was the evidence of one whose relations had suffered in this manner. It is impossible for me to sully the pages of these Memories by detailing the nature of these outrages. I can only say that all ornaments were carried away, and in their stead filth had been placed, and all the French musical compositions had been defiled and replaced in the music-stands, whilst the German had not been touched! And these are the acts of a soldiery belonging to a country which has the audacity to pretend to the leadership of the "Kultur" of the world!

On September 28th, 1872, our second son, Arthur Lauderdale Le Normand, was born at Dieppe, to which place we had gone in anticipation of the event, in order to avoid the heat of Paris. There are only certain names, contained in an official list, by which children in France may be called, and Lauderdale Le Normand were not amongst them.

We had to claim the diplomatic privilege of extra-territoriality before we could obtain official sanction for this irregularity.

During the latter part of our sojourn in Paris we inhabited a very prettily furnished flat on the ground floor at 12 Rue de Pressburg, looking on the Arc de Triomphe. There we enjoyed a view right over the famous Place, and could watch all fashionable Paris as it took its daily ride or drive or walk to and from the Bois de Boulogne, amongst them being the two beautiful daughters of Colonel Leonard Jerome, of New York, as they rode almost daily with their father

to the Bois. One of these beautiful girls afterwards married Lord Randolph Churchill, and became the mother of the Right Hon. Winston Leonard Churchill, lately M.P. for Dundee, and Colonial Secretary.

Another notable figure on horseback was a well-known Scottish Parisian, Grieves by name, who ruled in all matters of sport. He was by no means young, but when he rode by the side of the Duchesse Saint-James, as he frequently did, their straight figures and splendid horsemanship were a sight for the gods. He always reminded me of the Centaur, so impossible was it to imagine that he and his horse were not one. We ourselves were not unfrequent visitors to that lovely Bois both on horseback and in a phaeton which my wife drove.

It may be thought from our living in the Rue de Pressburg that we enjoyed a good share of this world's goods, but the truth is that we obtained the apartments for a song, owing to the financial difficulties of a well-known banker and house agent. Our flat was beautifully furnished, and by letting it to a diplomatist the house agent ensured that his creditors could not sell his furniture. Hence we enjoyed cheap luxury, and the advantages of a splendid situation, especially in hot weather. When Paris was frizzling, we usually enjoyed a cooler air at the Arc de Triomphe.

I must tell of a dear dog that we had, whose memory we always cherished. He was a big Danish bulldog of the most alarming and hideous appearance. But as a matter of fact he was the mildest of dogs. His name was "Boxer." As I write there is before me on the wall a black-and-white profile drawing of him by our mutual friend Hervey Charles Pechell, for he was just as fond of "Boxer" as we were, and when the dog died, Pechell gave him sepulture, with his name on

a stone, in his garden at Maresfield, just in front of the drawing-room window.

"Boxer" knew by name many of the principal political characters of Western Europe, and had his likes and dislikes.

He could not bear Gladstone, and if a biscuit were offered him in the name of this statesman, he would refuse it, and go into the corner and make horrid noises, as if he were being sick ! He could also play the piano, and knew the difference between high and low notes, and played them as required. I regret to say that when sent from the dining-room to play the piano in the drawing-room, he would sometimes try to cheat, by coming back for his biscuit, without having played his tune. He forgot that we could hear, if we could not see, him play. We had then to read him a very solemn lecture on the subject of honesty, to which he listened with his tail between his legs, and had to be sent a second time to the drawing-room. But this was not often, for as a rule he was a very conscientious dog. So conscientious that, when in Berlin, where we bought him, he would never break the police regulations, which required that every dog should wear a muzzle in the streets. He would sit for hours quite quietly under my writing-table in the Embassy, until the luncheon hour arrived, when he would get up and look at me. If I did not pay attention to him, he would rub his nose against my leg, as much as to say, "Don't you know it's luncheon time ? Why don't you come ?" and if I still went on writing, he would go and fetch his muzzle in his mouth, and leave the Embassy to run next door to my apartment, and report that I was too busy to come, but that he was quite ready for his dinner !

His circle of friends was larger than that of his owner,

for on one occasion, when walking with me down the Champs Elysées, a fiacre occupied by four ladies, whom I did not know, passed us. Someone in the carriage called out "Oh, there's Boxer!" and they all began to call him. He ran up wagging his tail, and there was great joy at the mutual meeting, and loud expressions of ardent affection! I walked on, and he eventually deigned to follow me, but he never would enlighten me as to who his friends were.

He always accompanied me to the Embassy. One day we somehow missed each other, and thinking I had already started, he rushed there, and not finding me at my usual desk, began to search Paris for me, and visited many of my friends' houses looking for me. His plan of campaign was to run in by the back entrance into the kitchen, as the outer door was generally open, rush frantically from room to room, refuse all distractions, and not finding me, to go on to the next house or apartment to which he had been with me before. Eventually a tired dog, after running about for hours, returned home only to find his master quietly sitting in his own arm-chair!

He travelled over many parts of Europe with us, and he almost always avoided having to be separated from us and being placed in a dog-box. He knew the regulations quite well, and used to hide himself under my wife's petticoats without her having to call him, and when she stood in a station-room near the door leading on to the platform waiting until it should be opened by the railway official, as is the case always abroad, he was as quiet as a mouse. As soon as the door was opened he darted out like a flash of greased lightning, and invariably got into a first-class carriage and hid himself under the seat. It was our business

to watch into which carriage he had got, so as to be in the same compartment with him. He never came out from under the seat until the train began to move. Imagine then the faces of our fellow-passengers, when this awful nose was poked out from under their legs ! We had to reassure them that he was quite harmless, and his beautiful manners soon won him the affection of all in the carriage. Only once was he noticed by a stern official, but he could not see into which carriage the dog had got, so a search was made of the whole train, and eventually he was found, but no one was brave enough to drag him out. At last two armed sentries were called, and we had then to take him in our arms like a baby and put him in his horrid box for fear of his being killed !

He once went up Vesuvius with us. There was a slight eruption, and no power on earth would prevent him running down the cinder slope of the crater after the delightful red-hot stones, which he thought were being specially thrown for his amusement. Of course the poor dog had very sore paws and mouth for some time in consequence of this game.

When he died, an announcement was placed in the agony column of *The Times* : " Boxer is no more." In due course a letter from South America arrived to ask whether the sad news applied to the Parisian " Boxer " of old acquaintance, and several other ancient friends mourned his loss.

I must record an incident which might have had a sanguinary ending, but which happily resulted in no such tragedy. Sitting at work in the " Chancery " of the Embassy, the attendant informed me that a gentleman wished to see one of the staff, and handed me the card of a " Colonel Blood." On going into the

waiting-room, I found a military-looking man in a state of great agitation, who told me a long story, recounting his grievances and alleged ill-treatment by the French police, and claiming the protection of the Embassy as a British subject. His statement was so long and involved that I gave him some writing-paper, a pen and ink, and asked him to write down as succinctly as possible the purport of his complaints. I asked him to do this, not only because I wanted some statement under his own hand of the facts which would have to be brought before the French authorities, if these facts were considered by the Embassy to be sufficiently grave to warrant such action, but also because I wanted the opportunity to consult my colleagues as to the advice I should offer our countryman, especially as I saw that he was in a state of extraordinary mental excitement, and I was not quite certain whether he might not be under the influence of strong drink or of some drug, though he was not drunk. So, fortified by a short consultation with others, I returned to my friend, and found that he was half asleep, and that his written statement was not much more lucid than his verbal explanation. So, after giving expression to a few calming words, and promising that his statement should have instant attention, and obtaining his address in Paris, we parted.

Next day, we received a notice from the French police that this gentleman was in custody as, apparently, after leaving the Embassy, he had gone into the Rue de la Paix with a drawn sword in his hand, and had held up all the traffic, saying he would kill anyone who attempted to pass. The French police requested that as he was a British subject, he should be removed from France as a lunatic. Without special instructions from

home, such action was beyond the immediate power of the Embassy, and correspondence on the subject ensued. The French, not wishing to be burdened with the expense of maintaining the man as a lunatic, threatened to let him loose. We were also informed that he had discovered who had interviewed him at the Embassy, and had taken into his head that his subsequent arrest had been the result of my action, and had sworn that he would take my life in revenge for my traitorous conduct.

The British Embassy stands back from the Rue St. Honoré, and can only be approached through large gates and across a wide courtyard. There is a lodge at the entrance. The porter at that time had been for many years in the service of the Embassy.

Lord Lyons, on hearing the threat of the Colonel, sent word to say that the lunatic was on no account to be allowed to pass the entrance-gates. The porter, who never before had been known to question an order, sent a most respectful message to the Ambassador to say that with great grief he felt compelled to inform His Excellency that he could not possibly oppose the entrance of the Colonel if he came, as he was a married man with a large family dependent on him, and he was not prepared to risk his life !

Here was a grand opportunity for my colleagues to get some fun out of me ! So any noise on the stairs was sufficient for them to shout to me, " Here comes the Colonel ! Get under the table, Brabazon ! He is sure to kill you if you don't hide ! " etc. etc. Happily he never came, and he was ultimately shipped off under guard to England, but the correspondence in regard to him and his expenses lasted for a long time, and my colleagues insisted on docketing in blood-red ink each

document relating to the matter. This for my special benefit !

After two and a half delightful years in Paris, the time came when we had to bid adieu to our kind Parisian and diplomatic friends, for, as I have already said, I was promoted to be Second Secretary at Athens on July 8th, 1873. Our parents, and especially my wife's, did not smile on this appointment. They had been spoilt by our having been for so long within easy reach of them, and now the idea of our going to reside at so distant a post as Athens seemed intolerable to them. It was useless to explain that we had been very fortunate in being sent to two such capitals as Berlin and Paris, and that now we must expect to be sent to smaller and more distant posts. Lord and Lady Lauderdale were obdurate, and as in the ordinary course of events I could not expect to remain long enough in Diplomacy to be able to rise to any of the higher positions, I yielded to their wishes, and declined the offer of a second secretaryship at Athens. The Foreign Office authorities were extraordinarily kind, and permitted me to remain as Second Secretary in the service *en disponibilité* without pay for some considerable time. This term means that during this period I could, by mutual consent, return to the service with my rank of Second Secretary.

I was unemployed from September 15th, 1873, to September 24th, 1877, when I resigned my position in the Diplomatic Service.

CHAPTER VII

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES AND TRAVELS

1873-87

PREVENTED by circumstances, as detailed above, from following any further the interesting career of diplomacy, my wife and I had to decide how we would spend the future years which might be left us, and we determined that we would devote ourselves, as far as our powers permitted, to the consideration of social problems and the relief of human suffering. These remaining pages, therefore, will describe, as far as the nineteenth century is concerned, how far we carried out this resolve, and how far we failed in our efforts, during a period of united exertion which, in her case, ended only with her death on November 4th, 1918.

“Rivermead,” Sunbury-on-Thames, where we lived at this time, is easily recognised by some very conspicuous Caryatides, which support the roof of the entrance to the house facing the high-road and a backwater of the River Thames. We owned on lease an island on to which the villa looked. We joined the island to the shore, across the backwater, by a foot-bridge, and on the other side we built a boat-house, and made a small garden running down to the river. As we were both very fond of boating, we thoroughly enjoyed this riverside home, until one sad day the garden and the boat-house were all carried down the river by an extraordinary flood, which swept over the whole island, covered the high-road, and rose nearly

to the level of our villa. But we had much enjoyment out of the place before this catastrophe occurred.

Our landlord was a well-educated but most eccentric man. We had been foolish enough to take the house, which was terribly out of repair, on a full repairing lease. This gave him the opportunity of frequently asking or suggesting that we should undertake some repair more or less costly, and if we hesitated, he would write me long epistles, pointing out that my noble birth necessitated a very strict interpretation of the meaning of the motto *Noblesse oblige!* He would pay us personal visits, in order the better to impress upon us that ancient lineage imperatively demanded that some quite unnecessary but costly building operation should be carried out by us for his ultimate benefit, as we had a short lease.

He was very vague and forgetful. On one occasion he asked whether we would have any objection to allow a dozen old women from the East End of London to have their tea on our island. We said we should be delighted, and that we would provide the tea if he would give us due warning. This he promised to do. Shortly afterwards, looking out of the window, I noticed a large number of children, accompanied by a few adults, trooping down the road, so I called Lady Brabazon, who was not well, to get up from her sofa to look at a procession of at least 1,200 children carrying flags, etc. To our astonishment, the head of the column halted, and a clergyman came up to our door and rang the bell. The butler opened it. There was a brief conversation, and then an order was given, and all these children rushed over our private bridge and across the island, making for the main river. Boys and girls were mixed up together, and I saw some of them undressing as

they ran, so as not to waste time in their anxiety to bathe. Unfortunately, we had let the field for grazing, and our tenant had placed cattle on the island. Unaccustomed to crowds of mad children rushing down upon them, the cattle got alarmed, up went their tails, and they galloped straight into the Thames. They could swim, and got all safe to the other side; but some of the children could not, and very nearly got drowned. They had, some of them, to be pulled out of the water in an almost unconscious condition, for the river was much deeper than they had imagined. We had to practise the movements for rescuing the drowning and put them to bed in our house, very thankful that none lost their lives. This untoward event was due to the vagueness of our landlord, who, when asked by the East End clergyman for the loan of the island, had mistaken 1,200 children for 12 old women, and of course he had forgotten to inform us of the day. "All's well that ends well," and after the children recovered, we had a very happy day, and found our clergyman, who stayed to dine, a very nice, agreeable man.

In the same year I read a paragraph in the Press, written by a Captain Mercier, saying that as working men as a rule did not attend either churches or chapels, they would be unable to subscribe on Sundays towards the funds of the hospitals through the Hospital Sunday Movement, which had been started the year before in the Metropolis. Captain Mercier suggested that a Hospital Saturday Fund should be established to meet this difficulty. As working men could not subscribe, even did they attend places of worship, more than small sums on any one day in the year, he proposed that a committee of working men should be formed for the

purpose of organising in factories and workshops weekly subscriptions, which at the end of the year should be collected into a general fund and distributed amongst the hospitals by this committee. As the number of working men in the metropolis may be counted by millions, he asserted that, if properly organised, the money thus raised should in time rival that collected in churches and chapels on Hospital Sunday.

Thinking this was a very sensible proposition, I called upon Captain Mercier, and offered to help him. It was arranged that he should invite to his house near Albert Gate as many of the leading working men as we could get together. I met there Mr. Hamilton Hoare, the banker, and we three discussed the questions, "Who are the leading working men? and how are we to find their addresses?" Ultimately, we decided to search the columns of the newspapers for reports of working-class meetings, and the names of those who attended. Even when we got names, it was difficult to obtain addresses. However, after infinite trouble, we collected about one hundred names and addresses of working men, or of so-called working men, who had attended public meetings or in some way made themselves conspicuous. Out of these we hoped to form our contemplated Hospital Saturday Fund Committee. So about one hundred cards of invitation were issued to these, inviting them to attend a meeting at Captain Mercier's house to consider the formation of a Hospital Saturday Fund Committee.

Any who are acquainted with the genuine British working man, and who read these lines, will already have seen how ignorant we were of his ways, and will smile at our feeble efforts to get into touch with him. When the momentous evening arrived, about seventy

men, who all called themselves working men, appeared. I doubt whether many meetings, even of confessed agitators, contained more explosive material in their composition, but the genuine working man was very sparsely represented. It was at once apparent to us three that we had been guilty of a huge blunder, which it would be very difficult to rectify. As soon as the speaking began, we realised that almost every man we had brought into the room was out for his own purposes, that he had his own pet grievance to air or his axe to grind, and that the genuine welfare of the hospitals was very far removed from the thoughts of the majority. All scented money in the air; but it was not working-class money—it was the money of other people, and surely where so much money was to be handled, it would be possible for some to stick to the hands of those who handled it. The workman is worthy of his hire!

We had raised an unhealthy ghost! We three gentlemen would be responsible for its actions! What were we to do? How could we lay the ghost or render him harmless? Such were the thoughts which ran through our brains, whilst we listened to the impassioned oratory of these men. After our guests had gone, we three discussed, with somewhat anxious faces, how we were to bring our Hospital Saturday ship in safety and with honour through the breakers into which we had unwittingly steered her. One thing we determined, and that was that we were in honour bound to stick to the ship until we had found a crew fitted to navigate her safely into harbour. And this we did ultimately, although it cost us nearly a year's work and, as far as I personally was concerned, my health.

Captain Mercier became Chairman, Hamilton Hoare,

Treasurer, and I, Hon. Secretary, later on, in association with others. All who were present at the meeting elected themselves on the Committee. The first thing we decided to fight for was publicity, and the second was a genuine election of the Committee by real working men. Both these objects we obtained after months of struggle on the part of the groundlings; and when the genuine election did take place, we three gentlemen and one working man were the only ones elected belonging to the old Committee—all the rest were new men, real workers, and genuinely interested in the welfare of the hospitals.

The Constitution we drew up has, I believe, stood the test of time. It is ages since I have had anything to do with the movement, but I watch year by year, with deep interest, its growth, and firmly believe that in time, under wise guidance, it will rival the Hospital Sunday Movement.

The total raised for the hospitals by the Saturday Movement in 1874 was £6,463. To-day I believe over £105,000 a year is raised in this manner by the working men of London alone, for the hospitals of the metropolis, as against some £121,000 a year contributed by their richer fellow-citizens on Hospital Sunday.

The campaign which led to these results and which destroyed my health, and laid me more or less on the shelf for many years, lasted nearly a whole year, and during that time some seventy public meetings were held in all sorts of queer places. I have spoken from a waggon illuminated by torches at night, from half-formed engines in factories, from the scaffolding of buildings in erection, and in the company of Cardinal Manning from a wooden platform at the Reformers' Tree in Hyde Park, when *The Times* reported that we

had addressed over 20,000 people, and that journal remarked that it was the largest meeting ever held in Hyde Park for a non-political purpose.

I was very proud of that platform, for in those days the police would not permit such to be erected. We got the better of the police in the following manner. We arranged for the workmen, who proposed to attend the meeting, to arrive in comparatively small detachments from all parts of London, and in front of each a banner was carried with inscriptions on both sides. Banners suspended from a pole, resting on two other ones, carried by a couple of men, are constantly seen in processions. Ours, however, instead of resting on a slight pole, were suspended from a solid piece of wood about 12 feet in length and 6 inches broad by 2 inches deep. This was supported by two similar pieces of wood about 5 feet high carried by two men. The material of which the banners were composed entirely covered and hid the wood. As the contingents arrived, these banners were placed against each other; and then the whole structure, when complete, was rendered firm by means of two planks on either side, nailed to the two outer banner supports by carpenters waiting on the spot, provided with nails and hammer. The newspaper correspondents were puzzled by these strange emblems which suddenly turned into a solid platform—some called them “ambulances” and some “benches.” The police also were completely taken in by them. When placed together, they made a solid platform 12 feet wide and about 5 feet high, capable of supporting a far greater weight than that of half a dozen speakers. The crowd around was so dense that the police, when they did discover the trick, were helpless, and so we were left in peace to declaim to our heart’s content.

Before the meeting in Hyde Park, I had made great efforts to persuade the Archbishop of Canterbury of that day to appear on the platform by the side of the Roman Catholic Archbishop, but in vain. I thought, and still think, that the influence of the Church of England would be increased rather than diminished if some of her prelates were not so afraid of compromising their dignity by coming into closer contact with the masses of the population than is usually their habit. I remarked with pleasure that some of the Irish Roman Catholic working men in the crowd had formed themselves into a bodyguard for their beloved Cardinal-Archbishop; and when the speaking was over, working men linked arms with him and each other, in two long lines, and thus cleared a path for him through the dense crowd. On the invitation of the Archbishop, I was also thus escorted. I longed to see my own Primate spontaneously assisted by stalwart British workmen. Since those days the present Bishop of London, and I believe other high dignitaries of the Church of England, have set an excellent example, by speaking in the open air to large masses of people, thus showing that to-day the Church of England is not only in name, but in reality, the Church of the People.

During the entire campaign on behalf of the hospitals, even when I spoke in what are supposed to be not the most fashionable quarters of the metropolis, I never was once interrupted or heard any word which could be called rude. The experience of the working men of the metropolis, which I gained during that agitation, has had its effect on me ever since, and has given me confidence in the courtesy and good sense which are to be found amongst the masses of the British population.

During the same year I was engaged in another

agitation—namely, one to establish the Hospital Sunday Movement in Dublin. Both efforts were ultimately successful, but they met with equal opposition, for entirely different reasons.

The sum-total raised since 1874 for the hospitals of Dublin amounted in 1922 to about £200,000.

It was whilst we were living at Sunbury that our son Claud Maitland Patrick was born on July 16th, 1874.

About this time Mrs. Townsend, of Honnington Hall, Shipston-on-Stour, started the Girls' Friendly Society, and my wife and I threw ourselves with all the energy we could into this work both in Scotland and England. She was rewarded for her immense exertions by being appointed Head of the Sick and Convalescent Department, and I was made Head of the Lodge and Lodgings Branch of the organisation.

On February 23rd, 1875, we started on our second visit to Berlin, which we found much improved since our diplomatic days there. Jeanie, in her Diary, says :

“ Berlin has beautified itself wonderfully with many new fine buildings and improvements. We found, though, that the drivers had not improved at all in their driving, and the pavements are still very bad. They are now attempting a drainage system which is to be worked by machinery. We have been away all but four years, and return, thank God ! without a single loss to mourn. The monument erected in memory of the German victory is anything but beautiful ; the base is very handsome, made of solid granite with bas-reliefs in copper by an Italian artist, but the column is far too low for such a gigantic statue of Victory.

“ When the Emperor complained of the immensity of the size of the figure of Victory, the artist is reported to have said that as the victory was so great he was bound to make a gigantic statue.

“ *March 2nd.*—At breakfast arrived a note to say

that the Crown Princess wished to see us. We consequently had to put off dining at Lord Odo Russell's (our Ambassador), and called to explain matters. Saw Lady Odo, who was very civil, and asked us to come in the evening instead. We arrived at the Crown Princess's punctually to our time. We were ushered upstairs through a number of rooms to the library, the Princess's sitting-room. The staircase is very handsome, with marble stairs, and fountain with flowers half-way up, and royal eagles worked in the ironwork of the balustrade. The Princess was not in the room, as she had not returned from the Empress Augusta. So we had plenty of time to look about us. There was a grand piano, and a harmonium at the window end of the room. Bookshelves, principally filled with English books. Noticed *Lives of the Queens of England* (Miss Strickland), *Royal Princesses of England*, and other books, apparently almost all historical. The room was by no means gorgeous, but very prettily shaped with a vaulted ceiling with a motto on each side.

"The Princess arrived in about ten minutes, and apologised for keeping us waiting. She was dressed in a plain high silk dress, well fitting, and with a tiny cap on her head. She looks slighter than when we last saw her, and if anything both younger and prettier. Her manner was peculiarly cordial, and her simplicity was delightful. She reminded us of the history of the strawberries which were upset at our door at Potsdam, and gave us some violets from her garden, as she said she had no strawberries to give me now. The Crown Prince came in soon afterwards, and was as nice as he invariably is. I did not feel at all nervous, except when we first were ushered in, as they have the art of setting people at their ease. The Princess asked after our respective families, and was astonished to learn of the existence of three chicks now. The Princess seems devoted to England, and said she could not understand people wishing to live out of it, if they could avoid it. She told us of an accident she had met

with in the train the other day. The snow drifted down from the slope of a hill, and completely buried the train. It caused a delay of five hours, and it took six engines to drag them out again. The railway people had no pilot engines. She rose in about three-quarters of an hour, and then we left, much pleased with our visit."

On leaving Berlin we made our way south, stopping at Dresden, Prague, Vienna, the famous caves of Adelsberg, Trieste, and Venice, where the King of Italy was shortly expected to meet the Emperor of Austria. In anticipation of this visit, the Italian Fleet was lying at anchor outside the Lido, and we went on board the *Venezia*.

Speaking of this visit, my wife writes in her diary dated March 3rd, 1875 :

"A very polite sub-lieutenant with a blue sash on his shoulder, as a sign that he was on duty, received us, and on R.'s presenting his card, he gave him his in return, and said that we might see the ship. It was in anything but in apple-pie order. On the contrary, dirtiness was the order of the day, though desperate efforts were being made to paint, and clean and scrub, in case the King and Emperor came on board. The officers' quarters seemed to be the tidiest on the ship. One junior's cabin was shown us beautifully tidy and with a bird at the window, but the men did not look smart and clean, and when told to show how they managed their guns, they did not do it with any great alacrity. They showed us how the shot was placed in the guns—a most tedious process, especially as a bit of string had got in the way, and there was nobody who had a knife to get rid of the encumbrance! We were shown the Admiral's quarters, and we were introduced to him. He was very civil and professed to have heard of my father by name. We left very pleased with the general civility we had met with, but by no means impressed with the efficiency of the Italian Navy.

“ *Monday, March 5th.*—The long-talked-of day for the meeting of the Emperor of Austria and Victor Emmanuel began. A grey morning which looked as if it might turn to rain, but it contented itself with drizzling for the space of ten minutes and then all was serene. Venice was stirring betimes. When I looked out about 8 o'clock, people were already rowing about, and gondolas were so difficult to obtain that almost any price would be given. The Grand Canal was full of boats, but there was no block of any kind on our way to Mr. Layard's house, which Mr. Brown had lent us from which to see the entry. Here there is a capital balcony for seeing everything on the Grand Canal, and as there were only some Italians on it there was plenty of room to look about us. The gondolas about 10.30 a.m. were going down to form a procession to follow the Royalties, and so we saw most unusually gay ones, lined with colours—blue and red—with silver and gold mounting, and often rowed by four men, dressed usually like footmen. One boat had gondoliers with cocked hats. The prettiest we saw on our way home was a boat lined with blue, the gondolieri in light blue slashed with white, and moreover, three little blue girls to match, sitting in it.

“ We only knew of the arrival of the Emperor and of his approach by sounds of distant cheering, and soon a beautiful procession came in view. The Municipality had twelve barges, ‘ Bossoni,’ all gorgeously decorated with eight rowers dressed in mediæval style in parti-coloured dresses. In the centre of all there was the Royal boat—a plain gondola lined with light blue and with a silver crown, in which Franz Josef (dressed in a white Austrian uniform with green plumes) and Victor Emmanuel were seated. They did not appear to bow much, and I did not think the cheering enthusiastic. The gondolas following in the rear were all passed, and the road pretty clear in about a quarter of an hour!

“ In the evening was a grand ball at the Palace, to

which we went. Such a scrimmage could scarcely be imagined! Fortunately the evening was fine—all the shops were illuminated. Between 9 and 10 o'clock there were grand illuminations, both from the ships and the Canal, but principally in the Piazza."

We returned from Italy by the St. Gothard Pass via Verona and Milan and the Lake of Como. As travellers nowadays, seated in comfortable and well-warmed railway carriages, penetrate the mountains in winter by means of the great tunnel from Airolo to Goschenen, and have no experience of what a crossing of the St. Gothard Pass in winter meant before this great engineering work was accomplished, it may be of interest to quote the following from my wife's diary. (The tunnel was not completely opened until June 1882, so that when we crossed over by sledge, these conveyances were the only means of surmounting the pass in spring and winter for seven more years.)

"*Friday, April 23rd.*—Woke at 4.30 a.m. The most eventful day of our trip hitherto, and I have no wish to have another like it for the present. We started after a hurried cup of coffee and a bit of bread, as the conductor was in great haste to get under weigh. We were lucky enough to procure coupé seats in the principal diligence, and though I had been nervous beforehand, the morning air and the bustle of starting and the sight of our horses all harnessed to our carriage were very inspiring. We soon began to mount a steep but splendidly engineered zigzag road, but as there were so little signs of snow, one could scarcely imagine that we could be so near sledging; but in an hour's time a turn of the road brought us to a bit of ground where the snow had had to be cut through to enable the carriages to pass, and we then saw in the distance the place where the sledges were awaiting us. The diligence horses were

all taken out and harnessed to them. They were small but comfortable little vehicles just holding two. The driver sits on the wooden part, which shuts down over one's knees. Louisa (maid) and I were put into one. R. was with an unknown Italian boy. There were about twenty-four passengers in all.

"The first part of the journey was pleasant enough. We asked our driver whether there was any danger, and he assured us there was none, and that the avalanches began about May. However, we had reason to doubt this eventually, as we soon saw signs of where avalanches had fallen, and our driver afterwards confided to us that one of the leaders of the sledge caravan had been killed this winter, and that he had himself been thrown down some distance, and that his horse called 'Capon' or 'Capell' (we could not quite catch the name) had been buried in the snow for a time. There was, however, nothing trying to one's nerves till after the Hospice of St. Gothard. There we all alighted and R. went in for some hot grog, which was ready prepared for the cold travellers. There was a most beautiful dog there—one of the finest I have ever seen in my life, who was of a most friendly disposition, and very gratified to have bits of bread presented to him. I could not discover that he was web-footed, and moreover he had a rough coat, white and yellow. They told us that he had this winter found two men buried in the snow. The monks no longer live at St. Gothard, unfortunately, and they and their dogs have become a remnant of the past.

"After St. Gothard the man assured us that 'il pericolo e passato,' but in reality it was only just beginning, for the horses began to slip or rather get their feet down in deep holes when we began to trot, and on our way to Andermatt no less than four of them tumbled down—one poor beast was right over a precipice, and I thought they could never have got him up safely, but happily they managed it at last. They allowed the horses with the baggage to go without any drivers. These as a matter of course fell, as where the road was

so intensely bad the only chance, apparently, of the sledge not capsizing or dragging the horse down was the cleverness of the drivers, who managed the steadying of their sledges with their feet.

“ We soon came to new avalanches across the road. Men were working away at clearing the road, and making it passable, on nearly all sides, and whenever anything did happen—a sledge upset in so deep a hole that the horses could not get it out—there were men to come to the rescue at once. The second avalanche was most alarming, as the road was quite uneven in consequence, and that over a horrible precipice. The effect at the top of the hill was most curious at one time, for there was nothing but dead white to be seen—just unbroken snow-plains and a dense white mist which looked like the snow itself. Having had no food since the early morning and, moreover, feeling very frightened at the dangers of the road, I turned rather faint, when we were waiting to have one of the horses belonging to another sledge picked up. Luckily Louisa had some brandy ready, which did me much good. There was soon a rumbling noise heard, and we saw an avalanche fall from the opposite side of the valley. It came down with great rapidity, dragging down a lot of earth with it, and in half a minute one could only distinguish where it had fallen by the line of earth-covered snow which remained behind.

“ We were indeed thankful when Hospenthal came in sight, and still more so when the long-wished-for Andermatt appeared. We had then only a bit of valley to traverse where the road was inexpressibly bad. Our sledge being the last in the train, the ups and downs we had to traverse were tremendous. In one place we had three great gaps consecutively—like three waves of the sea—and the bumping we there got was wonderful indeed. At one place where there was a deep hole, our good steed was told ‘fa salto,’ and the dear old thing immediately prepared himself for a leap, which he executed admirably. The man all the time kept talking

to him, and giving him instructions—to have courage—and to mind what he was about—and he appeared to understand. When he was wanted to trot on, a gentle pull at his tail was given him, and in spite of the frightful road he had come the horse never once fell, but always recovered himself in time. The man told us he and the leader of the train were the two best horses. The leader himself was a most knowing beast—knew exactly when to stop and when to go on—waited for his master outside a house when he had gone, and went on again when he thought it was time. Both man and beast that have to make this journey must have a hard and dangerous time of it.

“The road through Andermatt itself was worse than ever, and moreover the snow there was filthy. However, thanks to Providence, we arrived unharmed at Andermatt between 12 and 1 o'clock p.m. Had a capital dinner and compared notes of our adventures. Luncheon over, we were again en route, and this time in new sledges, so we had our good man and our good beast no more. He had told us, poor man, that he had to go back again that afternoon, and indeed that there was no day they had not got to cross. I think he was glad that the tunnel will be shortly made, and his trade be over in the winter time, when it really is a service of great danger. One short bit of plain sailing, and then once more we were on precipices, and that with no end of avalanches about. I found myself constantly looking up with apprehension to places where avalanches had already fallen, or where it looked as though they might fall at any moment. At the very worst place for avalanches there is a short tunnel, but it is by no means long enough, as both just before it and just after it the snow that had been brought down was heaped up 10-20 feet high, and R. saw an avalanche just above him on the point of coming down, when mercifully it was stopped by a ledge. Our thankfulness and delight at finding ourselves soon after in comparative safety on a good road, and in a diligence, were great.”

There is not much to record during the year 1876 ; but in 1877, when staying at the Hôtel National at Geneva, our first daughter, Mary Florence, somewhat unexpectedly made her appearance on April 16th, and curiously enough, on sending hurriedly for a medical man, Dr. Wilkinson appeared, who had brought our son Arthur into the world at Dieppe in 1872, and not only had he to perform the same office for our daughter, but his wife was called on to find garments at a moment's notice with which to clothe the young lady. This she most kindly and promptly did.

On September 1st, 1878, Jeanie sustained a great loss by the death of her father in his seventy-third year, and shortly afterwards we all had to bid adieu to Thirlestane Castle and hand it over to his successor.

As our eldest son had a delicate throat, we were advised to take him to Davos in Switzerland for the winter of 1878. Leaving our children there in October, we descended into warmer climes for a short change, and found ourselves in Florence just before the arrival there of King Humbert and Queen Marguerita.

During their visit an incident happened which might easily have proved fatal to me.

On November 18th the news arrived that Passananti had made an attempt on the King of Italy's life as he was entering into Naples, the Queen and the Principino both being in the carriage. On leaving our hotel for a short stroll before dinner, I noticed a placard which had just been exhibited, mentioning this attempted assassination, and calling on loyal citizens to assemble in a certain open place, in order to demonstrate their sympathy with His Majesty, and their horror and detestation of the murderous outrage. I thought I should like to witness this gathering, and so made my way as

quickly as I could to the spot. I there found a small body of persons who were marching round the open place preceded by a band, and I immediately joined them and pushed my way to the front so as to see everything. Gradually the numbers increased, but I still retained my foremost position and congratulated myself on my good fortune. At length, when the leaders considered that a sufficient number of demonstrators had assembled, the band led us down the long Via Nazionale. In the meantime it had got known that the procession was to march down the principal street of the city, and all the windows and tops of the houses were crowded with people cheering and waving flags. I still held my coveted position in the very forefront of the procession. Suddenly, to my annoyance, an organised body of ex-soldiers—veterans—marched out of a by-street, headed by their own band, and wheeled into column just in front of us, so that now I had lost my post of honour and was only one of an enormous crowd. We continued thus to march until, suddenly, I heard what sounded to me like a volley of rifle-shots—the cheering ceased—a dead silence succeeded—and I could see that the crowd were panic-stricken—and were fixed to the ground by terror. I realised that in a few seconds the people would recover consciousness, and would rush back, and that probably a fearful crush would occur, so I quickly stepped on one side, and got as close to the houses as I could. It was fortunate I did so, for what I foresaw occurred. The crowd turned, and rushed back helter-skelter, knocking each other down, in its efforts to escape from the unknown danger in front. As soon as the street was tolerably clear, I rushed forward, hoping to discover what had happened. It was dusk, so that one could not see clearly, and no one seemed to

know the truth. At length I learnt that a bomb had been thrown at the head of the column of ex-soldiers, and it was said that several had been killed and wounded; but when I reached the place where the outrage had occurred, all the dead and wounded had been removed and the police had taken possession of a corner house, from which it was said that the bomb had been thrown. I did not, therefore, realise the extent of the disaster until torches were brought, and to my horror I found that I was standing with one foot in the gutter literally flowing with blood, which reached over the sole of my boot! One reads in history of revolutions in which the streets are said to run with blood, but the reader is apt to give the historian credit for a certain allowable literary exaggeration, but there was I actually standing in a gutter literally running with blood! I need not say that I received a shock. Later on we heard that twenty-six poor people had been injured, and two were killed on the spot; of the injured some died afterwards. I never heard whether the murderer or murderers were discovered. If it had not been for the ex-soldiers who placed themselves at the head of the procession, just a few minutes before the bomb was thrown, I should in all probability have been either killed or wounded. The criminal or criminals evidently sympathised with Passananti, and wreaked their vengeance for his capture on the loyal crowd demonstrating in the streets. After this event we returned to our children at Davos.

In the summer of 1879 a meeting of delegates, both lay and clerical, from a large number of dioceses of England and Wales, assembled in the Library of Lambeth Palace under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury. At this meeting it was determined by the delegates assembled to form an association to be called

“The Young Men’s Friendly Society,” and I became its Chairman. Its objects were to help young men both spiritually and temporally. This grew into a very large organisation, and finally united with some similar bodies under the title of the “Church of England’s Men’s Society.”

Not satisfied with all the work in which my wife was already engaged at this time, she formed in 1880 a small Committee in connection with the Kyrle Society, in order to provide musical entertainments in hospitals, workhouses, and similar institutions, in which permission could be obtained for such performances to take place.

In September 1880 we went to Braemar, and owing to the Marchioness of Ely’s kindness we visited Balmoral Castle. My wife writes :

“Balmoral comes in sight long before the bridge is reached which must be crossed before approaching the castle. It looks very imposing from the road. At the lodge we were stopped, and R. was asked his name ; then again half-way up the road a London policeman did the same thing, and then we were allowed to drive to the side entrance. Lady Ely appeared in a passage, and very kindly showed us all the living-rooms devoted to the suite, telling us that the Queen’s were just like these, above. She also showed us a drawing-room where she said they assembled before dinner, and where Her Majesty occasionally came to talk to guests ; and then, speaking in a subdued whisper, she opened another door which led into the front staircase. At the foot of this stood an excellent statue of the Prince Consort. She then took us into the front hall, where the servants were standing waiting for Her Majesty. These could not suppress a grin at us, and at my fright, I suppose, and Lady Ely’s, lest we might be seen. Altogether it was not a very dignified proceeding. We got safely

in our carriage out of the approach, without being seen by royal eyes."

Jeanie in her diary records her determination to start yet another philanthropic venture; she writes under date November 6th, 1880:

"As I was lying resting in London after my Bethnal Green evening, I determined, if health and strength are given me next year, to see if I cannot work out 'Country air for town girls and women' through the Kyrle Society. The Society has helped so much with the music, why should it not with the other scheme? My hare to be started for 1881 if life and health be preserved."

On November 11th she records:

"I had been feeling so poorly the beginning of the week that I was almost hopeless of being able to do anything, but was able, after all, not only to attend the East End Committee meeting, but also went to the first workhouse concert given by the Kyrle Society. The fruit after much sowing—the beginning of the fulfilment of what seemed like a promise to me 'wait patiently on Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's desire.' The concert was very good."

In this year, 1880, we removed from "Rivermead" to Coombe End, Kingston-on-Thames, a charming house on the late Duke of Cambridge's property, erected on high ground looking south, and close to the lovely woods which then formed the Duke's shooting-preserves. A great portion of this wood has now been felled, in order to make it into a golf-links, but there still remain sufficient trees to screen off the handsome villas which have been erected in the neighbourhood.

During the same year I read a paper at the Leicester

Church Congress on "The Church in its Relation towards the Youth of the Working Classes."

My wife at this time, with my father's consent, commenced erecting artisans' dwellings on and near the Meath Estate in Dublin.

The years 1880 and 1881 were very prolific ones in her active and philanthropic brain. Besides the above-mentioned ideas, she determined to supply the London hospitals and workhouses with pictures to be hung on their walls, with a view to distract the minds of the patient and suffering inmates from their own sorrows, and to supply them with happy and pleasant thoughts, so, whenever opportunity offered, she began to purchase oleographs for this purpose. Until Sir Andrew Clark, the famous physician, alarmed by the way in which she was exhausting her strength in these numerous philanthropies, forbade her from attending at a girls' club in Bethnal Green, she used to go there all the way from Coombe and Malden and back, and thus miss her dinner, and return quite late at night. She interested herself in Miss Con's Victoria Theatre and Coffee Music Hall Co. and helped to finance the venture. She also started and supported a Training School for Nurses in Workhouses.

It was in 1881 that she founded the Brabazon Employment Society to provide interesting occupation for those who, from age or ill-health, are forced to pass the weary hours idly in our workhouses and infirmary wards and in other institutions. This work is still being actively carried on. A year after her death, which occurred in 1918, the scheme was in active operation in 210 workhouses, 3 jails, and 2 military hospitals.

My wife did not forget her determination, as already recorded, to provide rest and country air for the wearied

and ailing, and issued in June of this year a circular letter which resulted in the Charity Organisation Society taking the matter up and in several convalescents being entertained in her own house.

During the winter she provided, through the School Board, dinners for large numbers of children.

Hoxton Churchyard was laid out in 1881 at my wife's expense as a garden, and opened to the public.

In August she felt for the first time a fluttering of the heart—"a new experience for me, but which I had often heard about." This was, as my darling says, the first warning she had that she was exhausting her strength in good works. She lived for thirty-seven years more, but never again did she enjoy the same robust health which had been her lot as a young woman, and she was more or less handicapped ever after by a weak heart from which she ultimately died. She never would give in—never ceased to work for the good of her fellow-creatures, and when warned, would only reply with a smile, "It is better to wear out than to rust out." She was a wonderful woman. Few women have done more good in their lifetime. Much that she did is unknown and always will be unknown; she loved, when a work was started, to leave its completion in other hands, for she dreaded publicity, and her modesty and shyness hindered her labours from being known to the general public. For instance, people are not generally aware that what are called Lord Roberts's Memorial Workshops were originally started and maintained by her as a private concern, until she placed them, both in London and in Dublin, in the excellent hands in which they are run on a much larger and more successful scale than they were in her time. I remember asking Lord Roberts to visit the London one and allow

it to be called after his name, both of which requests he kindly granted. Here the wounded and maimed ex-soldiers were taught to make toys and other articles, and the first teacher was Miss Jane Castleden, at that time my wife's secretary.

The Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, of which the Rev. S. Vacher was the first hon. secretary, and I the founder and chairman, was founded in this year. Jeanie also organised concerts in workhouses which were much enjoyed by the inmates.

In 1882 we left Coombe End, and took on lease Ottershaw Park, Chertsey.

In 1882 I took the chair and spoke at a monster meeting in the Albert Hall in support of the "Early Closing Movement."

My wife in 1883 wrote in her diary under the date of November 15th :

"*The Bitter Cry of Outcast London* has lately been published, and is creating a great sensation. It was lying on the table at Killruddery when we were staying there, and Reg and I had a talk about it, which ended in my determining to set aside £2,000 a year towards mission work in London. Wrote to the Bishop of Bedford about it. Reg thought that mission-halls with rooms for deaconesses or other ladies would be the best thing to lay out the money on, and we suggested this to the Bishop."

She continued this subscription annually until the Great European War broke out, when she was forced to reduce it to £1,000 a year.

At this time she acquired two houses on lease in South Crescent, Tottenham Court Road (now destroyed), which she turned into a paying Home for Business Girls. This venture, thus commenced in a small way, eventually

developed into a very successful and paying private concern under the direction of a most able manageress, Miss Lindsay, and when the leases ran out, my wife turned the business into a company, which now owns two most flourishing dwellings, called Brabazon and Hopkinson Houses, containing about 200 residents, the former in Moreton Street, and the latter in Vauxhall Bridge Road. These houses are so popular that there is always a long waiting list. The company has regularly paid a 4% dividend and 1% is placed on reserve.

The National Association for Promoting State-directed Colonisation, of which I was chairman, saw the light in 1884. In an article published in the *Nineteenth Century* in this year, I said :

“ It would be well to make it clearly understood that the National Association does not propose that H.M.’s Government should transfer the idle, the vicious, the ne’er-do-well, or the pauper from the slums of London to those of Melbourne or Toronto (as seems to be the idea of some of the opponents of State emigration), nor has it ever been proposed that any individual should be sent to the Colonies, nor is there any intention of making a money present to any emigrant to enable him to proceed to the Colonies. All that the Association desires is, that the British Government shall, in conjunction with the Colonial authorities, draw up a well-considered scheme of emigration and colonisation by means of which able-bodied and industrious men, who may not be possessed of the means necessary to enable them to emigrate, shall be provided with the means of emigrating with their families, or of colonising, under the strictest possible guarantee that the money shall be repaid with easy interest within a certain number of years.”

This scheme met with the most virulent opposition of the “ Social Democratic Federation,” which en-

deavoured to break up our public meetings, whether held in London or in the Provinces, by organised bodies of their adherents. The Federation was not slow to perceive the hindrances which a well-considered scheme of State-directed colonisation would offer to the acceptance by the people at home of its peculiar views.

“Let the poor man,” I said, “transfer his labour from Great Britain, where it is not wanted to the Greater Britain where it is imperatively demanded, and the opportunity for revolution might arrive, and find the former battalion of misery and despair so weakened by desertion, and so enervated by the Capua of prosperity, as to be unwilling to risk their lives in a hopeless struggle with the irresistible forces of social order.”

It is a pity that, when ultimately the Government of the day adopted the idea, they did not carry out the suggestions of the National Association, which had been most carefully thought out. Had they done so, I feel confident that the errors into which they fell, and which led to the abandonment of the two colonies in Canada, would not have taken place, and the scheme would have proved a great success.

On March 23rd, 1884, our son Ernest William Maitland Molyneux was born. He was killed in the Great War after being decorated by the King with the D.S.O. on the field of action.

It was in this year, 1884, that an Act was passed which constitutes the Palladium of the “Metropolitan Public Gardens Association” as far as disused burial-grounds are concerned. Contrary to general expectation, Mr. Holland, M.P., a member of the M.P.G. Association, supported by other Open Spaces Societies, obtained the passage through Parliament of a Bill which made

it illegal to erect buildings upon any disused burial-ground, except for the purpose of enlarging a church, chapel, meeting-house, or other place of worship. The Act immensely lightened the labours of the "Metropolitan Public Gardens Association," and the wonderful progress made by it since that date, in providing open spaces for the public, is largely due to this legislation.

The above-mentioned Public Gardens Association, founded by me in 1882, laid out between 1884 and 1922, 120 parks, gardens and playgrounds, covering 162 acres, at a cost of £46,140, and assisted towards the acquisition or formation of 57 parks and spaces covering an area of 2,047 acres at a cost of £12,488, making a grand total of £58,628, expended in the acquisition or formation of open spaces within the metropolitan area, in addition to the purchase of thousands of trees and seats for the enjoyment and comfort of Londoners.

After twice bringing into Parliament a Bill for the compulsory teaching of physical exercises, I eventually persuaded the Government of the day to embody the vital portions of my Bill into their compulsory curriculum for all elementary school-children. Ever since that time physical exercises have been taught in British schools.

Jeanie in 1885 founded, under the presidency of the Rev. C. J. Ridgeway, afterwards Bishop of Chichester, the Ministering Children's League. This organisation grew until its influence extended to many parts of the world, including the British Isles, France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Russia, Egypt, Canada, United States, Cape Colony, Natal, Orange Colony, Transvaal, India, West Indies, New South Wales, Queensland, Victoria, South America, Western Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, Japan, China, and the Straits Settlements.

The objects were : (1) To promote kindness, unselfishness, and the habit of usefulness amongst the young in the home. (2) To encourage members and associates to take an active interest in the needs of their own parish and district. (3) To create an earnest desire to help all who are suffering, or in want. It had only one rule : “ To try to do at least one kind deed every day, and to be loving, kind, and useful to others.”

In the first printed paper issued by my wife relative to the M.C.L., she wrote :

“ It is sad to note how many deeds of kindness remain undone, how many days and hours are wasted, and how much misery remains unalleviated, because men, women, and children have warm, generous hearts, but these hearts often become hardened, for many little ones are from their cradle trained in habits of luxury and thoughtlessness of the needs of others. Even self-denying parents have self-indulgent children, and to the former it is a sore trial to see their offspring growing into selfish men and women. The habit of usefulness in the world requires cultivation as well as any other ; it is grossly neglected, and yet surely it is calculated to be a greater blessing to those who acquire it than to those who are benefited by it. This League has been formed in the hope that, under the Providence of God, it may prove a humble instrument for the diffusion of happiness and the alleviation of misery, and that it may lead, in some small degree, to the moral improvement of the rising generation.”

The Ministering Children's League, with financial assistance from my wife, has been instrumental in erecting or in assisting to support over twenty buildings and institutions in different parts of the world. The war has been responsible for the disappearance or crippling of several of these institutions.

In 1885 we paid a visit to the United States and were welcomed by old American friends, Mr. and Mrs. George Bigelow Chase and their son. At Boston we dined with Mr. and Mrs. Brimmer, and met there Lowell, the poet, Phillips Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop, and others. Jeanie sat between Mr. Brimmer and Phillips Brooks.

She says :

“ Mr. Lowell spoke after dinner about fogs. He seems to have a real regard for England, and to like even these terrible inflictions. In a black fog he liked to walk out as in an unknown desert. When wandering about London in a yellow fog—which he calls ‘ golden ’—he managed with his poet’s eye to find something to admire. He said that in such a fog the leaves, quite late in the autumn, will look green and fresh, and, moreover, that it had a way of throwing a halo around objects which we might expect to see only in Heaven.”

Before Lady Brabazon left the States and Canada she had successfully started several branches of her Ministering Children’s League.

In March 1885 I became a member of a Mansion House Committee to enquire, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor of London (Mr. Alderman Nottage), into the causes of permanent distress in London, and the best means of remedying the same. This Committee presented their Report to the Lord Mayor in December of the same year. The Report is too long for inclusion in these “ Memories.” Briefly, the causes of distress were :

(1) The want, irregularity, and low remuneration of employment.

(2) The almost total failure or removal of certain trades, unreplaced by new ones, as well as slackness

in minor local industries and employments, and the general depression of trade in the country.

(3) Indiscriminate charity, sapping independence, and the unwise distribution of poor-law relief in the direction of too much laxity or rigidity.

(4) High rents.

(5) Immigration into London, and the natural increase of population.

(6) The character of the people.

The Committee recommended the following remedies :

(1) Industrial schools and emigration for children.

(2) Better organisation at the Docks.

(3) Better administration of money received for special appeals.

(4) Organisation of an Information Bureau under Government control. (This suggestion was adopted later on by Government.)

(5) Arrangements with Colonial Governments for the reception of assisted emigrants.

(6) Assistance to be given to persons who can show—

(a) Want of employment ;

(b) That such want of employment is occasioned by exceptional conditions ;

(c) Personal contribution to be, as a general rule, the condition of assistance.

(7) The encouragement of thrift and the inculcation of a spirit of providence and self-reliance.

(8) More thorough organisation and combination of charitable agencies.

In conclusion the Committee expressed their belief that all efforts which tend to the spiritual and moral improvement of the poor will do much to diminish the distress.

Our daughter Violet, afterwards Viscountess Grimston, was born at the Royal Hotel, Kingstown, Ireland, on September 26th in this year.

At a loyalist meeting in Wicklow, I moved a resolution, which was carried :

“That being convinced of the immense advantage to all classes in this country of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland, we protest against any attempt to sever it, believing the creation of a separate Parliament in Ireland would be destructive of the best interests of the people and of the Empire at large.”

I forwarded in 1886 a couple of memorials, one to the Royal Commission on Education, and the other to the London School Board, praying these bodies to provide the children of the masses with compulsory calisthenics. As I have already shown, these efforts afterwards resulted in the adoption by the Government of a system of physical instruction in all elementary schools. At that time, however, there seemed but little chance of such training becoming compulsory.

In 1887 I published an article in the *Nineteenth Century* on “The True Reform of the House of Lords.”

The Social Democratic Federation invited me on January 7th to address their members at Phoenix Hall, Clerkenwell, on the subject of State-directed Colonisation. One of their leaders, by name Champion, was in the chair. It was a most remarkable and exciting meeting. I was accompanied on to the platform by my wife, Colonel Stewart, Mr. Frederick Young, of the Royal Colonial Institute (afterwards Sir Frederick Young), Mr. Arnold White, Mr. W. A. Coote (afterwards the distinguished secretary and organiser of

the Vigilance Movement), and others. This is how one newspaper described the meeting :

“ An extraordinary scene occurred the other night at the headquarters of the Clerkenwell Branch of the Social Democratic Federation. Lord Brabazon, whose name has been identified in Ireland with so many beneficial and practical projects to the advantage of the people, was invited to attend for the purpose of laying before the members his scheme of colonisation. The hall was crowded, there being no attempt on the part of the audience to disguise the fact that they had come determined to have a warm time with a real live lord. Lord Brabazon relied, as it in the issue proved mistakenly, upon the courtesy of his hosts. He was suffered to make his speech, in which he drew a distinction between State-aided emigration and State-aided colonisation. To the former he strongly objected, while he expressed his belief that the adoption of the latter by the Government would go a long way towards remedying the misery of starvation from which the working classes are now suffering. Lord Brabazon said that if the total of employed in these kingdoms were diminished, those who were left would find themselves in better case. This statement was received with laughter by the majority of the enlightened personages who composed the audience. He spoke later on of ‘ the glorious Empire of which we are citizens,’ and was applauded by shouts of derision. Lord Brabazon’s address was from this point frequently interrupted, and when it was concluded he was personally attacked by many present. Speeches by other persons were then made. According to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, an Irishman of a very pronounced type, who during his lordship’s address had frequently turned to his friends near him, and assured them ‘ he would let him have it,’ then broke loose, and in the wildest terms denounced Lord Brabazon as a rack-renting landlord. This worthy heaped much personal abuse upon the guest of the evening. But the

speaker was quite eclipsed by another, who, turning excitedly to Lord Brabazon, exclaimed several times, with all the emphasis of pantomime [he shook his fist quite close to my face], 'I should like to cut off your head!—I should like to cut off your head!' Some moderate socialists afterwards strove to advocate a middle course—that is to say, between the cutting-off of Lord Brabazon's head, and colonisation. But they were altogether unpopular, and were promptly shouted down. The sentiments of the remaining speakers were of a like order.

"Lord Brabazon replied, 'If they could prove to him that cutting off his head would save the starving poor, he was quite willing that it should be cut off.' The lesson of the interesting incident is too obvious to require comment of any sort."

I may add that I left the meeting confident that I had gained over the majority of those present, who recognised that, whether my arguments were right or wrong, I was genuinely striving to alleviate suffering, and to advance what I believed to be their true interest.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, the well-known Nonconformist leader and preacher, was kind enough to write me a letter, in which he said, "I congratulate you on your courage and devotion. I felt proud of you when I read of your adventure in Clerkenwell."

I was also honoured by the following letter from Cardinal Manning :

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE,
WESTMINSTER, S.W.1.
January 17th, 1887.

"MY DEAR LORD BRABAZON,

"I have been shut up for the last nine days with a heavy cold, and am much afraid that I may not be fit for the 21st. If possible, I will come to the Conference, for I feel more than ever the hopeless and helpless confusion in which we are drifting.

“ And now I have a favour to ask. I wish to bring you and Mr. Jenkinson, who has just left the Home Office, together. He is very able, with large experience, and his heart is in the condition of the people. If you are willing to meet him, would you come here some morning before one o’clock? I will then arrange with him. I know he would be most happy to come. Though he is a Home Ruler, he is a very strong Imperialist.

“ Lastly, I have been wishing to tell you how wisely and courageously you acted in going into the midst of the Socialists. They are what they are because our want of humour and sympathy has left them to fester and to mortify. And I must add, I wish all ladies had the courage of Lady Brabazon.

“ Believe me, always,

“ Very truly yours,

“ HENRY E. CARD. MANNING.”

This agitation was ultimately taken up by the Government of the day, and £10,000 were voted, which were spent, not as our Association recommended, but in accordance with the ideas of the Government, with the result that not a few incompetent and improper persons were sent out to Canada who were quite unfitted to be successful colonists, and soon left the lands allotted to them for the greater attractions of the towns, and only a small nucleus of hardworking men was left, who benefited by the absence of the unfit, and in some cases acquired and made a success of the deserted farms.

On the death of Lord Shaftesbury I was invited to become President of the “ After-care Association.”

It was in the month of January 1887 that, whilst we were living at Ardee Cottage, the Vicar, the Rev. Baron Hichens, told us about land to be sold in Ottershaw close to our house which would be suitable for the erection of M.C.L. Homes for destitute children. This

was the dream of my wife's life. So she bought it and began to build the first house. Before she died she had erected three cottages and a sanatorium for the accommodation of about sixty children.

On February 10th Jeanie left England for Mentone to meet her mother and Miss Taylor, and I rejoined her on the 15th. "So happy," she writes, "to be together; this was a week of heart's sunshine."

And now occurred an event which might well have ended our happiness on this earth, for early in the morning of February 23rd, at about ten minutes to six, I was awakened by a fearful noise, as if all the streets of Mentone were filled with thousands of artillery wagons galloping past. The ceiling of my attic (for arriving after Jeanie and her mother I could not obtain any other room) came showering down on the top of me in broken fragments; the wall against which my bed was placed visibly swayed like waves of the sea. My first idea was that there must be a boiler in the neighbouring room to mine which had burst, and that next moment the steam would force its way through the wall, and that, unless I could get into the passage, I should be scalded to death. So I took one leap out of bed and into the passage just as I was, in night-attire. The passage was of considerable length, and in the middle of it was the only staircase which led downstairs. As soon as I got into the passage, I saw that I was not the only one to jump into it straight from bed. From every door on both sides emerged, in a similar manner, scared men and women in night-garments. I heard a voice cry "Terramoto!" This was the first intimation that I had of the nature of the catastrophe which had occurred. We rushed to the central staircase, and when all were crowding down, a second severe shock took

place, which threw us all violently one against the other, and the stairs seemed on the point of being thrown with us down the well. Happily this did not happen.

The close contact of crowds of both sexes of all ages clad in only one garment each caused me to recognise the humour of the situation, and from that moment I recovered my self-possession, and determined that I would not join any longer in this mad rush for life, so I waited until the stairs were less encumbered, and then sought the bedrooms of Lady Lauderdale and of my wife. I found the door of the latter jammed by the action of the earthquake, and as she could not open it, I grew desperate, and, remembering my football days, I made a rush with my shoulder at the door and broke it open. I then told the ladies to dress, and I went up to my room again to make a more decent toilette, after which I came down, and we all went into the garden, which was then filled with these panic-stricken people of both sexes, in the lightest and most ridiculous garments. As we were fully and indeed carefully dressed, the laugh was all on our side! and now I will leave Jeanie to tell the story in her own words :

“ Before I was well awake, and whilst I was unconscious of what was happening, all Mentone was being roused with a terrible earthquake. It soon woke me up, and I felt the bed shaking under me, and it must have swayed from side to side. The shock was more felt upstairs, where the walls were rocking visibly, furniture was moved about, glass and china broken. R. burst open my door, which was jammed through the floor having sunk, and told me to get up. Before I had performed a very hasty toilette, a subterranean rumbling was heard, and another shock came, happily not a bad one. I went into mamma’s room, and found her quite quiet, but it was thought best that she should go

out. Most fortunately the weather was quite mild, and we all remained out in the garden. It was then about 6.30 a.m., and soon the sun arose, a glowing orb, out of the Mediterranean, Nature at that moment looking so calm and beautiful, and so different from the dishevelled folks who were taking refuge at the front door in the garden, and on the seashore. We were terrified to go inside the house, and no sooner had my mother gone back again about 9 a.m. when another and a bad shock came. After that we avoided going inside, and remained in the garden, where we had all our meals except dinner.

“ R. settled that it would be best for my mother to sleep in her carriage, and it was so arranged. Notwithstanding the earthquake, she went out driving. The poor coachman had his house down upon him, but he was none the worse for it. The carriage was at first left in the drive facing the sea for the night, but Dr. FitzHenry recommended its being taken to the olive-woods, which accordingly was done, and mamma and Miss Taylor slept in it. Macleod (her faithful Highland servant) lay on the ground wrapped in his plaid with the big hotel dog guarding the whole party. Close at hand were others camping out who had been driven from their houses. Reg and I slept in a little bathing-box on the shore. The bathing establishment was in great request. Some sat up all night around a light kept burning till daylight. The dinner was a melancholy meal at the hotel. They were afraid to light the gas, so we sat down in the dimly lighted room to discuss the earthquake and our food at the same time. When this dinner was over, people separated, some to sleep out of the hotel altogether, others to have their beds made up on the floor of the hall. A very agitated night the poor people had of it. There were ever so many stampedes, people rushing out into the cool night air. We were quieter in our bathing establishment, but the night was, notwithstanding, very far from restful, and I don't think there were many who were not glad

when the new morning came with its sunny brightness to cheer us up.

“The shocks continued during Thursday (24th), but they were so slight as to be scarcely noticeable. Went with R. to the Post Office, through the Rue Long, which soon afterwards was shut up as being unsafe. As it was, the street looked very deserted, and as we approached the centre of the town the place looked like a besieged city; soldiers were guarding the entrance of streets which were not safe to go down, and as they had been turned out of their barracks, they were scattered about in the open street. Some were preparing their food and in the open ‘place’ their arms were piled. It was quite near the centre of the town that the destruction was greatest.

“Miss Litchfield [Jeanie’s American friend] was living in one of the houses which suffered most. She was sleeping in a small room in a bed which had iron rods supporting mosquito-curtains. These rods, humanly speaking, saved her life, for the wall at the back of the bed came down and would have buried her, had it not been for these good iron bars which bent down beneath the weight of the bricks and stones of which the wall was composed, leaving an open space where this brave girl lay unharmed, and apparently but little frightened. We saw her in the afternoon in a friend’s house. It is wonderful to think of the miraculous escape she had undergone on the previous day. The Post Office was so injured that the building had to be deserted. Reg wanted to send off telegrams, and went into a garden belonging to one of the hotels where on long wooden tables the officials were hard at work. There were numbers of people round them, and a sentinel on duty to keep order.

“Our hotel garden was a curious sight. Numbers of people had been camping out all night, and many were packing their trunks alfresco, afraid to go within doors. Whilst we were there, there was a clash of falling buildings, probably intentional, for workmen

were on the upper storey of the hotel repairing the damage done. A committee of architects and others went round to inspect the buildings to see which were safe, and in some cases, I believe, people were not even allowed to go into their houses to take away their goods.

“Returned to the hotel very tired, having taken a circuitous course to avoid the streets which filled me with apprehension. R., who from the very beginning of our troubles had been putting me to the blush in thinking and doing for others, brought me to our hotel garden to rest, whilst he went off to the olive-wood to look for my mother and the carriage. She again took her drive. She was wonderfully little troubled by the earthquake, and was very sorry to find that R. thought she must spend another night *alfresco*. R. and I went again to the bathing establishment, where we secured a larger and much more comfortable berth than on the previous night. I had a very much more restful sleep. There were two or three small shocks of earthquake during the night, but not alarming ones.

“*Friday, 25th.*—R. had arranged with Macleod overnight that we would start the next morning, and he and the two maids went off with the luggage at seven o'clock. We were astir early, and, feeling reassured, I ventured to dress myself at my ease. Said good-bye to several friends, among others to Mrs. Best, an invalid lady who cannot move hand or foot, and who had had a part of the ceiling down upon her in the villa, now utterly condemned, where she was living. In the garden there was a rift in the ground caused by the earthquake, and she, Mrs. Best, was quite unharmed, wonderful to say. At 10.30 a.m. we started and said good-bye to the house in which we had experienced a very merciful escape. As we said farewell to the hotel, and to many who were left behind, felt it was very mean to be forsaking them, but it would have been hard to settle down again after such an experience, and whilst small shocks continued to be felt.”

Although Jeanie behaved very bravely during this trying time, and her nerves seemed quite strong, about six months afterwards she broke down, which the doctors attributed to the fearful strain on her nervous system during our stay at Mentone after the earthquake. On leaving Mentone, we spent some time at Cannes, where the earthquake had hardly been felt at all. The Prince of Wales (afterwards Edward VII) was there at the time.

Hearing bad news of my father's health, I crossed over to Ireland, followed shortly by my wife, and on May 26th, 1887, my dear father was mercifully released from his sufferings, which had been great, the more so as he had lost the power of speech and could not tell us what he wanted. He was buried in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Bray, where a handsome Celtic cross marks the grave. So departed from this life a strong, good, and true man, who was respected by all who knew him intimately, and whose example helped many weaker souls to live better lives than they otherwise would have done, including myself. I became twelfth Earl of Meath, whilst my eldest son took the courtesy title of Lord Ardee.



MARY ("JEANIE"), COUNTESS OF MEATH, WIFE OF 12TH EARL.

CHAPTER VIII

JUBILEE YEAR, PALESTINE, SOCIAL QUESTIONS, AND
“ CARMEN SYLVA ”

1887-90

My wife records that on June 9th, 1887, she and I went to Dublin to see the city property—that we spent a couple of hours in the Estate Office, where we learnt a good deal about the leases which were likely to fall in or which had actually fallen in. “ There seems,” she says, “ to be a likelihood of a good deal of spare space being available for improvements which are sorely needed, and please God that property will be improved in our time.” She kept her word, for when she died practically all the property in our immediate possession in the city of Dublin had been rebuilt or improved.

Jeanie thus describes June 21st, 1887 :

“ A remarkable day ! as it is our good Queen’s Jubilee ! Left the house at a quarter to 7 o’clock a.m. and drove across the Park. Delightful bright morning with the air deliciously fresh. Picked up some of Mrs. Goldingham’s party, and drove down to Westminster, whence the carriage had to go back for my mother. She reached Hyde Park Corner about a quarter to 8 o’clock, and such was the crowd that it took them nearly two hours to reach Hatchett’s Hotel near Dover Street, where seats had been secured. In the meantime Mrs. Goldingham and I, and all our party, had reached, without trouble, the house in Northumberland Avenue. The window was high up, with a stone balcony from whence one could have a splendid view up and down the street. Saw the procession in due time pass in all

its magnificence. There was so much to see in such a short space of time that it was hard to take in anything in particular, but I had a specially good view of the Princess of Wales, who seems a marvel in the way she possesses youth and beauty. One of the ambulance stations was just opposite where we were, and it was four or five times in requisition. One patient was carried past just as the Queen went by. When the procession was over, we made an attempt to walk to Charing Cross Station, but we turned back, fearing the crowd. Another attempt, in another direction where the carriage waited for us, was successful. We drove off to Waterloo Station, which was almost empty. They stopped a train on purpose for us at Woking, and we were in plenty of time to see the people of Ottershaw having a tea in Mr. Baker's park (where we lived for a time), and we also saw the workhouse people having a tea in their grounds."

September 3rd, 1887, was an important day for me, as I took my seat in the House of Lords for the first time on that date. Lord FitzGerald, a Law Lord, having asked me to support a resolution to pension an Irish police constable's widow and orphans, which he had moved in the House of Lords, I made my "maiden" speech there in a somewhat thin house.

On October 4th Jeanie and I went to Wolverhampton to attend the Church Congress, and to stay with the Bishop of Lichfield and Mrs. Maclagan, who had had a house lent to them for the occasion. Next day there was a discussion on Christianity and Socialism, at which my "friend" Mr. Champion spoke. It will be remembered that he was chairman of the meeting in Clerkenwell when one of his followers told me he wished he could cut my head off, an incident which I have already described in these "Memories." He was very civilly treated at the Church Congress and often applauded,

and only once did he raise a storm, when he said something which shocked the loyalty of his hearers. Champion, far from being penitent, said that he would repeat the sentence which had given offence. This, however, the audience refused to permit, and with difficulty peace was restored by some soothing words from the Bishop, who was in the chair.

Some years afterwards, when I was in Australia, Champion, who had settled there, called on me. I think he had lost favour with his more extreme followers, and their refusal to allow me to move a vote of thanks to him on the eventful occasion at Clerkenwell when I addressed them showed pretty clearly that he had lost influence over them. This was the reason, I expect, for his settlement in Australia. He never alluded to the incident when I met him, and I think, like in the case of many another violent democrat, experience had taught him wisdom.

The day after Champion's address before the Church Congress, curiously enough, I read by invitation a paper on State Colonisation. But this time Socialism did not raise its voice. As this does not profess to be a diary, it will be noticed that I pass over many days or even months without any reference to them. It will suffice, therefore, to say once for all, that my dear wife was indefatigable in her efforts to promote the interests of the numerous philanthropic societies with which she was connected, and I think I may say the same of myself.

On October 24th I addressed a meeting in Edinburgh on State-directed Colonisation. Sir William Muir and Professor Blackie were on the platform and the Lord Provost in the chair. As usual, the proceedings were enlivened by some Socialists. They made a violent

and noisy opposition to the scheme, but when a vote was taken, it was found that they were only nine in number. They tried to prevent those on the platform from voting, upon which Professor Blackie rose, drew himself up to his full height, threw his plaid over his shoulder, and slapping his chest exclaimed, "And I, am I not also a man?" He is very popular with the students at the University. Sometimes they have attempted to rag him, but almost invariably have got the worst of the encounter. On one occasion he placed a placard outside his lecture-room upon which words like the following appeared: "Professor Blackie will meet his Classes to-morrow at 3 p.m." Some wags altered the word "Classes" into "Lasses" by erasing the "C." The Professor, seeing this, scratched out the "L," thus leaving the notice to run, "Professor Blackie will meet his Asses to-morrow at 3 p.m."

On August 25th, 1887, I was officially informed that Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, had appointed me to be of her Irish Privy Council, and on the 29th I was sworn in at Dublin Castle at a meeting of the Council.

On September 5th, 1887, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and the Marchioness of Londonderry opened the two playgrounds in Dublin which my dear wife enabled me to lay out on our property, for the use and enjoyment of poor children, and which have been already mentioned in these "Memories,"—namely, at Pimlico, and New Row South.

Mr. Gladstone in this year was good enough to write me the following encouraging letter on my sending him a small volume I had published :

"MY DEAR LORD MEATH,

"Although I have not yet been able to give to the volume, which you have kindly sent me, all the

attention it deserves, I have read enough to appreciate its importance, and to draw from me a tribute of sincere admiration. Though I think you have been prompted by a higher motive than the interests of your order, yet I must say that you are serving them, as I think, in a most honourable and effectual manner. It is from great instances of persevering devotion to the welfare of the nation, and of humanity, that the hereditary Peerage has thus derived so much of the public estimation it enjoys. I hope that the on-coming generation may be enabled, well and safely, to strike the balance, which in my early days was little thought of, between the competing principles of full scope for self-reliance and of due regard to the obligations of the State towards its people. Between these large duties, and your personal obligations and relations in Ireland, you will have your hands full. I sincerely wish you all satisfaction in the discharge of your most honourable tasks, and I remain, always,

“ Sincerely yours,

“ W. E. GLADSTONE.”

16 James Street, S.W.

Early in 1888 we started on our first visit to Egypt, and after a short stay in Cairo we sailed from Port Said on board a Russian steamer crowded with Russian peasants on their way to Jerusalem. As this visit to the Holy Land was an eventful one, I shall quote from Jeanie's Diary.

“ Once on board we found ourselves in a Russian world. The deck was crowded with peasants on their way to Jerusalem. A gentleman told me some were even going to Sinai. Their dress was very curious. The men wore sheepskins or blouses, high boots, fur caps with a fringe of long hair hanging down. The women, too, were strangely attired. Some wore long coats, and big boots like men, but the generality were

dressed more like German peasants with handkerchiefs tied over their heads. One woman's feet and ankles, I noticed, were completely swathed up in flannel, and she wore straw shoes. Coming from so cold a climate as Russia, they seemed better prepared to face the cold than the heat of Palestine. It appears that these pilgrims are very devoted people; they save for years and years so that they may make the journey. I noticed that one woman had a book, evidently of a devotional character, and we saw both men and women saying their prayers. Their food is scanty; they make their own tea, which they drank dipping into it black bread. They also indulged in oranges, which in Egypt are very cheap.

"We found it difficult to make ourselves understood. Russians are generally supposed to speak many languages, but our steward and stewardess were exceptions to this rule. The former spoke bad French, with a limited vocabulary of words. The stewardess spoke a wholly unintelligible tongue. So we could not make out what they told us about cabins. At last, thanks to a Russian gentleman coming to our aid, we learned that the boat was very full, and that we must find out at the office on shore what cabin we could have. In the meanwhile a man came on board, and I guessed that he was giving instructions about accommodation. I also heard him mention the words 'Comte' and 'Comtesse,' and was not sorry to find out that he meant us, and that a good cabin had after all been duly reserved, though the boat was very crowded. Our vessel came from Odessa. We could not make out her name as it was inscribed in Russian characters. After dinner we went up on deck, and remained there till bedtime, with the stars shining above us. The Russian peasants sang very prettily in chorus. Some had good voices, and as a French gentleman said, it was '*très touchant*,' for in their case it is faith which animates them, and induces them to come on this pilgrimage.

" *March 14th.*--Feeling rather unwell, I was fearful of the voyage on to Beyrout. Moreover, we should have had to return to Jaffa at about the time of the equinoctial gales, with the possibility of not being able to land there. No harbour exists at Jaffa, the Turks having refused the offer of the *Messagerie Impériale Cie* to make one. When it is too rough to land there, passengers going south are carried off to Port Said, or if going north, taken on to Beyrout. I suggested to R. that we should make sure of our landing at Jaffa as the weather was fine. R. was very dear and kind, and said his wish was to make me happy, and so we settled to stop there.

"From the deck I had my first view of the Holy Land. Joppa lay before us with its fertile orange and lemon groves. The sandy shore stretched out in the foreground, and in the distance were the blue hills of Judæa, where the city lies where much of that Life was spent which is happily the centre of faith and hope of millions of Christians. The Russian peasants were gazing out on this land of promise; so too were 4 Catholic fathers in their long brown dresses—one, with his hand resting above his eyes, might well have formed a study for a painter. A Greek priest was amongst our number, and it was pleasant to think that although many of us differed greatly in details of faith, yet we were all united in believing in the same Saviour.

"After leaving Jaffa we drove through the valley of Sharon, where I saw comparatively few wild-flowers, but wheat was growing luxuriantly and cattle were out at pasture. Sheep and goats were feeding together, reminding me of the Bible. We saw on our way to Jerusalem an illustration of the parable of the sower, for on high stony ground where there was a lack of moisture, the corn looked yellow and withered before the grain had appeared, whilst in the fertile valley which had been watered by refreshing showers, the wheat looked promising.

"The approach to Jerusalem was very different

from what I had expected. We had had a long steep ascent to the top of a hill, and from there I thought we should have looked down on to the city. But it was not so. Our driver pointed out the top of a tower at the summit of another hill, and here, he said, Jerusalem stood. And so it did, for we had no sooner struggled up this very severe incline, than we found ourselves actually on the outskirts of Jerusalem, as the city stands far above the level of the sea. We seemed to come upon it all too suddenly.

“Outside the Jaffa Gate we were told to alight, no vehicles being allowed to go inside, the streets being too steep and narrow for carriages. Passing through the gate, we found ourselves opposite the Tower of David. This tower is now used as a fortress by Turkish soldiers. It is built on Mount Zion, and it is thought probable that it may have been actually standing at the time when our Lord lived on earth, as it is supposed not to have been thrown down at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus.

“We set off to see the Jews wailing over the walls of the Temple. These people dress in a most peculiar way which makes them easily recognisable. They wear long coats, under which a striped shirt reaching to about the ankles is visible. For headgear they wear fur caps, and on each side hang two curls or locks of hair, such as are sometimes still worn by very old-fashioned ladies. We had to pass through most narrow, unsavoury streets, until we reached the high wall which encircles Solomon’s Temple, or rather the spot where it used to stand, for the Mosque of Omar now takes its place. The Jews never go inside, but, standing by the walls, they weep and lament over their lost city. The ‘wailing’ ceremony takes place every Friday. Men, women, and children come to recite mournful chants, and to breathe sad prayers. Notwithstanding all the efforts of the Turks to keep down the Jewish population, it steadily increases in numbers.

“On our way back we saw the Mount of Olives—

happily there is no question of its identity. It is one of the few places of very sacred associations about which no doubt is raised. It is distressing to be told, after a sacred spot has been pointed out, that there is great incredulity felt as to its being really the place which it is supposed to be.

“*March 17th, 1888.*—Visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Here comes in, most especially, the difficulty to which I have alluded. It is true that the church is large, but it is next to impossible for so many things to have taken place within the limits of the ground on which it stands. Not only is our Lord thought by Romanists to have been crucified here, but here also He is said to have been laid in a new tomb, and here, it is declared, was the stone of anointment, and the place where He afterwards appeared to Mary. The best thing to think about all these points of dispute is that these places, which are held to be so very sacred on account of events which may or may not have happened, become hallowed by tears and prayers of the thousands who come to worship. It was touching, on the day when we visited this church, to see the Russian pilgrims kissing the very stones on which they walked. Simple folk! their faith might be envied by many doubting souls!

“The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is beautiful, and happily, though the quarrels amongst Christians have been a scandal, yet under one roof, Greeks, Romans, Copts, Armenians, Abyssinians, all worship together—all these religious denominations having chapels here. Thousands, if not millions, have poured out fervent prayers here, and we felt it to be a sacred spot, too sacred to have one of the chattering guides at one’s elbow, disturbing, very possibly, the devotions of others, and rendering it impossible to have quiet, peaceful thoughts. Both the Latins and the Greeks were holding services whilst we were in the church. It is rather distracting when one set of worshippers are within earshot of the other.”

Here comes a gap in the diary. After a visit to the Mount of Olives on March 19th, Lady Meath was taken very seriously ill with pleurisy and fever. Nurses were unobtainable and the position was critical, or would have been if (as Lady Meath wrote afterwards)—

“ it had not been for the true charity of the members of a religious community (the Christians) who resided at Jerusalem, waiting, I believe, for the Second Coming of our Lord. This Society was founded by a Mr. Spafford, an American. Dissatisfied with the Christianity of members of all Churches, he and his wife and some other religious-minded men and women formed themselves into a big family, composed of persons of different ages, sexes, and ranks of life, and became, as it were, brothers and sisters of mercy at Jerusalem. Though they had lived together for six years, they had never had any serious difference. They call one another by their Christian names, prefixing the title of brother or sister. Marriage ties are dissolved amongst them, as fraternal love is to be the universal sentiment. They are perfectionists, and believe that ‘ Be ye perfect, as your Father is perfect,’ is an injunction which can be fulfilled. They hold religious services of their own. Their singing of hymns is said to be very impressive. The women of the community read nothing but the Bible, but the men read newspapers, and watch closely the signs of the fulfilment of prophecy. They have a curious notion that our Lord has already come again to them, and they now no longer consider it right to partake of the Holy Communion. An English clergyman is one who has joined their ranks. I believe his faith had once been greatly shaken, but it is now re-established. An Arab servant, I think, is one of the community. They hold, very rightly, that the reason why Christian work succeeds so badly lies in the imperfection of the workers. Like the early Christians they have all things in common. A curious proof of their humility is that if one of the members detects a fault in another, he

or she returns thanks for the reproof, instead of being angry, as most sinful mortals would be. We found them most remarkably united in thought, and we had opportunities of seeing many of this community. As soon as practicable Jeanie was removed from Jerusalem, and we started on our homeward journey. Our first stop was Ramleh. She writes :

"RAMLEH, *April 19th.*—I had a good, restful night, and towards midday set off again on our journey. I felt the jolting of the extremely bad road a good deal, and it was a relief to see the beautiful orange and lemon groves of Jaffa appear. We drove to the English hospital. I waited, impatiently enough, in the carriage, whilst R. went in to have a conversation with Miss Newton, who was the head of the institution, and who was very doubtful if she could let me come in, as more than one deaconess was away, and they were consequently very short-handed. She, however, consented to admit me when she heard that two little Syrian girls would look after me. Whilst I was lying outside, a native woman looked into the carriage and said something in Arabic. I was uncomfortable and restless, and not at all predisposed to appreciate her so doing, but after she had gone on I asked one of my little "nurses" what the woman had said. It turned out to be a benediction such as would have been used in the days of old. I think the words were, 'The Lord be with you! Peace be upon you!' Most sweet ones for a poor nervous patient.

"My room in the hospital was most comfortable, far more so than any which we could have obtained at the hotel. One of the deaconesses, herself a great invalid, a sister of Lord Vernon, used often to sit with me, and proved a kind and most sympathetic friend. She did not allow her extreme delicacy to deter her from holding religious instructional classes, which were doubtless the means of effecting much good. Mrs. Newton was another visitor, and she had the kindness actually to alter the arrangements she had made for her voyage back to England, on purpose to be a help to me."

And here I may perhaps be permitted to insert a somewhat amusing short story relating to Jeanie's illness whilst at Jaffa. She held a prescription given her by an English doctor, and as there was only one chemist at Jaffa, and he was a German, I took it personally to the latter, and went with him carefully through each item to ensure that no mistake should occur. He assured me that he had accurately grasped the significance of the document, and I was leaving the shop, when he called me back, and pointing to the words "Countess of Meath" at the head of the prescription, he said, "What is dis?" or some such words, and then, as a bright ray of intelligence illumined his eye, he added, "Ach! yes, I do understand. It is extract of *Meat*!" Perhaps the addition of Liebig might have added to the value of the tonic!

To continue from Jeanie's diary :

"It was evident that we ought not to delay too long before starting on the homeward journey. R. seemed seriously out of health. A sore on his foot would not heal.

"*April 24th.*—Proved a trying day. I was carried to the shore down the narrow, twisting streets of Jaffa, and a very big Arab took me in his strong arms when we reached our destination. He laid me flat down on the bottom of a boat. The waves were most alarming, but without the slightest accident we reached the vessel, which sailed next morning.

"*April 25th* brought us in safety to Port Said. We had taken our passages direct to Marseilles, but we heard, much to our surprise, that the *Khedive*, the P. & O. boat, the very one which we had originally intended to go by, was expected to arrive almost immediately at Port Said. She was such a fine vessel that R. thought it advisable to change our steamer and secure a comfortable passage home. This we did.

Happily there was a capital doctor on board who was the greatest comfort to me, and came to see me at first twice a day, and was ready at any time to attend in case of need."

And now I shall cease to quote from my darling's diary and shall say that the voyage round by Marseilles and Gibraltar to England proved a wonderful success. The pure sea breezes, excellent food, and good attendance soon restored both of us gradually to health, and, marvellous to relate, she never had, after this voyage, a recurrence of the malaria, which in the case of others sometimes lingers on for years, even after such a voyage and long residence at home.

In the early months of 1888 I edited a volume entitled *Prosperity or Pauperism*, consisting of thirty-two essays on Physical, Industrial, and Technical Training. In the preface to this volume I explained my object in publishing it. I said :

" As I believe that many of our social evils would, in great measure, be removed if an improvement were to be effected in our national system of Education by the inclusion in the Government Code of physical, technical, and industrial training, I have thought that I might perhaps in some small degree hasten this much-to-be-desired reform by republishing in a cheap and popular shape some of the more recent expressions of opinion in support of this view."

Later on also, in order to further the advance of social legislation, I approached some of the leading Parliamentary philanthropic reformers in both Houses of Parliament, and obtained the signatures of 10 Peers and of eight members of the House of Commons to the following statement, which was circulated amongst members of both Houses :

“ The consideration of social and philanthropic reforms has, in the opinion of the undersigned, not received in the past that share of interest within the walls of Parliament which should be accorded it, seeing that in the main such questions are of much more vital importance to the mass of the electors than many purely political subjects. These latter are discussed year after year for many consecutive days and nights, to the exclusion of more prosaic but often of more useful legislation, bearing reference to such non-political subjects as Pauperism, Workhouse Reform, Starvation Wages, Overpopulation, Foreign Immigration, Colonisation, Emigration, Pollution of Air and Water, Prevention of Infection, the Drink Question, Overcrowding of Dwellings, Insanitary Buildings, the Social Evil Question, Early Closing, Industrial, Technical, Commercial, and Physical Education, Public Parks and Playgrounds, Factory, Mining, and Workshop Legislation and Inspection, Small Holdings, Allotments, National Insurance, etc., etc. The undersigned believe that this unfortunate result is due in a great measure to the fact that social reformers and philanthropists within the walls of Parliament are mostly free lances, each fighting for his own hand, sometimes even in opposition to each other, without the support, discipline, and restraint which combination alone can give. They are surrounded by organised forces, and unless, by a side wind, they can enlist the support of one or more of the powerful political parties, it is seldom that they can even obtain a hearing, much less a victory. It must also be acknowledged that, owing to the above want of organisation and discipline, crude suggestions and ill-considered schemes occasionally bring the Parliamentary social reformer into disrepute. The result of this is that, to some minds, the terms ‘ philanthropist ’ and ‘ crotchett-monger ’ appear to be synonymous. Organisation would remedy these defects ; if social reformers were occasionally to meet for the purpose of discussing the questions which interest them, in order to decide which

of them were the most pressing, and which they would as a body support, Parliament would listen to them all the more readily, because it would feel that the reforms demanded represented the result of the deliberations of a body of men who had made these questions their *specialité*, and were not mere well-intentioned but perhaps frothy emanations issuing from the brain of an isolated enthusiast or fanatic. Organisation would enable social reformers to raise and maintain a debate in either or both Houses of Parliament, whenever they considered it advisable to do so, and the knowledge that a certain amount of voting power was behind the speakers would lend force to their arguments in the eyes of Parliament or of the Government of the day."

This document was signed, in addition to myself, by the Duke of Westminster, Lords Aberdeen, Kinnaird, Dorchester, Egerton of Tatton, Mount Temple, De Vesci, Monkswell, Hobhouse, and on behalf of the Commons by Sir John Lubbock, Sir Edward Birkbeck, Sir William Houldsworth, and by Messrs. James Bryce (afterwards Lord Bryce), George Dixon, Sydney Gedge, Egerton Hubbard, and Samuel Smith.

On May 17th a meeting of Peers and of members of the House of Commons was held under my presidency in Grosvenor House, by permission of the Duke of Westminster, when it was resolved "that it is expedient, in the interests of the great body of the people, that a Parliamentary Organisation be formed, irrespective of political party, to be called the Parliamentary Social Reform Committee, and that those present now form themselves into such an Organisation." Lord Thring moved that "the Earl of Meath be Chairman of the Committee, and Mr. Anstruther, Mr. Seton-Kerr, and Lord Monkswell act as Hon. Secretaries to the Association." This was carried.

The Parliamentary Social Reform Association, thus established, met regularly in Committee Rooms within the Houses of Parliament for some two or more years, and no doubt did useful work; but although its numbers reached to a total of over 200, it was found impossible to induce members to adhere to promises made in the Committee Room, when pressure was brought to bear on them in the House by their respective Party Whips, and eventually it was thought advisable to dissolve the Association. It will be seen, however, by reference to the subjects mentioned above, what enormous advances have been made in matters of social reform since those days, and who knows but that some of this advance may fairly be placed to the credit of the short-lived Parliamentary Social Reform Association?

This year (1888) I was invited by the Church Congress Committee to address a Working Men's Meeting at Manchester on the subject of "Competition." This I did on October 4th, and a few days previously I spoke by invitation at a Church Conference held at Leeds on the subject of "Socialism." At this latter meeting, while deprecating the violence and extravagances too often associated with Socialism, I maintained that there were still many reforms advocated by the Christian Socialist which Churchmen could support.

In December of this year I was offered and accepted the Presidency of the Church Army, vacant by the death of Lord Mount Temple. This position I held for a lengthened period, until I felt that advancing years needed that it should be occupied by a younger man. I was succeeded by the Right Hon. H. Pike Pease, M.P., in July 1915.

In the January number of the *Nineteenth Century* for 1889 an article appeared from my pen entitled "A

Thousand More Mouths Every Day." This was an attempt to impress on the public mind the daily increase of that avalanche of pauperism which seemed at the time to threaten the destruction of our already overcrowded islands.

"Every day," I said, "a thousand more mouths have to be fed in this country than the day before. If agriculture were flourishing, and trade increasing by leaps and bounds, as in olden days, there would be no cause for fear, but we know that the exact reverse is the case. Rural villages are diminishing in population owing to the exodus of the unemployed, who flock into the towns at the rate of some 60,000 to 70,000 a year, only to find that their position, if it was bad in the country, is still worse in the city. Agitators and Socialistic orators are doing their best to turn the misfortunes of these men and women to political account, and yet there are those who seem content to discuss pauperism in an abstract and speculative manner, as if it affected the inhabitants of some distant planet, and were not, as indeed it is, a question of life and death, not only to the State, but to Society in general."

On February 5th, 1889, a meeting of the first London County Council, just elected to take over the powers of the defunct Metropolitan Board of Works, took place, in order to choose nineteen Aldermen. To my immense astonishment I was invited by the Moderate Party to allow my name to be brought forward for election. I consented on the understanding that I should be permitted to vote according to the dictates of my conscience, and should not be tied by party bonds. This freedom of action was most kindly accorded me. In the result I was the only candidate on the Moderate list to be elected, and must therefore have received several Progressive votes, for one of their own nominees

had to give place to me. Shortly afterwards I was appointed first Chairman of the L.C.C. Open Spaces Committee.

The Marquess of Salisbury, who was then Prime Minister, honoured me in March by the following letter. I was greatly distressed to have to decline his proposal, owing to the unsatisfactory condition of my health.

March 27th, 1889.

“ MY DEAR LORD MEATH,

“ The Chief Secretary for Ireland proposes to refer to a small Committee sundry questions of prison discipline which have arisen during the discussion of the last year. I believe it is likely to consist of a member of the Prisons Board of each of the three countries—of Sir W. Wyatt, who has had great experience on the Middlesex Bench—and, if I am able to persuade you to accept the duty, yourself, as Chairman. I have ventured to address myself to you because it was essential to me to obtain someone whom the public would trust, and listen to, on questions involving considerations of humanity—and who yet was not known as a partisan. I hope, therefore, very earnestly, that I may induce you to undertake the duty—for whatever rules as to disputed questions of prison discipline may be ultimately laid down, they will only find general acceptance on both sides if they come from an authority which the country can trust. I am sensible at the same time that I am making an additional though I believe not a heavy claim on time that is already over-burdened, and trust that you will forgive me in any case for having ventured to trouble you on the subject.

“ Believe me, yours very truly,

“ SALISBURY.”

In May I moved “ That in the opinion of this House [Lords] the education Code is defective, inasmuch as it fails to provide adequate facilities for the physical

education of children attending elementary schools." On this occasion the motion was negatived.

In the same month I introduced a Bill, entitled "County Councillors (Qualification of Women)" into the Lords. Its object was to enable women to sit on County Councils. This Bill was also negatived.

As some parents place their children in institutions during the years they are a burden, and withdraw them as soon as the children can earn money, I introduced in June a Bill to regulate the adoption of children, and the guardianship of them by incorporated institutions. This was rejected by the House. Next year I brought forward a Bill for the Protection of Children. A similar Bill, introduced by the Lord Chancellor (Lord Halsbury), was referred, together with mine, to a Committee of the House, and the joint Bills ultimately issued as a three-clause Bill, two being taken from my Bill and one from the Lord Chancellor's, and this composite Bill afterwards passed Parliament in 1890 as the "Custody of Children Act."

On July 24th the Earl of Rosebery, Chairman of the London County Council, opened a new Park called "Clissold." This was the first open space to be added to those of London under my chairmanship of the Parks and Open Spaces Committee, and consequently the first acquired and laid out by the recently formed London County Council.

As Jeanie and I, in our different ways, had mutually overtaxed our strength, and as I wanted to study and report on municipally maintained public gardens and open spaces in America, with a view to the improvement of the London County Council parks and gardens and playgrounds, which were now under my control, we determined to take a short trip to the States. This

Report was presented on my return to the London County Council and was ordered to be printed and circulated amongst its members on May 21st, 1890.

On February 18th, 1890, my dear wife sustained the severe blow of losing her mother, who died at Cannes.

In this year I won a Parliamentary victory in the matter of open spaces by obtaining the second reading of a Bill I introduced called "An Act to amend the Open Spaces Acts," which eventually became law. This Act empowered trustees of open spaces held for purposes of public recreation to convey them to local authorities, and forbade the enclosure of any part of a metropolitan common without the consent of Parliament in each particular case.

A Bill for the promotion of physical education in elementary schools, which I brought into the Lords, was twice rejected in the years 1890 and 1891; and on June 10th, 1890, I was again unsuccessful when I moved the second reading of the County Councillors (Qualification of Women) Bill. Ultimately my efforts in both these causes were crowned with success.

I raised my voice on July 3rd, 1890, in protest in the Lords against the admission of foreign paupers into England, but my arguments at that time fell on deaf ears.

Not long afterwards, on July 25th, I drew attention to some remarks recently made by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, regarding complaints which had reached the Mission to Seamen that unnecessary work was systematically demanded by certain employers of seamen in transshipping cargoes on Sundays at Hong Kong and Singapore, and I elicited a promise from Lord Knutsford, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, that he would issue a circular to the Governors of all



THE CHILDREN OF THE EARL OF MEATH, WITH THEIR GRANDMOTHER,
THE COUNTESS OF LAUDERDALE.

British Colonies, deprecating Sunday labour if it could be avoided, and he gave his assurance that the Colonial Governors would do all they could to discourage it.

In September of this year the Queen of Roumania ("Carmen Sylva") visited Ireland. Some years previously we had made the acquaintance of the Queen's mother, the Dowager Princess of Wied, and had stayed with her at her place on the Rhine, Neuwied. A mutual friend, a Mrs. Davies (*née* Baroness Dungern), brought us a message stating that the Queen of Roumania contemplated visiting Ireland, and had expressed a hope that she would meet us in that country. Her Majesty was then staying at Llandudno, so I crossed the Irish Channel, and it was arranged that the Queen should be our guest whilst in Ireland.

In accepting my invitation, "Carmen Sylva" wrote me the following charming and characteristic letter :

LLANDUDNO,
September 4th, 1890.

"SIR,

"I really don't know how to thank you for all your kindness and for so much trouble you have taken for me.

"I have found a comfortable lodging, but in my present state of health, every change seems too much for me.

"But in a few days I shall perhaps be able to come over to Ireland for a short trip, and see those wonderful spots we all have dreamt about since early youth.

"I should be so happy to make your acquaintance, and to accept your offer as a guide. I am like a thirsty field before a warm rain, ready to take in every joy into the inmost soul.

"Yours most gratefully,
"ELIZABETH."

As Killruddery had been let, since my father's death, to my mother, who was in delicate health, and was therefore unable to entertain the Queen, I rented a house not far from Killruddery, on the seaside, where the Queen remained, and did me the honour of permitting me to act as her host and guide. After leaving us, "Carmen Sylva" paid a visit to the Earl of Carysfort at Glenart Castle in co. Wicklow (since burnt down in 1922), and saw as much of the beauties of that lovely country as we could manage to show her.

I believe that I was at all events temporarily successful, whether permanently or not I know not, in breaking the continuity of a most obstinate recurring malarial fever from which she was suffering. The Queen told me her fever always returned at midday for a short time. I arranged that she should be at 12 o'clock next day on the top of a high eminence looking precipitously into the Irish Channel round which I possess a private drive. Occupying her attention with the wildness and beauty of this heather-covered hill, and making her inhale deeply the pure sea-breezes, she forgot all about her fever, and when an hour afterwards we returned to Killruddery for luncheon, she had to confess that she had not suffered at all that day from her usual malady.

Her Majesty, when a spare hour could be snatched from sight-seeing, would delight us by reading her own poetical and other compositions. Amongst the Court which accompanied her was a favourite maid-of-honour, whose name afterwards became well known to the political world, Hélène Vacaresco. This young lady was reported in 1891 to be engaged to Prince Ferdinand, the heir-presumptive to the Roumanian Throne, and the engagement was said to have been encouraged by the Queen, but Roumanian public opinion did not

approve of it, and the Queen was compelled by the Government of the day to consent to her removal from the Court.

Like most of the world, we Irish believe that our own home is the hub of the universe. It may be understood, then, how amused we were to hear the Queen say one day, "Think, Hélène, think, we are in Ireland! in Ireland!" It was literally *ultima thule* to Her Majesty, beyond which there lay nothing but the Stygian blackness of eternal desolation, hovering over endless leagues of tempestuous oceans, and of uninhabited islands! The Irish relics of a civilised and ancient race, as witnessed in the museums and libraries of Dublin, greatly interested this literary, poetical, and enlightened Sovereign.

And now I shall let Jeanie describe the visit in her own words :

"I came up early from the Coppice, and went with R. to Killruddery, and then to Kingstown to receive the Queen of Roumania. The sea was blue and calm, and the vessel in which Her Majesty came had had a lovely passage. Reg had sent over to Holyhead, to meet the Queen when she embarked, a long deck-chair, and some fruit and flowers to greet her. Both came in very usefully, as she has intermittent fever. She was able thus to recline comfortably on the deck and enjoy the fresh sea-breezes, whilst the fruit refreshed her. As the vessel approached, we saw the Queen on deck—a tall figure dressed in a long blue cloak, standing amongst her Roumanian suite. We went on board, and she was kindness itself in her manner—no wonder she is so popular. There was a great crowd assembled to receive her, and as the special train moved off, she bowed continuously to the people and waved her handkerchief.

"At Bray, our carriage met her and drove her to

the house we had taken for her. An Address was presented to her on the steps of the building by the Bray Town Commissioners, and then R. introduced a number of the local leading people, including Dr. Lee the parish Catholic priest, and Mr. Irwin the Presbyterian clergyman. It is a comfort to know that it is possible for some one coming to Ireland to be welcomed by people of various political and religious opinions. R. had received a deputation at Killruddery on the previous evening in connection with the Royal visit, composed of strong Nationalists and others, all meeting in a most friendly spirit.

"The Queen was delighted when the Roumanian Hymn was played by a band outside her window, and she came forward and waved her handkerchief to the people. She asked us to dinner, which invitation we accepted. She looked much handsomer in her evening dress, which was very simple and picturesque, a long white tea-gown with becoming white fur round her neck. Her hair, which is wonderfully thick considering her constant attacks of fever, is cut short, and turning grey.

"She had a large number of people with her besides M. and Mme Vacaresco. Hélène Vacaresco, their daughter, the maid-of-honour who helps her in her literary labours, is a very lively young lady with black hair and a row of beautiful white teeth, and her sister, Mdle Milesco, another maid-of-honour, is very musical. The Queen's secretary is a M. Scheffer. Her suite seem to be on very free-and-easy terms with Her Majesty, who on her part appears most friendly and affectionate towards them.

"The Queen was tired, so not quite so talkative as usual. Her digestion is at present very much affected, probably by the fever. She only eats cold things, and very little of them—not enough, one would think, to nourish her. She seems to be always cheerful, and her charm lies a good deal in the fact that she appreciates everything so much. She is an enthusiast for scenery,

and was delighted with the view from her saloon carriage as she travelled to Bray.

"*Sept. 19th, 1890.*—At 7 a.m. there was a heavy downpour of rain, but happily the weather became better later on, and with the exception of a few showers it was a beautiful day. Between 10 and 11 o'clock the Queen started off with us to drive round Bray Head. R. had made most elaborate arrangements, which happily all answered well, for having the carriages assisted up the steepest bit of the road by men provided with ropes. The Queen was delighted with the views, and could scarcely have been more appreciative. She seemed quite to enjoy her drive, and the sea-air seemed to have a good effect on her health, as she was delighted to find that her usual attack of fever did not come on. At every gate men were in attendance, so that nothing delayed the drive except having occasionally to put on the drag or to stop to see the beautiful views.

"Killruddery looked its best as we drove on by the Windgates Lodge, and as we approached the front entrance the band of R.'s Militia Regiment played 'God save the Queen' very impressively, whilst the sergeants in full uniform lined the staircase in the outer hall. Unfortunately the Roumanian Hymn, played by the band which fêted the Queen the previous evening, was not known to the Militia one.

"Kathleen received the Queen in the hall and Lady Meath in the drawing-room. Fortunately it was one of the latter's fairly good days, and she talked away very happily with the Queen. Then came a tour of the garden before luncheon, and photographing in the Statue Gallery. It was a picturesque sight to see Lady Meath going arm-in-arm with the graceful Queen in the long white dress which she had put on to be photographed in.

"After the repast was over, we started for the station, which was crowded, and there we found the saloon carriage ready to take the Queen off to Dublin. It was attached to a special engine, and the Queen was

quite pleased to find herself next door to the engine drivers and bowed and smiled most graciously to them. She saves herself no trouble in bowing frequently, and thinks that a smile is easily given and yet pleases much. There was talk of the alleged unpopularity of our Queen in Ireland, and 'Carmen Sylva' thought ours ought to have come oftener to Ireland, but she said that it was so difficult for crowned heads always to do the right thing, and that people ought to be very lenient in their judgments upon them.

"At Dublin the Lord Mayor and his young and graceful wife met the Queen, and took her for a drive through Dublin. We went first, at her special request, to the poor parts of the town. At the Coombe Artisans' Dwellings a great number of people were assembled—very poor folks and quantities of children, and they followed the carriages, their bare feet pattering behind us for ever so long. At Christ Church Cathedral the crowd was very great too, but in the richer parts of the town there was very little notice taken of the Queen, as the visit had not been announced, and had only been decided on the previous evening. We went to Trinity College, and there the Queen was shown the celebrated Kells Book—a copy of the Gospels dating from the seventh century—with this Her Majesty seemed to be delighted. She was asked to sign her name in a Book of Visitors in the magnificent library, a very large room panelled in oak. This she did, signing, 'Elizabeth (Carmen Sylva) Queen of Roumania.' We then went to the new Museum in Kildare Street, which we saw opened recently, and then ended our day by tea at the Mansion House. We saw the beautiful circular room used for the Lord Mayor's entertainments. There was a portly grey-haired servant who told us he had been forty-seven years at the Mansion House, and he had seen about forty Lord Mayors.

"On the return to Bray, Her Majesty asked us to stay to dinner, which invitation I was afraid of accepting, as I thought she would be tired after her long day,

but she insisted, and her day indeed was by no means over. A great crowd was outside the door when we arrived, and the Queen came forward several times to bow and wave her handkerchief. In the meantime showers of rain came on, and the gentlemen who managed the Bray festivities came to say that the fireworks might be spoilt if they did not take place, and so the Queen very good-naturedly said that they might take place immediately, as dinners were things that could wait. In the meantime Her Majesty had taken off her morning dress and had put on a white flowing one trimmed with lace and gold. She looked most graceful in it, and she stood at the bow-window of her room which she had lit up, so that the people might see her during the whole time that the illumination took place. When 'Cead mille failthe' was brought out in illuminated letters, there was immense cheering, the Queen bowing and smiling. She is very ready with her smiles, and fortunately for her she has very beautiful teeth to display. At 9.30 p.m. we had our dinner.

"When the Queen is with her people all seems delightfully easy. She likes them to talk in a friendly and quite informal way. Mdlle Hélène Vacaresco in particular seems rather a spoilt child, and is allowed apparently to say pert things. For instance, we heard that when the King displeases her, she tells him he looks old; when he meets her wishes, he is said by her to look young! It is she who has written in French the Roumanian Folklore, which seem to have made quite a sensation amongst French literary men, and Mdlle Vacaresco's works have been *couronnés* by the Académie Française. These curious poems are sung by the peasants when they are at work, and they are very shy of reciting them, so Mdlle V. got hold of them by hiding behind corn-ricks and listening to the peasants, and by gathering the women for working parties, and listening to the girls singing.

Saturday, 20th.—We had somewhat of a rush to be

off in time, R. having to make the arrangements for the day before leaving Killruddery. I could not even see Kathleen [my sister]. The weather was bad, and it was raining heavily at the time when the Queen was to start ; however, about 11.30 a.m. it got better, and Her Majesty went off in the barouche with me alone so that she could be well sheltered by the big hood and leather apron. At the Convalescent Home in Little Bray there was an immense crowd of ragged women and children—some no doubt come in expectation of possible gifts of money, which the Queen is rather too lavish with.

"At the Cripples' Home we had a similar concourse of people outside. The Queen seemed delighted with this home, and talked so pleasantly to the children. She heard that upstairs there was a little boy who particularly wanted to see her, and so she went into the pretty ward where he was lying. The poor little one had waited so long that he had fallen asleep, but they said that he would be dreadfully disappointed supposing he did not see the Queen, so they had to wake him up—no easy task. In the meantime she waited kneeling down beside him, and when at last he woke up there she was fondling him, as if he had been the poor little lost child whom she had had for so short a time. Her poor child died when it was only three or four years old, sixteen years ago. It seems strange that Providence should have denied her the care of children of her own, seeing that she seemed so pre-eminently fitted to have them, but perhaps her own affection might have spoilt them. At any rate she seems very devoted to children, even to those who have nothing to say to her. Her Majesty said, hearing that cots were taken in this home, that she would like to have one in this institution.

"The drive to Powerscourt was very showery, but the Queen admired the place greatly, and seemed to think that what she saw was more than she had expected, especially the approach to Powerscourt with its fine avenue of beech trees, and its magnificent views over

the surrounding country. Lady Powerscourt was in the hall to receive her with Lady Dunmore, her sister, and other people were upstairs in the great saloon. The Queen seemed very much pleased with the beautiful pictures, and it was a pity Lord Powerscourt was not there to entertain so appreciative a visitor. After luncheon, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a carriage went off with the Queen and others to the Waterfall, which we heard looked very fine after the quantity of rain which had fallen. I was surprised to hear that it was higher than Niagara.

“ On leaving Powerscourt, the Queen drove off to Charleville, and had a long talk with Lord Monck (formerly first Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada), who is getting very infirm. We then drove home by way of the Dargle (a picturesque narrow pass in the mountains with a rushing torrent below). Her Majesty was again very appreciative and assured me that she did not mind the rain. It appears that in Roumania no rain falls sometimes for three months, or even longer, and the earth cracks from excessive dryness, so no wonder that the rain, when it does come, is regarded as a godsend to the country.

“ At Bray there was again a great crowd at the station, where the special train was waiting to take the Queen to Glenart Castle. The engine drivers had asked for more evergreens to redecorate the engine. At all the stations there were, I think, people, but the train stopped very little, so that the spectators had not much opportunity of seeing the distinguished visitor. The darkness came on soon, and we could see nothing of the lovely scenery of the meeting of the Waters near the Wooden Bridge. We stopped at the private station belonging to our host, Lord Carysfort, at Glenart, and drove off in three carriages to the castle, where Lady Carysfort with a party of guests, including H.S.H. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, were waiting to receive the Queen in the outer hall. Lord Courtown and Miss Heathcote, Lady Carysfort's sister, were amongst the guests.

The Queen had made herself look regal in a long black velvet dress with diamonds.

"*Sunday, 21st.*—An unsatisfactory Sunday. It poured in torrents in the morning, so church had to be abandoned, and we talked and idled. It cleared as the day went on and the fearful storm—it had been blowing a hurricane—went down. The Queen, after luncheon, produced the Book of Poems which Mdlle Hélène Vacaresco wrote in French and began to read them out, Lady Wicklow, who was sitting close beside her, having come over from Shelton Abbey, being a very interested listener. The Queen's reading is beautiful, and her voice is most charmingly musical. It is one of her great attractions. She read first in French, and then from memory recited it in German from the translation she had made. These poems are all sad, and the Queen said that they were thought to be very ancient, and to have been written before the days when Christianity reached Roumania, for there is no mention of the hopefulness of a Heaven to come. There was a beautiful description of sleep and a terrible one descriptive of the feelings of a murderer. M. Vacaresco was watching to see the effect the poems of his daughter would make on the audience, as he is very proud of her. He told me that when the girl was thirteen they thought she could not live, so precociously clever was she held to be. These doleful prophecies of her father were not fated to be fulfilled, for Mdlle Hélène is a very lively young woman now of some twenty-eight years, small and round-about, and forming a great contrast to the Queen's tall and stately figure. After the Queen had finished reading she was shown something of the beauties of Glenart scenery, as the weather had cleared up, and we had an earlier dinner than usual, in travelling costume.

"On the previous evening the Queen had been telling R. some curious facts respecting the Empress of Austria, who has been such a beauty. The Queen knew her as a beautiful silent woman, as at Court she speaks so

very little, and consequently when the Empress suddenly announced her intention of visiting the Queen at Sinaia, her summer resort in the Carpathian Mountains, the Queen was doubtful whether she would get on with her. But great was her astonishment when she discovered that she was a woman of some intellect, who writes and thinks a good deal. She loathed her *métier* of Empress, its restrictions and artificiality. She talked about '*nos sœurs les actrices*,' meaning, I suppose, that crowned heads acted too. The Queen told her that she was inclined to envy her her beauty, which must give her so much confidence in appearing in public. The Empress replied that she was not *timide*, but the whole life seemed to bore her. Her excessive love of riding was a vent for her restlessness of spirit. In those moods, when she could not ride, she liked to go in the train, on and on and on. The Queen said that when the Empress had got over her State duties, she would in the evening tear off dress and jewels—she considered herself a dressed-up doll—she would put on her dressing-gown, and read or write up to 4 o'clock in the morning. This is a remarkable instance of the fact that wealth, the highest position, and all that the world can give, cannot satisfy. It appears that she keeps it a profound secret that she writes, and is afraid lest her writings be burnt. She has left them by will to some one whom she thinks can be trusted to take good care of them.

“ Since the time when the Queen saw her has come the dreadful sorrow of the death of her son under the most painful circumstances. M. Vacaresco told me about it. A story was trumped up that he had committed suicide, but the fact, according to M. V., is that he was murdered. He was a fine-looking young man, married to a young and pretty wife, with all, I suppose, that could be had to make him happy, except goodness. He was an immoral man, and apparently ruined the reputation of a young woman of position, and her brother determined to be avenged. He was one of the intimate

friends of the Prince, and he and another invited him to dine with the unfortunate girl. After dinner, they sent away the servants under the pretext of being able to amuse themselves better in their absence. Then the hosts struck the Prince over the head with champagne bottles and completed the murder by stabbing him. They also murdered the wretched girl. The murderers were members of the highest families, and fearing the scandal of a trial, the authorities could only exile the offenders. The Empress went for a time partly out of her mind over this terrible event, but is better now." [It is only right to say here, that there are other versions of this fearful tragedy. As is well known, the unhappy Empress was afterwards assassinated by an Italian fanatic at Geneva.]

"Dinner over, we had to leave for Bray. It was a lovely, calm, starlight night. Crowds as usual, both at the Wooden Bridge and at Bray.

"*September 22nd.*—The Queen is a marvellously early riser. She told us, when we saw her before she left the house at about 6.10 a.m., that she had already written many letters, and I saw by the papers that she had received a deputation that morning at 5.30 a.m. ! I was not ready at that hour, and only glad to be in time to start with her in her saloon railway-carriage. Our last journey in state. The Queen was very kind and said good-bye most cordially. The band of R.'s regiment had insisted on coming to play her off, and this time they knew the Roumanian Hymn and played it as the saloon carriage was drawn up beside the ship. The Queen remained standing listening to it. We watched the boat start, and waved a farewell to Her Majesty, who stood at the side, and the band played 'Come back to Erin,' and so ended our Royal experiences. The Queen has asked her mother to invite us to Neuwied."

CHAPTER IX

GERMANY, RUSSIA, AND SCANDINAVIA
1890-1

ON October 8th, 1890, we started for Germany, as we had received an invitation from the mother of the Queen of Roumania to visit her at Neuwied, but on the road Jeanie endeavoured to start branches of her M.C.L. and to pay a visit to Mme Charles de Bunsen at Mosbach, near Wiesbaden. Mme C. de Bunsen was sister of William Henry Waddington, afterwards Prime Minister in France, and for ten years French Ambassador in London. Her husband was the third son of Baron de Bunsen, well known as a savant and as having been Prussian Minister in London and Rome.

Jeanie says under date of October 11th :

“ This was a memorable day for me, for I had my first meeting in Germany. Frau von Bunsen had most kindly invited some of her friends, amongst others Princess Elizabeth of Schaumburg-Lippe, whom R. used to dance with in the days of his youth when he was studying German. He met several whom he had known in those days. We had to hurry back as some German friends of Frau von Bunsen came to luncheon, Ompleden by name. He is a great help to the Empress Frederick, and is assisting her to lay out the grounds of her new palace at Cronberg. Both Herr and Frau von Ompleden had much that was interesting to tell us of the German Royal Family. He was speaking about Bismarck's dismissal by the Emperor, and how it was certainly done too roughly, considering what his

services had been. Over the question of Socialism the Emperor and Bismarck were not of one mind, and one day the latter said, 'I am afraid, Sir, I am in your way.' 'Yes, you are,' was the blunt reply, which the Emperor meant as a dismissal; but, as Bismarck did not take it as such, the Emperor sent his aide-de-camp the same day to obtain Bismarck's resignation of the Chancellorship. Bismarck was sitting at his writing-table on which was a heavy inkstand, and from the way Bismarck clutched this, the aide-de-camp expected to have had it hurled at his head. Frau von Ompleden said the young Emperor during his grandfather's life was much spoilt by the old couple, and this made it very difficult for his own parents to control him. The Empress Frederick was one of the first to pity Bismarck; but at the same time when the great statesman was dismissed and came to her for sympathy, she said, 'Ich habe kein Einfluss über meinen Sohn, und Sie wissen wem sie es zu verdanken habe' ('I have no influence over my son, and you know well to whom I owe this')."

Jeanie was successful in her efforts to start a branch of her League at Biebrich am Rhein—her first German branch.

On October 15th a couple of hours' railroad journey brought us to Neuwied, on the Rhine, where we were most regally received, and shown by the station-master into a waiting-room evidently reserved for Royalties. We were then driven in the Princess of Wied's carriage to "Segenhaus," her summer residence on the hills overlooking Neuwied, and close to "Mon Repos," the summer palace of her son, the reigning Prince. He is, however, a mediatised Prince, for in 1848, at the time of the general revolution, the people revolted, and, although the rising was suppressed, the Neuwied territories have since been administered by Prussia. Jeanie thus describes our visit:

“ When we reached ‘ Segenhaus ’ I was wondering if the lady-in-waiting would come to receive us, but we had hardly entered the hall before a tall figure in black with snow-white hair came forward and with outstretched hands welcomed us both, and we saw it was the Fürstin Mutter (the Dowager Princess) herself, who had come, followed by a young lady whom she told us was her niece. She took us into her own private room, which is full of pictures and photographs, to see the splendid view of the Rhine Valley, and then into the drawing-room, where we had tea, and stayed talking for some time. The Princess, though she is growing old, is full of life and intelligence, and it was very interesting to hear her talk about the social condition of Germany. She deplored the lack of independence, and said that people under Prussian rule were becoming too like machines. R. said he envied the discipline there was in Germany, but the Princess thought there was too much of it. After a long talk she took my arm, and herself led me up to our rooms, which I fancy are those used by the Queen of Roumania. Two bedrooms and a delightful sitting-room with a lovely view.

“ At 7 p.m. was dinner, and we were introduced to a Herr Roggenbach, a somewhat distinguished statesman, I believe, of Baden, and whose knowledge of England is wonderful—derived partly from visits to the country, but mostly by the way in which he peruses *The Times*, which is sent to him regularly. There was also a lady who, I believe, was governess to the youngest of the Princess’s nieces, a girl of fifteen. She had lived for thirty years in Ireland, and the Princess seemed to be most intimate with her. A delicate-looking girl completed the party.

“ The Princess of Wied (Fürstin Mutter) took my arm and led me in to dinner, the others followed. She asked me about the M.C.L., and after dinner I brought down papers about it. She said that she would like to help, but it appears there is considerable difficulty in doing so, as the German system is against individual

action, and the Princess was even surprised that the League had been introduced into the Biebrich School, on account of the strictness of rules and regulations. She told me that even well-to-do families were not allowed to educate the children in their own way. In one case a Swiss governess, who had been engaged by a father or mother for young daughters, did not give satisfaction to the official inspector, and the parents were told that their children must attend the public school. Again, a lady who had adopted a boy of five years was giving him instruction herself—again official interference came in the way, and the child was obliged to be sent to the public school. The Princess, on bidding us good night, said she would try and think over how she could help the League.

“*October 17th.*—Our kind hostess was as good as her word, for she told us that at 4 a.m. she began to think what could be done, and after breakfast she made us sit down in the drawing-room with Herr von Roggenbach, and told us what she had thought out as the best way to help us. But first of all came prayers in a little room. There were no servants present, only the family and Herr von Roggenbach. The Princess read out of a book a small portion of Scripture with a very short address, and then a prayer, all remaining seated. Then the youngest girl said the Lord’s Prayer very reverently, and stood up to finish with a verse of Scripture, which I think was ‘Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.’

“At our M.C.L. consultation, she told us that at 7 a.m. she had been out—she is in the habit of going out at 7 o’clock in the morning to inspect her farm—and had gone to her daughter-in-law at ‘*Mon Répos*,’ and had asked her to invite certain ladies from Neuwied with a view to their helping to start the M.C.L. in that place. Then she thought we needed the help of officials, and therefore she wrote to the wife of an official at Coblenz, who would be likely to get up a meeting. Her third plan was to write to the Grand Duchess of

Baden, who is very fond of charitable societies, and whom she thought would be likely to take the matter up, and who might also very possibly get me presented to the Kaiserin. We were of course most grateful, and pleased at the prospect of such delightful openings.

“At a quarter to 2 o'clock we started for 'Mon Repos,' in a covered waggonette—the Princess, the two young Countesses Solm-Lauback, Baron von Roggenbach, and ourselves. The reigning Princess, *née* H.R.H. Princess Marie of the Netherlands, received us at the door with her ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting, with a sweet little girl in a pretty pink frock. Our Princess had made herself look very nice with a graceful white lace fichu draped about her head and fastened by brooches to her dress, and a flowing black dress of a velvety description. The gentlemen were, by special request of the Princess, in morning dress. The ladies wore dressy high gowns with gloves and fans and jewellery. It was a large dinner party, though there were none but ourselves who did not belong to the household. The younger Princess of Wied came from Holland, and was very wealthy. There is much simplicity at 'Seggenhaus,' though the comfort of the guests is kept in mind. At 'Mon Repos' there was a good deal more state. There were four and R. thought six men in livery at the dinner, which was an excellent one. The two Princesses went in together, and the rest of the company followed. I was seated on the left of the Princess, and next Baron von Roggenbach. The little girls sat opposite with their governess. It was nice to see what childlike little ones they were. There were two young sons as well, and two tutors. After the dinner was over the company went into the drawing-room, where the four ladies invited from Neuwied to hear about the League had already arrived. After I had given an explanation of the League, they seemed very pleased with it, and anxious to assist by forming a branch at Neuwied, so that it was most encouraging.

“After the midday dinner, we had a sort of high tea

in the evening, and after it was over we had an interesting conversation with the Princess and Baron von Roggenbach. There was something said about a daughter of the Prince of Wales marrying a German, and the Baron said that, under existing circumstances, he would not recommend an English Princess to marry a native of Germany, as the position of woman is so very different at present in this country. This is a view which the Princess also took, and she said that in England she felt in a different atmosphere. It appears that in Germany woman's position is more that of the mother than of the wife. She is expected to care for the children and look after her household, but she is not, and does not claim to be, a companion to her husband. She has coffee parties with other women, and they chatter together, whilst the husbands go away to the casino and amuse themselves after their own fashion. This, of course, does not apply in all cases, but they seemed to think that there was too much of this. Even the Empress is not allowed to speak her mind about political affairs, and unpopularity would be likely to follow an English Princess who gave free expression to her ideas. The Princess of Wied seemed to think that even our good Princess Alice was not altogether popular. Herr Roggenbach told us a funny story of our Princess Royal, who, on arriving in Germany, expected her usual bath of a morning, and this very commonplace article was not forthcoming; the story went about Berlin that the Princess needed a bath. One was eventually obtained at the 'Bad-Anstalt,' and this request was thought to be very extraordinary. Herr von R. also said that the Crown Princess (our Princess Royal, afterwards Empress Frederick) had herself told him that when she and her husband arrived in Germany after their honeymoon, and slept at the Royal castle at Magdeburg, there was not even a piece of carpet in her bedroom, and she had to step on the bare floor when she got out of bed, so he did not think that this standard of

comfort would quite satisfy the tastes of an English Princess. [It is hardly necessary for me to say that since these days the standard of German comfort has completely altered.]

“Next day our kind hostess showed us several charitable institutions which she had started in Neuwied, and accompanied us personally to the station. Indeed, if we had been Royal personages, she could scarcely have paid us more attention, and so ended a most interesting visit to the mother of the Queen of Roumania.”

Before leaving Neuwied we had arranged to pay a visit to the wonderful charitable institutions established at Bielefeld in Westphalia by Pastor von Bodelschwingh, and so 10 p.m. of that day found us in the “Drei Kronen” at Bielefeld. Next day, October 17th, we called on the Pastor, but unfortunately found him away from home. Pastor Sturmelt, the second in command, gave us the most cordial of welcomes and arranged for us to be taken to the famous “Arbeiter Colonien” (Labour Colonies). We were then shown the House for Inebriates. Next morning we visited the Epileptic Colony, consisting of some seventy institutions for the care of some 1,100 invalids, and in the evening arrived in Berlin, where we called on our old friend Mrs. Davies, and on the 21st wrote our names down in the Grand Duchess of Baden’s Visitors’ Book. That same evening Jeanie received a card from the “Oberstoberhofmeisterin” to say that the Grand Duchess wished to meet her on the 22nd. In the meantime we saw much of our old Berlin friend, Mrs. Davies (*née* Baroness Dungern), who went about with us, and we had a good opportunity of seeing how wonderfully Berlin had improved since we were there as diplomats. Jeanie thus records her interview with the Grand Duchess of Baden :

“ The Grand Duchess received me most graciously ; the kindness of her manner set me at my ease at once. She made me sit down by her, and tell her all about the League, and she listened attentively, and really seemed to think it was a society likely to do good, and that it might be introduced into Germany. I remained there over an hour, and would have left sooner, but it was not etiquette for me to leave until Her Royal Highness rose. At length the Grand Duke came in and he too said kind things, and then I went my way, a shade disappointed, for nothing had been said about my seeing the Empress, and nothing very practical seemed to have resulted from the visit. As R. was, by mistake, not included in the invitation, the Grand Duchess most kindly asked us both to come on Saturday and see her again.

“ *October 24th.*—An invitation came from the British Embassy to luncheon, which we accepted, and Sir Edward Malet [the son of my old Chief, Sir Alexander] and the Secretary of Embassy received us in a most kind manner. No ladies were present. The Embassy is a new one since our time. In those days it belonged to the millionaire Strousberg. I remember going into it once on the silver wedding-day of the poor Strousbergs. Now he is dead, after becoming utterly ruined, and she is a widow and poor. A sad history ! I rested a little, and then it was time to get ready for an M.C.L. meeting at Mrs. Davies’s. I spoke in German. Kind Count Bernstorff introduced me, and opened the meeting with prayer. Countess Waldersee [an American, and wife of the Chief of the Staff, who afterwards commanded the German forces in China during the Boxer rising] was present. She is a very great lady in Berlin Society. R. said he saw the people curtsying to her as if she had been a Royal personage. She looks quite the part ; she has a slight figure and wears her hair tightly crimped. She is deeply religious, and devotes herself to helping the poor. She and her husband are much brought into contact with the Emperor and Empress, owing to his

holding the position once occupied by Moltke. Hence they are very influential people.

"October 25th.—This afternoon R. and I had an audience of the Grand Duchess of Baden (daughter of William I of Prussia, and first German Emperor). We had some time to wait, and thus had the opportunity of looking at the pictures. The windows looked out on the famous statue of Frederick the Great. Frau von Holzing, the Hofmeisterin, told us this had been the old Emperor William's palace, the father of the Grand Duchess, and that the people who were standing about outside were doing just as they did at the time when he was still alive, and when they were constantly on the look-out for him to appear at the window. This being the eve of Moltke's birthday—his ninetieth—the city was *en gala*, and therefore they again came to look at the window. The Grand Duchess was dressed in very deep mourning with a pointed crêpe bonnet and long veil hanging down behind. [Her mother, the Empress Augusta, had died on January 7th, 1890.] She was most friendly and asked me about the result of yesterday's meeting. I told her about Count Bernstorff's help, and also about that of Pastor Hülle, and she seemed pleased to hear of the good progress. She also talked to R. about open spaces, and about her cookery schools, in which she takes great interest. She told us that she would tell the Empress about the M.C.L. and that we must let her know when we came to Baden. When we parted, she kissed me and said 'auf-wiedersehn.'

"That evening there was a great 'Fackel Zug' (torchlight procession) in honour of Moltke's ninetieth birthday. Countess Waldersee had kindly invited us to her house to see the sight, which was well worth witnessing, as about 20,000 people are said to have taken part in it. The students were the most conspicuous. Some of them were most elaborately dressed for the occasion, mounted on horseback or seated in carriages drawn by four horses, but the mass of the people walked,

each individual with a torch in his hand. There was a chariot with a figure of 'Victory' in it, arranged by artists, and in another vehicle drawn by four horses was a representation of Moltke, surrounded by soldiers, and behind him stood the figure of Germania, represented by an actress, who recited verses in Moltke's honour. The real Moltke was watching the procession from a window in the same building as we were in, though not in Count Waldersee's house. Our host was not there himself, as he was away shooting with the Emperor, but Countess Waldersee and her sister Frau von Wachter, and her mother, Mrs. Lee, formed part of our party. Pastor Stöcker, whose name is known as the leader of the 'Judenhetze,' or Jew-baiting movement, was also present."

About this time Jeanie received the enclosed interesting letter from the Dowager Princess of Wied.

SEGENHAUS.

October 25th, 1890.

"DEAR LADY MEATH,

"Your so very kind letter reached me yesterday night, and I hasten to thank you for it. It is only by your own words that I now know to whom I owe a packet from Bielefeld, containing most interesting books on the establishment there, with a picture of Pastor von Bodelschwingh, and the beautiful book, the 'Best in the World.' I read it at once, and can't say how every word sank into my very heart like a balsam to my soul—like a relief, which one always feels when to our deepest thoughts the right words are given.

"I thank you with all my heart for this dear book. I'll send for many more, and propose to let others take part in the benefit of these precious words. The Bible verses, which you so kindly intend for our dear Otto Haus and Hospital, have not yet arrived—but you will allow me to express my gratitude to you even now. I am always so happy to adorn the naked walls

of these 'refuges' for the sick and poor, with pictures, and with Bible verses. Together with your letter I received the enclosed card of Theodore de Bunsen, which I hasten to forward to you. You will kindly let him know when you received your letters safely. Mrs. Davies will have delivered all my messages to you, so that I have to add nothing more except this one, that I had a telegram from the Grand Duchess, speaking of her 'warm interest' in your cause. So, I trust that your work will not be lost on Germany. Please excuse my very bad English and also my bad handwriting. It is only in the early morning, before getting up, that I find time for my letters. Remember me kindly to the Earl of Meath. May your work be blessed from above, and may you be allowed to earn peace and joy from the seed you are sowing.

"Yours with warmest sympathy,

"MARIE."

"*October 28th.*—Called on Countess Waldersee, but only saw her sister. It appears that the Grand Duchess of Baden did speak to the Empress about the M.C.L. and that we are very likely to be summoned to the palace. Visits to Royalty are curiously plentiful, considering the fact that, as a rule, I lead such a retired sort of life, as far as Society is concerned, for a servant bearing an invitation to the Empress Frederick's palace came this morning.

"Met Prince Bismarck's sister at Mrs. Palmer Davies's. She remembered me at the ball given by the poor Crown Prince (Emperor Frederick) in 1869, when I wore fancy dress.

"On our arrival at the Empress Frederick's palace we mounted the very handsome marble staircase to the large drawing-room, where two ladies in black were standing. I thought that they were, perhaps, ladies-in-waiting, but happily I recognised the Empress Frederick, before I got close up to the one who came forward. Notwithstanding all the sorrow she has gone through, she

still looks comparatively young and pretty, and her face has a sweet expression. At first she looked terribly melancholy. Seeing us evidently brought back sad memories. She told us she did not know how she had ever lived through her sorrow, and through all she was still suffering. Afterwards she cheered up a little, and made us sit down by her. In the meantime the two daughters, one of whom is the bride-elect of Prince Schaumburg-Lippe, with the rest of the party, sat down to a round game. We talked principally about philanthropic things. She is philanthropic, but in Germany these are kept in a measure separate from religion, as there are many who support humanitarianism as distinguished from religion, and she belongs to this party. She has founded a society for providing children with holidays in the country, 'Verien Colonien.' She has started also a 'Governesses' Home' and takes much interest in 'Kindergärten.' On the other hand, she disapproved of Pastor Bodelschwingh's work, because I suppose it is too religious for her taste. She approved of R.'s Open Spaces Movement, also of his endeavours to obtain the admission of women to County Councils. There was some talk about Socialism, and R. told her about Bellamy's book, *Looking Backward*, which she had not read. She called me nearly all the time 'Lady Brabazon,' and I told her I thought it was a prettier name than Meath. Her memory was extraordinarily good. She recollected Kathleen [my sister] and her fine eyes. She also recalled the incident of her bringing us strawberries when we lived at Potsdam, and how the horses' tails had whisked them over. She reminded us of the pony carriage I used to drive, and how the guard of honour at the Royal palace had turned out to salute us, thinking it was her carriage, as I was the only lady besides her who drove in those days. After about an hour's time the Empress rose and went to the tea table, where all the others were standing, and soon after that she said good-bye to us and went to her own apartments. Hers is a very pathetic history.

“ *October 29th.*—I caught cold on the previous evening going out in full dress. Fräulein Marie von Bunsen came to luncheon. She is Herr George von Bunsen’s daughter. [George von Bunsen was brother to Carl von Bunsen already mentioned, and son of the Chevalier de Bunsen, savant, and Prussian Minister in London.] She regularly studies painting and is a very sensible, nice person. She came with me to an M.C.L. meeting in Fräulein Crain’s school. A good many girls joined. R. went to hear Pastor Stöcker of *Judenhetze* fame speak, and did not come back very much impressed by him, but liked Pastor Frommel, another leading ecclesiastic.

“ *October 30th.*—I was going to have stayed in this morning, when a letter arrived from Countess Waldersee to say that the Empress [reigning consort of William II] had appointed 6.40 p.m. as the hour when she desired to see us. We had been invited to dinner by Herr and Frau von Oetzen, so we had to set off at once, and make our excuses to them. They were most kind about it. A Royal command must be obeyed, so there was no question about the matter. We told them we would try and see them directly we returned to Berlin. Fortunately, we were told how to dress. R. was to be in evening clothes, and I in a high silk dress.

“ Countess Waldersee most kindly came in person to fetch us, and took us off in her carriage to the station. About half an hour’s railway journey brought us to the ‘Wildpark’ Station, where imperial carriages were waiting for us, and in a very few minutes we were being taken up a stone staircase to the first floor, where, in an outer room, we were received by a lady and gentleman in waiting. After a few minutes, the folding doors leading to an inner room were thrown wide open, and the Empress appeared standing, a tall figure, between them. She has fair hair. Her full face is not very pretty, though she has a nice expression, a good figure, and plump, pretty hands. She told Countess Waldersee and me to sit on either side of her.

“ Tea was going on, a pleasant sight, for I was very

hungry, as it was nearly 7 p.m. I tried to eat, but found it impossible, with a biscuit in my mouth, to carry on a conversation, so I gave up the attempt to satisfy hunger. The conversation was on general subjects, and I did not, as with the Grand Duchess of Baden, have an opportunity given me of talking much about the League. In short, the carriage was actually announced before Countess Waldersee most kindly came to the rescue, and told Her Majesty that I had papers with me about it. Then she looked at the card, approved the rule, and said she would read the papers. Whether she eventually did or not I don't know, for we had to hurry off very soon afterwards so as not to miss the train, which left soon before 8 o'clock. The Empress is said to be a very religious woman, and she takes a great interest in the people. She seemed glad to hear about the Artisans' Dwellings Companies of London and Dublin, and she spoke about the cookery classes which the Grand Duchess of Baden had started. She is now trying to get the churches opened on a weekday, so that the people may have an opportunity of praying in quiet, instead of in their rooms, where they are all crowded together. It appears that in Berlin the people are very badly housed. Rents are very dear, and consequently the people can't afford to have more than one room (half Berlin is supposed to live like this), and some rooms contain two families.

"When the time for us to leave came, the Empress received an intimation from the gentleman in waiting. Then she rose, and we all three kissed her hand, and with bows and curtsies departed. I was somewhat disappointed, but after all I could scarcely have expected more, unless the Empress had had someone about her who could thoroughly have explained the M.C.L. to her. Countess Waldersee was kindness itself, and insisted on seeing that we found our way to a refreshment-room before she drove off. We afterwards went to the kind Oetzens', where we were to have dined, and I was relieved to find that they seemed to have had

some talk about the M.C.L., and that people were willing to help me.

October 31st.—Called on Herr and Frau von Schrader. They are Empress Frederick's friends and warm supporters. Frau von S. spoke with tears in her eyes of the way in which the Empress was found fault with, and she thinks that the Empress is a terribly maligned woman, full of goodness. She told us that Thomas à Kempis's book was one which the Emperor daily read, and that she had had talks with the Empress about religion.

“November 1st.—Went to see a Kindergärten. It was the Froebel Pezzalotti one at 16 Steinnetzer Strasse. Here Frau Schrader met me and showed me over the place. Upstairs was a school where young girls were trained as schoolmistresses, and below was a kitchen where upper-class girls came to get cookery lessons. It appears that Princess Victoria (the bride) was their first pupil. The Empress Frederick is a great supporter of this Institution, and her portrait and that of the Emperor held conspicuous places on the walls. It appears that some religion is taught in the school, besides mere kindness and obedience. Frau Schrader is the grand-niece of Froebel, and learnt under him.

“That evening Pastor Hülle and his wife came to dinner, and he drew up an elaborate plan for carrying out the League in Germany. Herr Schlütow, our old acquaintance, President of the great Vulcan Ship-building works at Stettin, came to see us. Poor man! he has lost his wife, and we did not know it until just before he arrived. He said on entry, ‘Ich komme allein.’ It was most pathetic. He is a delightful man, anxious to further philanthropic work, and he will try to start the M.C.L. at Stettin.” [He told me that the Emperor William II had paid a surprise visit to his shipbuilding works—had spent the whole day visiting the ships and asked him why the great mass of the ships of the world were built in England! Then he asked him whether ships built in England were better

than those built in Germany! Schlütow told him that, on the contrary, he considered more thorough work was put into the German ships, but that British shipbuilders enjoyed a prestige the Germans did not. The Emperor told Schlütow that he wanted the German Mercantile Navy to surpass the British, and asked him if there was anything he, the Emperor, could do to advance this cause. Schlütow replied that a State subsidy would assist. The Emperor promised it, and he had been as good as his word.]

“ November 5th.—We left Berlin for Dresden.”

Shortly after this I returned home, and Jeanie went with Miss Bellson, who came out from England to join her, to pay a second visit to the Princess Dowager of Wied, in consequence of having received the following most cordial invitation :

SEGENHAUS.

November 17th, 1890.

“ DEAR LADY MEATH,

“ With many thanks for your kind and so very interesting letter, and for the new pictures you so kindly will add to the already received ones for my dear hospital. I hope still to find you at Berlin. I wrote at once to Coblenz to Frau von Rathhaumer, after receiving your letter, and proposed to her to put herself in relation with you, if, as I presumed, she should wish you to stop at Coblenz on your way to Heidelberg. As I have not yet heard from Frau von Rathhaumer, I am almost sure that she has written to you an invitation, or I would be so happy if your stay at Coblenz should prove a new success, as to my very joy you have attained at Berlin.

“ Now, dear Lady Meath, if you should really once more come into my neighbourhood, may I hope to see you at Segenhaus too ? You know and must feel yourself how welcome you will always be under my humble

roof, and that if you will stay here again and again, you will only add to the many kindnesses I already experienced from you. Please remember me kindly to the Earl of Meath, and believe me,

“Yours very sincerely and gratefully,
“MARIE.

“My love to dear Mrs. Davies. Of course I would not wish to intrude upon your time if it should be occupied by all your high aims.”

This second visit was followed by one to the reigning Prince and Princess of Wied at their palace at Neuwied, who were both very kind and hospitable. The Dowager Princess communicated with the Grand Duchess of Baden, with the result that Jeanie was invited to visit her at Baden. No sooner had she arrived there than she received an invitation to dinner, and writes :

“Fortunately I had known the Grand Duchess before, otherwise it would have been somewhat alarming going to the palace alone, but they were all very kind, and the Grand Duchess particularly so. She was going on the following day to Heidelberg, but she arranged with her maid of honour, Fräulein von Gayling, to show me her ‘Louise Schüle,’ a boarding-school for girls of the upper classes, where I might meet some people who might like to hear about the M.C.L.

“*November 27th.*—On this day arrived a double invitation from the Grand Duchess, one to dinner and the other to an audience. Went to see the Grand Duchess ; she was remarkably kind, and certainly approves of the Society, though she does not think that the League will be very heartily taken up, and fears I may be disappointed. She received me in her private sitting-room with the photographs of all her relations around her. There was a lovely one, shaded by a velvet

curtain, of her lost son who died suddenly at the age of 28. I went to dinner at the Schloss, and had a nice talk about work with the Grand Duchess. She said that out of death life might come, if losses led to work. She told me that she had learnt to look upon work as a privilege. This was a lesson taught her by her mother, and now she had found it her greatest consolation. She said that her love for art could not be gratified, if her eyes failed her much more—they are terribly affected—and her taste for music could not be enjoyed since her sorrow. I suppose, although it is too trying for her to listen to music, she finds helping others a lasting joy. The Grand Duchess kissed me in saying good-bye, and told me that we must not be strangers—that she hoped I should come again and see my children—the Ministering League ones.”

Through the kind influence of the Grand Duchess, Jeanie made some influential friends within the Grand Duchy of Baden, and founded some branches of her League, and visited many institutions of a philanthropic character, either started or supported by the Duchess. Amongst other interesting people she met was Bishop Reinkens, the Old Catholic Bishop of Bonn and leader of the Old Catholic Church in Germany. She describes him as a kindly man, with a shrewd pleasant face, not handsome, with grey hair. He introduced Jeanie to a Frau von Rath, a rich and philanthropic-minded lady who he thought might be of service in pushing her League, which afterwards turned out to be the case.

The Bishop kindly wrote the following letter to my wife :

BONN.
December 5th, 1890.

“ MY DEAR COUNTESS,

“ I am much pleased, and edified, by the information you have given me regarding the ‘ Ministering Children’s League.’

“ I find that the objects and the methods by which the same can be attained are thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ, who so mildly and yet earnestly said, ‘ Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven ’ (Matt. xix. 14).

“ A child’s pious prayer and loving deed lead to Him, who, placing His hands upon such, blessed them for time and for eternity. Those then, also, who, when grown up, are constant in prayer and work for their fellow-creatures, increasing daily in grace, may be called, and are, true children of God.

“ In that I also, my dear Countess, recognise your beautiful work as pleasing to the Almighty, I willingly recommend it to all those over whom I may have influence. I pray God that your League may be richly blessed in all its branches, as a nursery of love and a refuge for innocence.

“ I am, etc.,

“ DR. JOSEPH H. REINKENS,
“ *Catholic Bishop.*”

On December 8th Jeanie returned to England.

A little before this time General Booth’s famous book, *In Darkest England*, had made its appearance, and had created a great sensation. The General, in this volume, whilst advocating the establishment of “ Labour Colonies,” appeared to be in ignorance of the fact that they had been in active operation in Germany for over eight years, under the direction of Pastor von Bodelschwingh at Bielefeld in Westphalia, and had proved a great success. In order to bring the successful work of Pastor Bodelschwingh to the knowledge of our countrymen, and as my wife and I had visited these institutions and written an account of them to the *Nineteenth Century*, the Church Army, of which I was then President, started, under Mr. Carlile’s control, an

experimental Labour Home for tramps and inebriates before the publication of *In Darkest England*, and some six months before General Booth opened his on virtually the same lines.

In the month of December my wife received the following letter from Pastor von Bodelschwingh :

(Translation)

BIELEFELD.

December 1st.

“ MY DEAR COUNTESS,

“ It is a great pleasure to me to think that your visit to us may bear blessed fruit. I will endeavour to make your ideas fruitful, by introducing them into suitable social circles and at suitable opportunities. The deepening of our existing Children’s Society through a common prayer appeals to me greatly. I have chosen the enclosed form of prayer, and have sent it to Pastor Stieglitz at Berlin. I have asked him to give expression to his opinion in regard to it, so that the matter may be pushed forward without delay. Will you kindly inform your husband, in answer to his recent letter, that the twenty-second Workmen’s Colony, namely the ‘ Friedrich Wilhemsdorf,’ is situated at Bremerhaven.

“ It was at my special request and instruction to Pastor Cronmeyer that it was established at this place. The regulations in this colony are somewhat different from those in the other twenty-one institutions. In this colony the workmen are not only given temporary work until they obtain permanent situations, but they are afforded the opportunity of acquiring a home of their own. In that neighbourhood there are vast moorlands which can be made fertile with the help of seaweed, large masses of which are annually collected from the harbour. I will send a Report of this colony to your husband. Our lately deceased Emperor Frederick, before he died, took a special interest in it, and it is called after him.

“ Please, in addition, thank your husband for sending me *Social Arrows*,¹ by Lord Brabazon.

“ May God bless your and his work, and please remember me to him.

“ With best blessings for time and for eternity,

“ Believe me, etc.

“ T. BODELSCHWINGH, *Pastor*.”

At a public meeting held at Prince's Hall under my chairmanship I gave a detailed account of the system under which Labour Colonies were carried out in Germany. I pointed out that there were then twenty-two of these colonies with no fewer than seventy buildings connected with them. At Bielefeld there was an institution for training deacons and deaconesses, capable of accommodating 500 probationers. To these devoted men and women are entrusted the management of the various colonies and hostels. I strongly advocated the establishment of many similar colonies in England, and this has been largely accomplished (1922).

I received the following letter of thanks from Herr Georg von Bunsen, already mentioned in these Memories, for my acknowledgment that Germany preceded England in the establishment of these Labour Colonies :

83 PARK STREET,
GROSVENOR SQUARE.

December 6th, 1890.

“ DEAR LORD MEATH,

“ I have just read your letter to the *Times*, and must thank you for the pleasure its tone and tendency and temper gave me. Mr. Booth's silence on our quiet but persevering labours—labours sprung from necessity and carried on in faith—had annoyed me. Now your charitable soul employs, and I am thankful to you for it, our example to support Mr. Booth's claim to a share in the support of the British public. We

¹ See *Social Arrows*, by Lord Brabazon. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

are in lodgings here for a few days previous to returning home for Christmas preparations. If it is true that you are going to address a Russian Jews' persecutions meeting on the 10th, I will try, with some of my family, to be at the Guildhall for the chance of shaking hands with you. With kind regards to Lady Meath (in which my wife would join were she indoors), I am,

"Yours sincerely,

"G. V. BUNSEN."

The conscience of England was horrified by news from Russia that its Government proposed early in 1891 to issue some extraordinarily cruel and oppressive edicts as "repressive measures" against the Jews residing in Russia. A meeting was therefore held in the Guildhall on December 10th. The *Daily News* in a leading article said :

"The Guildhall has never gathered under its roof a more thoroughly representative meeting of Englishmen than that which assembled there yesterday, to protest against the persecution of the Jews in Russia. The Lord Mayor presided ; and amongst the leading speakers were the Duke of Westminster, the Bishop of Ripon, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, Lord Meath, Sir R. Fowler, Sir Joseph Pease, and Sir John Colomb. The names of those who would have stood there if they could are enough to show that the whole public voice of England, without distinction of party, creed, or class, was raised in protestation against the ill-treatment of the Czar's Jewish subjects."

The outcome of this meeting was the appointment of Sir Joseph Pease and of myself, as delegates, to visit St. Petersburg, and request an audience of the Czar on the subject. In bringing the matter before the House of Lords, I asked H.M.'s Government whether

it was true that an edict had been issued in Russia forbidding Jews to hold or farm land ; and if so, whether H.M.'s Government would take steps to prevent a wholesale invasion of Great Britain by Jewish Russian paupers ? I remarked that if the statement were true, the edict would affect about 1,000,000 people, who would be reduced to the condition of paupers, and who would be obliged to leave the country. In reply, Lord Salisbury stated that the Government had received no information on the subject, and in the absence of information he declined to discuss it.

In accordance with the Resolution passed at the Guildhall, a politely worded Protest was drawn up, and engrossed on vellum, assuming that the Czar was ignorant of the action of his Government, and expressing a respectful hope that he would interfere in the matter. Immediate steps to obtain a personal interview with the Czar were taken by Sir Joseph Pease and myself. These, however, were temporarily arrested by an urgent request from the Foreign Office that we would renounce our intention of visiting St. Petersburg, as any such action would be resented by the Russian Government. We replied that although it was far from our desire to embarrass H.M.'s Government, we felt that until released from our mission by the public meeting held at the Guildhall, we could not in honour fail to carry out our instructions. Ultimately, it was decided to send the protest to the Czar through an intermediary who was looked upon as a *persona grata* at Court and who had access to the person of his Sovereign. Whether His Majesty the Czar saw the document is doubtful ; several weeks afterwards it was left by the Russian Ambassador in London with the porter at the Foreign Office, without comment. But although it was treated

in this very cavalier manner, it was not without effect, for the edict was never put into full operation, and, I believe, died very shortly a natural death, to the great relief of the threatened Jewish population of Russia.

My wife and I in this year contributed mutually twelve articles to different magazines on philanthropic and social topics.

Impressed by what she had seen at Bielefeld, she purchased a house and grounds outside Godalming called Westbrook, and established there the first Epileptic Home for Women in England, with the exception of a small institution in the north. She afterwards added a wing to the building, thus enabling 81 patients to be housed.

All these activities and especially a cold contracted in Germany caused trouble in her lungs, and she was ordered by Sir Andrew Clark to take a sea-voyage to Norway and Sweden.

In the meantime I brought before the House of Lords the question of increasing the educational value of national museums and picture galleries by the appointment of lecturers, but my motion was successfully opposed. It is pleasant to think that the National Gallery and other similar public buildings now employ such lecturers, and that, mainly through the unwearied exertions of the late Lord Sudeley, they have proved a great success (1922).

On June 18th, 1891, we started for the northern trip on board the *Chimborazo*, an Orient liner to Australia, which, being too old for such an ocean voyage, was being utilised for a pleasure-trip to the North Cape, starting from Tilbury Docks. I shall not describe the voyage along the coast of Norway, which we greatly enjoyed, visiting all the famous fiords along the deeply sea-

indented coast. Suffice it to say that on July 7th we found ourselves at midnight enjoying the full blaze of a midsummer sun, as we landed at the extreme point of the North Cape, with no inhabited land between us and the North Pole. Next day our vessel turned its prow towards the south, and we returned to civilisation. As we did this, little did we guess that within two days we should experience the terrors of a shipwreck, but so it was to be. On July 10th shortly before midday, we passed out of the Arctic Circle; but before doing so, we had visited a magnificent glacier which came down to the level of the fiord on the calm waters of which our vessel was lying. This is how Jeanie describes our adventure :

“ That evening, after we had finished dinner, the passengers were mostly on deck. The younger ladies, in light dresses and dainty shoes, had probably visions of a dance before them, for on these summer evenings the band would strike up a waltz, and before long one couple after another would be spinning round on the well-chalked boards. An attraction was in store for us, for we were fast approaching the remarkable hill of Torghåtten, which, owing to an immense natural cave in the very centre, represents the most curious spectacle of a headland with a hole through it. We had but just taken a new pilot on board, for the waters through which we were steaming were considered difficult of navigation.

“ About 8.30 p.m. when Lord Meath and I were standing almost amidships, looking at some young eagles which had been purchased that morning from the country folk, there came a sudden and awful crash, three times repeated, and then our poor vessel came to a dead stop, leaning over ominously to one side. The concussion was so great that some persons were thrown down, whilst the huge strong mast quivered

like a rod, and the funnels tore themselves loose from the iron bolts by which they were fastened to the deck. What had happened? Few could doubt, when we heard a fearful crashing noise under our feet. We had struck a rock, and we could hear and feel it tearing its way through the entrails of the ship. As soon as the rock reached the centre of the vessel, there was a dead silence; she had stopped, and she rolled over to one side in a most alarming manner. Faces were blanched with fear, and for a few minutes no one could know if our last hour had not come.

“Almost instantly we heard the calm, resounding voice of the commanding officer, ‘Stand by the boats,’ and, with amazing coolness, his orders were obeyed. The men took up their allotted posts, the engineer whose business it was to attend to the steam launch lit the fire, stewards rushed off to fetch water and necessary provision in addition to tents and blankets and everything required for a long sojourn ashore; indeed, had it not been for the unusual activity of the men, the position of the vessel, and for the fact that the passengers were putting on lifebelts, there would have been little to show that danger was, or had been, imminent. Doubtless it was owing to the marvellous coolness of the sailors that we landsmen and women were comparatively little agitated. No screams were heard and no lady fainted. (It must be recalled that we were all first-class passengers—perhaps it might have been different had it been an emigrant ship.) The whole scene was calculated to make one think that British pluck is not extinct. As for my own feelings, I can only surmise, that if I had been alone I might have proved an arrant coward, but when my hands were firmly grasped by one whom for long years I had learned to trust, and I listened to his reassurances, I took courage. [Our maid Lyons showed great coolness in insisting on going twice down into the cabin to bring on deck a bag containing Jeanie’s diamonds and other articles which she had brought with

her, as we had been invited by the Queen of Sweden, sister to the Dowager Princess of Wied, to visit the former when we went to Stockholm.]

“After the first five minutes were over, the chances of a fatal termination to a pleasure-cruise materially diminished. The ship was said not to be taking in much water, and the officer at one time advised the passengers to remain where they were, but eventually it was determined to land us. Ladies were to go first, but then a serious dilemma arose—wives would not be separated from their husbands. The kindness of those in command was conspicuous; this rule was relaxed, much to our relief. The fact of the vessel leaning over so much to the port side caused the descent into the boats on the starboard side to be one of some difficulty. The companion-ladder hung almost perpendicularly, which rendered it impossible to make use of the steps, and the descent called forth an amount of agility which, in calmer moments, I would have hesitated to undertake; but it is wonderful what people can do when the thought is present that danger is at hand. An awkward iron bar and ropes were in the way of descending passengers and impeded their progress, but with a courage lent by fright—please excuse the Irishism—I boldly threw myself back into the arms of one sailor to be caught in those of another, who stood up in the boat, which was dancing up and down in lively fashion by the ship’s side. At any rate, I did not allow myself to be deterred by the same fears as those of one lady, who, whilst standing on the ladder, blocking up the way of escape, stood hesitating whether she would proceed or not, fearful lest she might show too much ankle!

“At such times the tragic and the comic are curiously intermingled, and if anyone at such a moment had been in the mood for laughing, there was enough to amuse him. Putting on lifebelts, for instance, was decidedly funny. In one case a poor gentleman, whose portly figure must have measured any amount of

inches round about the waist, found it impossible to get the belt to meet round the wide expanse of waistcoat, whilst others of us found that ours showed a decided and inconvenient tendency to slip down to our heels, until we discovered that a tape had to be put round the neck of the wearer, to prevent this provision for safety becoming only a perilous appendage. A graceful young girl was tearfully clinging to her father's arms, fearing lest he should be separated from her—a pathetic scene ; but the comic element was represented by the fluffy face of a little white kitten peeping out from underneath the lady's cloak. The little creature was the plaything of us passengers with its frolics and gambols and absurd antics. I am glad to say that father, daughter, and kitten were all allowed to remain together."

It was afterwards discovered that 16 feet of keel had been torn off, and that we were only saved through the fact that, in order to ballast the ship, huge quantities of liquid cement had been poured into the hold before the vessel left home. This cement happily held and kept out the sea, until we reached Bergen and could have the damage repaired. But leaving the disabled vessel did not at once remove all peril, for a new danger was discovered. The boat to which Jeanie, I, and our maid and several other passengers had been transferred was suddenly discovered to be sinking owing to a leak, and we were ordered to clamber into another boat which was in the act of being filled with a cargo of passengers. The latter were told to return on board ship—and I am proud to say not a single passenger disobeyed or even grumbled at the order, thus displaying a discipline and a heroism worthy of the greatest praise. Our boat had sunk to its gunwale and we were sitting in water. In this wretchedly wet condi-

tion we all clambered into the new boat, and my feelings can be imagined when I realised that Jeanie would have to sit for hours in wet garments—she whose lung was affected, and who had been sent on this voyage with warnings of the serious consequences which might occur should she be exposed to damp or cold. It took us some four and a half hours before we reached the shore. We were all given a blanket, and this and our lifebelts saved us from catching cold, and, marvellous to relate, dear Jeanie was not much the worse for her wetting.

When we landed, we found ourselves surrounded by a bog into which we sank, and I believe some who were dressed for dancing, both men and women, lost their pumps and shoes in this quagmire. After passing through the bog we had to mount a hill, from the top of which we saw on the other side a couple of peasants' houses. It was a curious sight to see this long procession of men and women, over 100 in number, struggling up this hill in lifebelts and with blankets thrown over their shoulders. At last the first-comers reached the cottages. It was about 2 a.m., but quite light, when we awoke the sleeping peasants, who at first were alarmed at seeing so many people, and it was not until a passenger drew on a piece of paper a very rough representation of a ship, most dramatically pierced by a rock, that they began to understand what had happened. They were then kindness itself, and lit a fire, and very soon provided us with hot milk and coffee and most excellent cakes. As we were such a large company of both sexes, and beds were of course impossible to obtain, I suggested that we should divide according to sexes, and the ladies occupy one house and the men the other. This proposition met with favour, and we were

then able to lie on the floor at our ease for the rest of the night.

At about 5 a.m. we heard the sound of our vessel's siren, and shouting, and we found that she had managed to extricate herself from the rocks and was signalling for us to come on board, which we did. Returning, we were immensely struck by the discipline which had prevailed. Breakfast was awaiting us as if nothing extraordinary had occurred, and even Jeanie's bag of jewellery, which we had left in the sinking boat, had been rescued from the sea and been placed in our cabin! I need hardly say that we did our best to demonstrate to the captain, officers, and men, and especially the stokers, our sense of obligation to them for the magnificent bravery and unselfish devotion which they showed in the face of imminent peril to their and our lives.

It took us a couple or more days to steam to Bergen, and it was during this voyage that we were really in the greatest danger, for no one could tell whether the cement in the ship's hold would stand the strain of the machinery, and hold or drop through the gap made in the keel. Happily there were few on board who knew the truth, and we arrived safely in port, where a small army of workmen was at once engaged in making a false keel to enable the ship to return to England. As this operation would take several days, some of the passengers landed at Bergen, we amongst the number, and we at once booked our passage to Christiania by a small coasting steamer.

Arrived in the capital of Norway, to our astonishment we learned that the Queen of Sweden and Norway was in residence close to Christiania. (At this time the two countries, Norway and Sweden, were united

under one crown.) As we had been invited by the Queen to visit her at Stockholm, we thought it would only be courteous to write our names in the Royal Visitors' Book, so that she might know of our arrival at Christiania. So we enquired at our hotel where Her Majesty was living. We were told, not far from the capital. Not being able to speak Norwegian, we got the landlord to telephone to the station close to the Queen's residence, and order a carriage to be ready to take us to the palace. Accordingly, one fine summer's day we set out on our expedition. In due time the train brought us to the station at which we had been told to alight. The "carriage" which the hotel porter had ordered to meet us was there awaiting our arrival, but a most queer specimen of a vehicle it was—a sort of country cart with two leather-covered benches and drawn by a strong white pony. The "coachman" was a little urchin in waistcoat and shirt-sleeves; his age was possibly nine or ten. There was but one other conveyance at the wayside station, and this a "cariole," to hold one, and probably ordered by someone else; so we had no choice, but humbly took our place on the back seat behind our diminutive driver, after having requested the station-master to tell him where to drive us.

Our knowledge of the Norwegian tongue was nil, but with the word "slot" (palace) we were familiar; therefore, when we were being taken a route which looked to us most unlike the right one we used the monosyllable "slot" with emphasis, but apparently with little satisfactory result, as the boy only laughed and drove on. However, we became more hopeful when we got on to a better road, and noticed some farm buildings, with a little summer-house close by, thinking that probably the royal residence was near at hand.

What, however, was our surprise, when our driver suddenly turned the pony sharp round and drove us straight up to one of the farm buildings, on the front steps of which two ladies were sitting. To our surprise our juvenile, coatless coachman stopped his horse exactly opposite these steps.

One of the ladies in the meantime had retired into the farmhouse. I at once took my hat off and enquired whether the remaining lady could speak English. She replied in the affirmative, and I then profusely apologised for our rudeness in thus stopping opposite a strange dwelling, and said that the apparent rude act was due to our not being able to speak Norsk to our driver, who had not understood that we desired to be driven to the palace, as we wished to write our names in the Queen of Sweden and Norway's Royal Visitors' Book, and to leave our cards on the lady-in-waiting. To our horror and dismay, the lady said she was the maid-of-honour, and that her companion who had just retired was the Queen! We were naturally overwhelmed with confusion, and still more so when, wishing to explain matters, we said that we had received an invitation to make ourselves known to the Queen as soon as we arrived; to which the maid-of-honour replied that she had never heard our names before that day. There was nothing further for us to do but, after still more profuse apologies, to drive on, whilst the maid-of-honour returned to the Queen.

Hardly had we left, when she came running out again, calling to us to stop, as the Queen wished to see us. It appeared that as great national jealousy existed between Norway and Sweden, as soon as the Royal Court transferred its residence from one country to the other, the entire personnel was changed. In Norway,

only Norwegians attended the Court ; in Sweden, only Swedes. The Queen, expecting us at Stockholm, had given instructions to her Swedish Court, and as she did not expect us at Christiania, the Norwegian Court officials had not been informed of our invitation. In Norway there is only one Royal residence, the palace in Christiania, and Her Majesty, wishing for a rest in the country, had hired a farmhouse, there being no large country gentlemen's residences in Norway. Hence the occurrence, and hence the reason for the smiles and laughter of the boy when we told him to drive us to the " slot " or palace !

After these nerve-racking experiences we were ushered, by a man who suddenly appeared in royal livery, into the small parlour of the farmhouse, and shortly afterwards the Chamberlain arrived, and then Her Majesty, who was delightfully kind, set us at our ease at once. She spoke English beautifully, sat down on the sofa and invited us to sit on either side of her. She was younger than her sister, Princess Wied, but like her was tall, with dark instead of white hair, which was so becoming to the former. She told us that she had expected us at Stockholm, and seemed interested to hear about our shipwreck, and she asked Jeanie about her Ministering League, of which probably Princess Wied or Mrs. Palmer Davies had told her. When tea was brought, the display of silver and the Royal livery made an amusing contrast to the stern simplicity of the Norwegian farmhouse.

Her Majesty most kindly suggested that we should take a drive in her carriage and see some of the scenery before returning to Christiania, so in due time a Royal carriage, drawn by two fine bay horses, and driven by a State coachman in cocked hat, came to the door, and

the humble equipage in which we arrived was dismissed ! The two made the funniest contrast I had ever seen ! The maid-of-honour, Fröcken Bull, and the Chamberlain accompanied us, and were most kind and attentive, and made themselves very pleasant, giving us information connected with the country about various matters of which we were ignorant.

Next day, after our return to Christiania, by the Queen's command a Court official, Herre Rusted, called for us in another State carriage, and accompanied us to all that was worth seeing in the Norwegian capital. It so happened that the famous writer and dramatist, Henrik Ibsen, was staying in our hotel. If it had not been for the kindness of Herre Rusted, we should not have known so famous a man was amongst our company. He was a grey-haired, stoutish individual with a round head, and plenty of hair which stood on end, and a broad forehead.

The kindness of the Queen did not cease at the frontiers of Norway, for when we continued our journey to Stockholm, we found that the Court Chamberlain, Graf Otto Cronstedt, at the Queen's request, had already called upon us at our hotel, and next morning he came again full of kind plans for our entertainment. We could not possibly have had a better escort. He was a man much interested in philanthropic work, and his position at Court rendered him a well-known personage, and doors could be opened for him which would remain closed to others. First of all he took us in one of the charming little steamers which ply up and down Lake Maler to see Drottingholm, a palace where the Royal Family reside in summer-time. It is beautifully situated ; on one side it faces the lake, on the other a park with a long avenue of trees down the centre of

it. The palace contains very handsome apartments, which we inspected, and we then returned to be entertained at luncheon at a restaurant at Mosebäcke, a district of Stockholm, which stands on a height commanding a grand view of the town. It can be reached by a lift, which goes up perpendicularly from the level below, and is connected by a wooden bridge to the top of the hill. Thus, by paying a very small sum, people are spared a long and toilsome climb.

Our repast over, we drove off to see institutions. The first was on a magnificent scale and it boasted of a very long Norwegian name. We gathered that it meant "General Refuge and Home for Children." Our next visit was to the Sophiehemmet (Sophia Home), which owes its name and origin to the Queen of Sweden. She and her Royal husband built this splendid institution, which stands in grounds of its own, overlooking the Djärgarten, which is thought to be one of the most beautiful parks belonging to any European city. This Home was designed as a training-school for nurses, but practically it is a hospital for paying patients where, for a reasonable charge, they can receive every care and attention. The sick who are thus provided for are divided into two classes. Persons in good circumstances and desirous of having a separate room were required to pay at that time seven kroner a day (a kroner was a little over one shilling in value), or four kroner if they were willing to share a room with another person. This charge was made for lodging, food, and nursing, but not, as a rule, for medical attendance or medicines. The second-class patients paid only three and a half kroner, and some only one and a half kroner, which usually included the doctor's services and drugs. Of course these payments must, since the war, have

been greatly increased, and I mention these details as we at home shall probably have to adopt some such system if our hospitals are to be kept open under the general financial strain, which, since the war, has especially impoverished the classes which in pre-war days used to support the hospitals by voluntary contributions. We ended our afternoon's drive by the inspection of a mechanical gymnastic establishment owned and conducted by a medical man. After visiting, during the following days, various other institutions, we came to the conclusion that Stockholm was one of the prettiest and nicest capitals of Europe.

CHAPTER X

NEW ZEALAND AND AUSTRALIA

1892

ON October 29th, 1891, in accordance with medical advice, Jeanie and I set out for Teneriffe, but not finding the climate all we could wish, we took passage in the next Shaw Savill boat going to Tasmania and New Zealand.

Shortly after reaching Wellington we received an invitation to accompany Mr. Ballance, the Premier, and Mr. Buckley, the Colonial Secretary, on a visit to Patea, to be present at a meeting between them and the Maori landlords and their white tenants, in order, if possible, to settle differences between the two latter in regard to land tenure—differences which had been outstanding for the last eight years. As this would entail leaving Wellington and its cold wind, and would give us a grand opportunity of seeing the country and natives under exceptionally favourable circumstances, we naturally accepted with alacrity the very kind invitation. I may also add that free passes over all the Government railways of New Zealand reached us with the compliments of the Colonial Secretary.

Before starting, however, for Patea, where the meeting with the Maori was to be held, Mr. Buckley showed us the forts and torpedo-station defending the entrance to Port Nicholson, the harbour of Wellington, and Colonel Hume, the Commandant, requested me to address his men. On this occasion I had the melancholy

duty of informing them that a telegram had that morning arrived reporting the sudden death of the Duke of Clarence. The demise of another distinguished man was also announced, namely that of Cardinal Manning, who had given me most valuable assistance on several occasions in promoting philanthropic schemes, and more especially by attending the large meeting in Hyde Park for the furtherance of the Hospital Saturday Movement already described in these Memories.

Mr. Ballance, the Head of the most Radical Ministry New Zealand had, up to that time, ever placed in power, and Mr. Buckley were both of Irish descent and represented the two distinct types of Ireland—the former the Protestant of Antrim, the latter the Catholic of Cork. Both were the sons of farmers. Both sprang from the people, and owed their positions to their own unaided exertions and abilities. Mr. Ballance, though a thorough Democrat, almost a Socialist in politics, had firm faith in the future of the British Empire, and in the possibility, whilst granting the most perfect freedom of government to the Colonies, of tightening, for purposes of mutual defence, the friendly bonds which unite them to the Motherland. Owing to the kindness of these two statesmen, we enjoyed the rare privilege of their society in travelling at their invitation in a special carriage from Palmerston to Patea, of dining with them, and of staying in the same hotel.

It is curious to recall that Mr. Ballance expressed himself in favour of the formation in London of a Council to be composed of the Agents-General of the Colonies, and of other men distinguished for their colonial knowledge or experience, whose duty it should be to advise the Secretary of the Colonies on all questions he chose to submit to them, in the same manner as the

Secretary of State for India is advised by his Council, though he is not bound to accept its decision. Were Mr. Ballance alive now (1922) he would find that the Empire is far more closely allied than he ever ventured to suggest, and that instead of his tentative suggestion of a Council in London of Agents-General, there have been in session during the months of June, July, and August 1921, the Prime Minister of Great Britain, Mr. A. Chamberlain, Mr. A. J. Balfour (afterwards Lord Balfour), Lord Curzon, Mr. W. S. Churchill, the Prime Minister of Canada and the Canadian Minister of Naval Service, the Prime Minister of Australia (an innovation since Mr. Ballance's day), the Prime Minister of New Zealand, the Prime Minister of South Africa, the South African Ministers of Defence and of Agriculture, the Secretary of State for India, and—*mirabile dictu*—a widening of his imperial idea which assuredly would never have entered into the head even of such an imperial and democratic statesman as Mr. Ballance, viz. an Indian Prince and a leading representative native of India! In the official report of this remarkable Imperial Conference it was announced that these distinguished men, representatives of the entire British Empire, had held thirty-four plenary meetings, and had met, in addition, on eleven other occasions, making forty-five separate meetings, to discuss all the important questions affecting the British Empire. The greater part of the proceedings, particularly that relating to foreign affairs and defence, was, it was stated, of a highly confidential character, comparable rather to the work of the Imperial War Cabinets of 1917 and 1918 than to the Imperial War Conferences of those years. Other parts, though not so secret in their nature, were intermingled with matter which must for the present be kept confidential.

Finally, before separating, the following resolution was passed : " That the Prime Ministers of the United Kingdom and the Dominions and the Representatives of India should aim at meeting annually or at such longer intervals as may prove feasible." The above quotation shows how much water has flowed under the Imperial bridge since Mr. Ballance's time in 1892 and the year 1922 !

In the course of our railway journey to Patea, Mr. Ballance told us some interesting stories connected with the war with the Maori, and the influence which Christianity had had upon them. Originally, the dominant idea of the Maori was to kill and eat their foes, but after their conversion they showed, even in war, the effect of the teaching they had imbibed. One chief would not allow his men to follow the old custom of cutting out the hearts of their fallen foes, and the Maori had been known to give drink to the wounded white men. The same chief, when he was forced to leave a fort which he could no longer hold as the garrison were without water, issued with his followers singing a hymn taught him by the missionaries, although he expected to be instantly killed by the British. The story of humanity on the part of the Maori was corroborated by an old soldier of the 65th Regiment who kept an hotel, and who told me that the 65th were much liked by the Maori, and that when they were about to fire, they would cry out to the 65th in broken English, " I down, icky fifth." Mr. Ballance said the Maori were very eloquent, and that the women were occasionally chiefs, and seemed to hold an especially elevated position. He had heard a Maori woman make a capital speech.

Mr. Buckley, on our telling him that we had met Mr.

Brown, the author of *Robbery under Arms*, at Government House at Hobart, said that he had once made the acquaintance of Captain Starlight, the hero of the book. The robber met him one day on the road. He was riding a splendid horse. Mr. Buckley, of course, did not know who the man was. They rode together a long way talking of various matters. Not long afterwards the former was employed as a lawyer to apply for the issue of a *habeas corpus* warrant for a man who, he was led to believe, was the noted highwayman. Mr. Buckley had the curiosity to see him in prison, and to his astonishment he saw his fellow-traveller. They mutually recognised each other. Mr. Buckley asked the man why he did not rob him when he had the opportunity. The reply was because he was a lawyer and that the highwayman had seen him in court, and knew him to be a man who he did not think would be worth more than a watch or a five-pound note. It was curious that we should have met in so short a space of time the author of, and one who had seen the principal character in, *Robbery under Arms*.

And now, perhaps, it may be of interest to describe briefly the meeting between the Maori landlords, the English tenants, and the Prime Minister and Colonial Secretary of New Zealand. At an early hour, the morning after our arrival at Patea, the Maori began to arrive in twos and threes, and later on others came on horseback and in carriages. The business of the meeting began by the Premier welcoming them to Patea, explaining the reason he had summoned them to this meeting, and inviting them to discuss freely the causes which had occasioned the differences existing for the last seven or eight years between them and the white settlers.

In response to this invitation, a tall half-caste rose and through an interpreter protested against the presence of reporters. He said that he had been deputed to speak on behalf of the Maori ; that on a previous occasion, when in the courts of justice, the Maori desired to bring their grievances to the knowledge of the public, they had not been permitted to have their speeches recorded, though he complained that the privilege had been granted to their opponents, and now he declined to speak unless authorised to do so by his compatriots. He requested, therefore, that the meeting might be adjourned for half an hour in order to give him the opportunity of consulting with his friends as to their course of action.

The Prime Minister acceded to this request, and the meeting was adjourned for the time stated. The Maori trooped out of the hall and across the street to a small enclosure surrounding a chapel, where they squatted down in a circle on the grass and listened to the speakers, who addressed them in their own language from the centre. After a discussion they marched back into the hall, and the young half-caste who had objected to the reporters, informed the meeting that his friends were willing that they should remain. He then proceeded with his interrupted speech.

He said that the Maori landlords had lately gained a victory in the Law Courts against some settlers who had apparently disputed their right in the soil, and, encouraged by this decision, he waxed eloquent in Maori language on the grievances of the natives. It appeared that the Maori had granted leases of their lands to white settlers. Several of these leases had now fallen in, and the speaker claimed that the native landlords did not wish to renew the leases, but desired

to resume possession of the land. The tenants refused to turn out of their holdings, and, moreover, several of them were in arrears of rent. He appealed to the Premier to force these men to leave, and to hand the land over to the owners.

After listening to several speeches in a similar strain, Mr. Ballance rose and said that the Government desired to do justice between landlords and tenants, natives and white men, and were anxious to put an end to the disputes which had been a cause of annoyance to both parties for so many years. He regretted the uncompromising tone assumed by the Maori, and likened the speeches to their own war-dances. He said that it would be wiser, in their own interests, to moderate their demands, and reminded them that the settlers, some of whom had laid out large sums of money on their farms, had rights in the land which neither Government nor Parliament could ignore. No Government would last a day which sanctioned the expropriation of the white tenants, and he strongly advised the Maori landlords to limit their demands to points practicable of attainment, and not to attempt the impossible. Mr. Ballance told them that he was to meet the white settlers in the afternoon, and he would like to be able to go to the conference armed with some practical scheme of arrangement likely to be acceptable to both parties. The settlers considered that, as all the improvements on their farms had been effected by themselves, they ought not, on the renewal of the leases, to be called upon to pay increased rents. Mr. Ballance, however, did not agree with them in this particular. He considered that the settlers had a right to fixity of tenure, but this very right made it incumbent on them to pay a fair rent calculated on these improve-

ments. If the Maori landlords were debarred from improving the lands themselves, it was only right that they should enjoy a pecuniary compensation. Should the Maori cease to demand the restoration of land held under the leases which had expired, he would use his influence amongst the settlers and in Parliament to obtain for the native landlords increased rent on the renewal of the leases at the rate of 5% of the rateable value calculated on the improved condition of the land. He said that if rents had not been paid punctually in the past, he could assure them that the Public Trustee (an official who had charge of the interests of the natives) would see that this did not take place again, and in proof of this he said that summonses had already been issued by the Public Trustee against several defaulting settler tenants who had withheld rent.

In the afternoon the white settlers assembled in the same hall and gave expression to their grievances. A fine set of men they were, resembling in appearance the best class of British farmers. They were headed by a gentleman with a white, flowing beard, who sat in front and whose dress and demeanour would, in England, have marked him out as the squire championing the grievances of his tenantry. He informed Mr. Ballance that deafness would prevent him from acting as spokesman, and that a younger man had been deputed to address him on behalf of the deputation. The address of the latter was somewhat halting in character, but the solid argument that large sums of money had been expended by the tenants on their farms, and that, therefore, they had a very just claim to consideration, needed no eloquence in its support.

The Prime Minister answered the deputation in a very similar strain to that in which he replied to the

last, urging moderation on both sides, and showing that, whilst the tenants had claims in consideration of the money they had expended on the land, the Maori landlords had also rights which could not in justice be ignored.

Mr. Ballance's words apparently made an impression, for he informed me before I left Patea that there was every likelihood of a satisfactory settlement being arrived at, as both parties had expressed themselves willing to accede to the compromise which he had suggested. And so by the wise and conciliatory intervention of the Prime Minister were settled differences which, but for this personal conference with both parties, might have ended in a less happy and perhaps even in a bloody manner. Who knows but that, had Mr. Ballance been Prime Minister of Great Britain instead of New Zealand, he might have settled some very similar quarrels in a part of the Empire in which I take a very personal interest, and have thus avoided much subsequent trouble.

I felt inclined to shake hands with the Maori speaker, and inform him that there were other landlords in a far-distant portion of the Empire who could sympathise with him in his trouble, and tell him, if it were any consolation, that these fellow-sufferers were in a worse position than himself. If the Maori could not resume possession of their own lands after the expiration of the leases granted to their tenants, neither could these distant landlords. The Maori had just been promised by a strong Prime Minister, supported by the democracy of his country, increased rents, calculated on the improvements effected by their tenants, and were under the care and protection of a Public Trustee, whose duty it was to relieve them, free of cost, of the disagreeable

and expensive work of collecting and enforcing the payment; but these other landlords, of whom I was speaking, possessed none of these privileges, neither, at the expiration of their tenants' leases, could they demand increased rent. I might also have added that the Maori were fortunate in not having a Land or National League to contend with, and in not having the felicity to understand the meanings of the words "boycotting" and "plan of campaign."

A few years later, when I was advocating State-aided Colonisation, I received the following letter from Mr. Ballance :

PREMIER'S OFFICE,
WELLINGTON.

October 20th, 1896.

"DEAR LORD MEATH,

"I duly received your letter of 25th June, and would have replied sooner, but that I have been in a poor state of health, and unable to attend to my correspondence. I am now regaining strength, and have had much pleasure in reading your pamphlet on 'State Colonisation.'

"As regards the question of bringing out crofters to New Zealand, I may say that at one time we had provided for so doing, and even went so far as to set aside land for their settlement; but since then, public opinion on the subject of assisted immigration in any form has undergone a complete revolution; even the proposal to bring out and assist farmers with capital found little favour with the House. The reason for this change may be found in the extensive emigration which has been going on from this colony to Australia for several years up to the beginning of the present year. People reason that, if we cannot retain our own population, there is nothing to justify the continuation of aided immigration.

"For some time New Zealand has been regaining some of her former prosperity, and occupies at present

a more favourable position in respect to labour than any of the Australian colonies, the result being that a tide of immigration has set in from Victoria and New South Wales. This influx of people is causing us some embarrassment, and is taxing to the full extent the Labour Bureau, which was established about a year and a half since to equalise the demand and supply. However, we hope to be able to find occupation for these people, as well as for those who have remained in the colony. The encouragement of farmers with capital to come out from the Mother Country is, I believe, a thoroughly sound principle, as this class would afford an increase of employment for the population, and the Agent-General has therefore been instructed to advertise in the English papers, and to enter into arrangements with the Shipping Companies, by which they will bring out this class of settler at a reduced fare without cost to the colony.

“ I send you a copy of my last Financial Statement, from which you will perceive our attitude, position, and prospects in the region of finance. We eschew borrowing as much as possible, and do not intend—at any rate for a considerable period—placing another loan on the English money market, our object being to train the people to a policy of industry and self-reliance. At present the country is thoroughly with us, and I hope we shall be able to maintain the ground we have taken up. I may say that I regret not being able to give you any assistance as regards crofter immigration, but trust that in your hands it may prove eminently successful, in relation to those colonies which are inclined to encourage it.

“ Trusting that your trip to the colony has had the effect of restoring Lady Meath to health, and with best wishes,

“ Believe me, yours very truly,

“ J. BALLANCE.

“ P.S.—I send you copy of Act to provide for the releasing native lands at Patea, passed in the late

session, arising out of meeting at which you were present. Both sides seem satisfied."

We had also the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the N.Z. Minister of Education, Mr. Reeves, who with his wife was very kind and hospitable to us, and who afterwards came to England in an official capacity.

Whilst staying at Christchurch we met the great African traveller and discoverer of Livingstone, Henry Stanley, and his wife, *née* Dorothy Tennant. He afterwards became Sir Henry Morton Stanley, G.C.B. When we made his acquaintance he was on a lecturing tour through New Zealand, and they were kind enough to ask us to take a seat in their private box in the theatre to hear him lecture. We travelled in the same railway carriage with them from Christchurch to Omaru, and had the opportunity of enjoying a very interesting conversation, in which he told us that parts of the highlands of Central Africa are quite suitable for the colonisation of white men and women, and that white children could be brought up there. He said that almost the entire surplus population of Europe could find homes there, and that there is excellent land which only needs cultivation to maintain white colonists. Wherever he went in New Zealand crowds collected at the stations, but these demonstrations were not welcome to the great traveller, and he especially detested being interviewed by reporters.

After saying good-bye to the Stanleys we went on to Dunedin—a Scottish settlement, just as Christchurch is an English one. The Scotsman who knows his Edinburgh can at once find his way about Dunedin, for many of the principal streets in both towns bear the same names, and are situated very much in the

same positions to one another. Jeanie, as usual, was indefatigable in starting branches of her League, and incidentally in making many friends, but this she did everywhere.

From Dunedin we went to Invercargill, the most southerly city in the world, as Hammerfest, in Norway, is the most northerly. It is remarkable that, unintentionally, within seven months we visited these two cities, and in each we found all the most modern conveniences of civilisation, such as electric light, trains, good hotels, excellent education, theatres, and institutions of all kinds for the amusement, comfort, and relief of mankind.

A friendly banker, whose acquaintance we had made, owned a charming residence on the bank of Lake Wakatipu, a long narrow sheet of water 112 square miles in area in the Highlands of New Zealand, and most kindly placed the house and his servants at our disposal if we chose to go there. As we were advised that the climate would suit Jeanie, we gratefully accepted, and started by train for Queenstown, the only town on the lake. We had to leave the train at Kingstown, which consisted then of about three or four wooden houses, and take the steamer to Queenstown.

On March 18th, 1892, we left New Zealand for Melbourne by way of Hobart. From there we went to Adelaide, where we visited Bishop Kennion. Whilst staying in his house, the Bishop one morning told me that he had received information that the Jewish community of Adelaide intended that day to wait on me by deputation. They came, and I was much surprised and gratified at receiving at their hands an illuminated parchment address, thanking me for the prominent part I took in protesting in London against

the iniquitous persecution of the Jews in Russia. I have already given an account in these Memories of the effort made to bring to the knowledge of the Czar the indignant protest of a mass meeting of London citizens held under the presidency of the Lord Mayor in the Guildhall.

On April 1st we visited Ballarat. This reminds me of a story told me by the Dean of that city. He said that as a young clergyman he received, on a particular Saturday, a telegram from his Bishop directing him to preach next day in a certain church some distance by rail from his home. No further explanation was given him. He obeyed, but could only with difficulty arrive in time for the service, and was unable to communicate with anyone in the place. The sermon he had already written for his proper congregation had for its text, "Without money and without price." No sooner had he given out this text, than he saw many signs amongst those present of suppressed laughter and of giggling. The further he proceeded with his sermon the more general became the merriment. Utterly at a loss to understand such irreverent conduct, and most indignant, he hurriedly ended his discourse, and as soon as he reached the vestry gave vent to his indignation at the scandalous manners of the congregation. He was then informed that the name of the parson whose place in the pulpit he had occupied was Price, and that he had disappeared with a large sum of money which had been entrusted to him, so that the people of Ballarat felt that the future Dean's sermon had been most appropriate to the occasion, as the congregation were indeed "without money and without Price !"

After a brief stay at Ballarat we went on to Mel-

bourne, and then to Geelong on the invitation of Mrs. Hitchcock and her M.C.L. branch, who had arranged a wonderful reception in Jeanie's honour. We were presented with an illuminated address.

People seemed determined to spoil us in Australia. Next day we were taken to a meeting of M.C.L. children. We were told that some 14,000 people were present, and that some had to be refused entrance owing to overcrowding. It really was a beautiful scene. There was a gallery at the end of the building and we were taken up there to see the sight. The hall was packed with people and the platform crowded with rows of "ministering children," the girls nearly all in white frocks with blue satin ribbons across their shoulders on which were inscribed the words "M.C.L. choir." The boys, who sat beside the girls, wore a similar decoration, whilst below the platform was a M.C.L. band composed of children who played charmingly.

Whilst at Sydney we were called on by a former laundry-maid at Thirlestane Castle, who had apparently done very well in the world, and had become the owner of one of the principal laundries of the city. She told us that she had been in Lord Lauderdale's service when I first came there courting Jeanie, and said that when I became engaged the latter was often not pleased with the letters she wrote me, but used to write drafts which she tore up if not satisfied with them, and then perhaps wrote another. These drafts, after being once torn in half, used to be collected out of the waste-paper basket and were brought down into the laundry, put together again, and then read out to the assembled maids for their amusement at tea-time! A nice revelation for Jeanie to hear! and a warning never to put a letter in the waste-paper basket without properly destroying it!

CHAPTER XI

HAWAII, HOME, CONCLUSION

1892-1900

WE left Sydney in the *Mariposa* on April 18th *en route* to San Francisco.

Calling at Samoa, we reached Honolulu on May 4th. The island of Hawaii was at that time under native rule, and Queen Lilioukalani (the name has the pretty signification of the Lily of Heaven) was residing there, as the Hawaiian flag waving close to the royal residence announced to us. The palace is a modern building, standing almost in the centre of the town, and enjoying little or no privacy ; the main road passes at the foot of the garden, where splendid palm trees grow, but which do little to screen the grounds from the gaze of the curious. Owing to the intervention of a friend the gates were thrown open to us by the dusky-coloured sentry, clad in white uniform and helmet. The chamberlain gave us a kind reception, and we mounted the stone steps which conducted to a lofty hall or passage leading to a corresponding entrance on the other side of the palace. Portraits of the Hawaiian sovereigns were here suspended. The chamberlain led the way to the throne-room, a large oblong apartment ; at the end of it was a dais, where stood the throne and the insignia of royalty. Over this seat was thrown the regal feather-mantle, on the backs of the chairs in the room were little feather-capes, whilst over the dais in the middle of the room was a large coverlet or mantle, also made of yellow feathers.

These mantles are most curious and very valuable. The yellow feathers are taken from a small bird called the Oo, and as the little creature possesses only, as some say, two feathers of the brilliant colour in his body, it can easily be imagined how many are required to supply the necessary number to cover the shoulders of a royal personage. The little birds are supposed to be permitted to escape when the feathers have been extracted. The royal mantle had a pattern on it in red feathers which I gathered were not as precious as the yellow ones. The capes are destined to be worn by distinguished persons on state occasions, but as these people were not present, the curious coverings had been laid out on chairs. One rested on the broad shoulders of a remarkable-looking individual. He had on a chimney-pot hat, with a gold band round it; beneath this appeared his dusky-coloured, good-natured face. He wore a dark green livery which set off the yellow cape, whilst white thread gloves covered his coloured hands.

Still more striking than the feather-mantles were the tall "kahilis," or feathered staves, some of them possibly fifteen feet high. The tallest were composed of white feathers; they extended down the staff for about half a yard, and some dozen of the latter were grouped about the throne and were destined to be borne before the Queen on state occasions. The individual in the dark green livery was very anxious that our attention should be drawn to a human bone, said to be the forearm of a princess, which, if I mistake not, formed one of the handles of the "kahilis." The chamberlain, an Englishman, did not seem to share the extreme anxiety which the dusky attendants evinced as to our seeing this curious relic of humanity. Perhaps he thought we might consider that it savoured too much

of the barbaric element ; but with a sprinkling of this were mixed great outward signs of modern civilisation.

On the passage to San Francisco we met a most interesting lady, a Mrs. Kuntren, who was born a Sinclair (Scottish). It appears that her father owned a sheep-run in New Zealand, and after his death the family decided to sell it to seek pastures new, and incidentally to see something of the world. So like the Owl and the Pussycat they went to sea—" they went to sea in a sea-green boat " ; but instead of taking honey and plenty of money wrapped up in a five-pound note, they took on board animals in pairs which might prove useful if they could find a suitable settling-place, such as a bull and a cow or two, a ram and a few ewes, a stallion and some mares, rather like old Noah in the Ark, and to follow the nursery-rhyme they literally sailed about for a year and a day until they found themselves in the harbour of Honolulu. The king was informed of their arrival, and expressed his desire to make their acquaintance, so he came on board, and being told that they wished to find some terrestrial paradise in which to settle, he told them that they might roam over the whole world, and never find any spot more suitable for settlement than his own kingdom. He said that he possessed a small island which had all the qualities they were in search of, and that if they would purchase it or become his tenants, he would place it and the entire population at their disposal.

This island was twenty-one miles long by seven broad. The family consisted of the mother, two sons, Mrs. Kuntren, who was then unmarried, and a married sister, and I think her husband. The king placed one of the sons as judge over the property with power to make his own laws. On paying a preliminary visit to

the island, the natives, who received them in a most friendly manner, hung garlands of flowers round their necks. The family accepted the king's offer, and when we met Mrs. Kuntren they had lived there for twenty-eight years. She was the only member of the family who at first was a little doubtful about the experiment, as she did not see any prospect of finding a husband in the island, but to make the story complete, and to enable it to end happily, an accommodating Swede, Mr. Kuntren by name, settled on a neighbouring island and carried her off to his home as his wife. She concluded by saying that the two houses were in sight of each other; I presume when seen through a telescope. Mrs. Kuntren told us a great deal about the natives—she said that the island upon which her family settled is the only one in which the population increases, and she accounted for this by the legislation established by her brother. Formerly, the mortality amongst babies was awful, as it still was elsewhere in the Sandwich group, entirely owing to the ignorance and carelessness of the mothers.

On May 12th, 1892, we reached San Francisco, crossed the continent, took steamer from New York, and reached Queenstown on June 22nd, 1892.

In October this year I attended and spoke at the Folkestone Church Congress.

Jeanie's pen was very busy during this time. She contributed the following articles to different magazines: "A Flying Visit to a Far-distant Land," "An Interesting Expedition in the Antipodes," "A Passing Glimpse of Copenhagen," "A Peaceful Corner of God's Beautiful Earth," "A Glimpse at Samoa," "A Visit to Honolulu," "A Fortnight in California," whilst my more moderate contributions were "Physical Education" in the

National Review, "The London County Council and Open Spaces" in the *New Review*, "The Duty of the Church towards Social Questions" in the *Illustrated Church News*, and "A Britisher's Impressions of America and Australasia" in the *Nineteenth Century*.

Struck by the popular ignorance in regard to the national flag, I endeavoured to stimulate more interest in this emblem of our imperial heritage, by offering £50 to the School Board of London for the purchase of Union Jacks, and their exhibition on or in the elementary schools of the metropolis. Now that almost every elementary school possesses a flag-staff and hoists a Union Jack on it, or at all events displays the flag on "Empire Day" in some way or another, it is curious to recall the outcry which my offer produced in some quarters. At that time indeed there was no officially recognised national flag, and it was several years before Mr. H. O. Arnold-Forster, M.P., and I could induce Parliament and Mr. Gladstone's Government to permit the Union Jack to be flown over the Houses of Parliament.

On July 19th, 1893, Mr. Arnold-Forster wrote me the following letter :

LA BELLE SAUVAGE, LUDGATE HILL,
LONDON, E.C.
July 19th, 1893.

"DEAR LORD MEATH,

"I am very glad to hear that you are going to take action about the absence of the flag from the Houses of Parliament. I enclose a copy of a question I asked upon the subject. I had some correspondence both with Shaw-Lefevre and with the Lord Chamberlain. The former stated that the reason that the Union Jack was hoisted at Windsor during the Queen's absence, and not on the Victoria Tower, was that Windsor is a military fortress. The whole set of excuses is ludicrous and absurd in the highest degree, and ought to be brushed

aside at once. As a matter of fact, on the day of the Jubilee, the Union Jack was hoisted on the Victoria Tower.

"I have not yet done any work on the book I spoke about, for I have been engaged upon a set of history books forming a series of seven, of which three have been issued, one is in the Press, and four still remain to be done. I send you copies of the books herewith.

"I shall be very glad if I can supply you with any further information respecting the Flag question.

"Believe me, yours truly,

"H. O. ARNOLD-FORSTER."

Ridicule ultimately triumphed, where argument and common sense failed. When we first brought the subject forward, we were told that we were too late, and that no alteration could be made in the Budget; next year the excuse was that the Houses of Parliament belonged to the Crown under the title of the Palace of Westminster, and that Queen Victoria's consent would be necessary before any such change could be considered. The Queen's consent was then obtained through the Earl of Ancaster, Joint Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain, as will be seen from the following letter:

DRUMMOND CASTLE, CRIEFF, N.B.

August 17th, 1893.

"DEAR MEATH,

"I have written to the First Commissioner of Works to say the Queen wishes the national flag to be flown over the Palace of Westminster, when the royal standard is not hoisted, and to request him to give directions accordingly.

"Believe me, yours truly,

"ANCASTER."

When the subject was introduced for the third time, Mr. Forster was informed by Mr. Gladstone that the

hoisting of the Union Jack and its lowering in the evening, when Parliament was in session, would necessitate the appointment of a special official, in addition to the cost of the flag, and that there were no funds to meet this expenditure.

Mr. Forster had arranged to address a mass meeting of his constituents, and when he came on the platform, he was received with vociferous cheers. When the applause ceased, with a perfectly solemn face he said that he had news to give them which he feared would damp their spirits and would not be received with cheers. A dense silence followed awaiting an explanation of this gloomy outlook.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it is my melancholy duty to inform you that the British nation is bankrupt!" Roars of laughter followed. Mr. Forster said, "I see no cause for laughter, as my statement must be true, for I have only recently heard, from the lips of Mr. Gladstone himself, that there is not enough money in the British Exchequer wherewith to purchase a Union Jack to be hoisted over our own British Parliament House." When the meeting recovered from its wild fit of merriment over this announcement, Mr. Forster continued: "Perhaps, after all, I have taken too serious a view of the situation, for a patriotic Colonial friend of mine, on hearing of the poverty of the British nation, has most generously offered to pay for the hoisting of the Union Jack over our Parliament House, and we all know from sad experience that Mr. Gladstone is always willing to strike it gratis on demand!"

This was enough. Shortly afterwards the Government found means to follow the example of every other nation, except ourselves, and hoist the national flag over the Houses of the national Parliament, and as (*mirabile*

dictu !) there was actually some controversy as to which flag was the national emblem under the folds of which, in time of danger, the humblest British subject could seek protection, King Edward VII ultimately gave his Royal decision that the Union Jack pure and simple must be regarded as the national flag. Even after this decision was made, so ignorant were we at that time as a nation in regard to these matters, that, in one place at least the police pulled down from a church tower a Union Jack under the impression that it was the Royal Standard, which of course only the Sovereign may lawfully fly. Since the popularisation of "Empire Day," and the spread of the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides movements, such abysmal ignorance is, I hope, now extinct, or very rare.

In corroboration of the universal ignorance existing at this time in regard to the national flag, I may quote from an amusing letter written at that time by Mr. Arnold-Forster to the *St. James's Gazette*, advocating that the national flag be hoisted on the Houses of Parliament. He said :

"Some time ago I was at Leeds during the Assizes. In honour of the Judges a flag was duly exhibited from the top of the Town Hall. I say a 'flag.' I should have said a rag. It was composed of the United States ensign in the top corner, a large expanse of red, and the Union Jack upside-down in the lower corner of the 'flag.' I expostulated with the responsible official. He evidently thought me a harmless lunatic, but in view of my protestations, promised to do better the next day. He did. On the following day he hoisted the signal for a pilot. In Leeds no one took the slightest notice. I imagine that had the same thing occurred in Washington or Paris, the Mayor would very likely have taken the place of the national flag for an adequate

period. I do not advocate such extreme measures, but I do press for such a reasonable, wise, and obvious change as that which I have suggested."

The municipal authorities of Leeds were not the only ones in England at that time who had no knowledge of the meaning of national emblems and flags, and who did not know the difference between the Union Jack and a seaman's call for a pilot, for, when staying on the Riviera at San Remo, my hostess told me that, being anxious to celebrate "Empire Day," she erected a flag-staff on the roof of her house, and ordered a full-sized Union Jack from a well-known firm in England. The flag duly arrived, and she handed it to her servant to hoist without looking at it, as she never dreamt that such a famous firm could possibly make a mistake and send her a wrong flag. There happened at the time to be a British man-of-war in the harbour, and the officers and men, being invited by the British residents to tea, enquired why my hostess was calling so continuously for a pilot, adding, "Do you think it is a sky-pilot she wants?"

My efforts to obtain some patriotic teaching in the London schools was rewarded in the early months of 1893 by the adoption by the School Board of London of a resolution which was a compromise between my proposals and the violent opposition of the advanced Radicals, some of whom described the proposed introduction of the Union Jack into the schools as "a ritual in keeping with that semi-barbaric worship of national fetiches known as 'Jingoism,'" and thought, that "instead of making the scholars worship the triumphs of rapacity, tyranny, and oppression, the Board should cultivate the nobler ideas of a reign of universal brotherhood and peace."

On June 3rd a meeting of welcome to Lady Meath and myself on our return from our voyage round the world was organised by the London Ministering Children's League branches at the Kensington Town Hall, under the leadership of the Bishop of Marlborough, the Bishop of Bedford, the Rev. C. J. Ridgeway, and Canon Erskine Clarke, and a most beautifully illuminated address was presented to us.

I asked H.M.'s Government in the Lords on June 9th whether they were aware of the danger to navigation existing in the Red Sea owing to the absence of lights on the rocks known as Jebel Teir and Abu-Ail (Pile Island) on the Arabian coast near Mocha ; and whether in view of the loss of vessels which had already occurred in consequence of the absence of lights on those spots, they would use their influence to induce the proper Government or Authorities to erect and maintain adequate lights at or near the points mentioned ? I was ably supported by Lord Sudeley ; and Lord Playfair, on the part of the Government, replied that they had long known the dangers to which I alluded. A correspondence upon the subject with the Foreign Office had been going on since 1881, but the onerous demands of the persons who held a concession from the Turkish Government to build twenty-three lighthouses made it impossible for the British to treat with them and the Turkish Government. A few years afterwards, however, these difficulties were overcome, and lighthouses have now been built and are kept in efficient working order in all the dangerous portions of the Red Sea.

On the Report Stage of a Bill entitled " The Sale of Intoxicating Liquors (Ireland) Bill " in the House of Lords, I was successful in moving an amendment which

extended the operation of Saturday and Sunday closing in Dublin to the six townships in the area of the Metropolitan Police District outside the municipal boundary of that city. I was supported by the Archbishop of Dublin (Lord Plunket) and opposed by Lord Rookwood. Earl Spencer, on the part of the Government, said that they had determined to support my amendment, as it seemed to them to make the Bill more symmetrical. The amendment was therefore agreed to and inserted in the Act.

In July 1893 an article from my pen appeared in the August number of the *Nineteenth Century* for 1893, called "Public Playgrounds for Children," in which I said :

"The ideal of the writer of this paper is that a small garden or a children's playground divided into two portions, one for boys and one for girls, both supplied with gymnastic apparatus and appliances for suitable games, with a certain portion roofed in in case of bad weather, and under the care and supervision of special attendants, should be opened and maintained by the municipal authority in every large city within a quarter of a mile's walk of each working or middle-class home. As a rule in cities, the large parks are too far from the masses of the population to be of much practical benefit to them except on a Sunday, whereas if small playgrounds under the strict supervision of careful attendants were scattered all over the town, workpeople would be able to send their children to them, even for a short time, between, before, and after school hours, confident that they would be in safety and well looked after."

In this year appeared *Social Aims*, a collection of essays on philanthropic subjects written by my wife and myself; and at a Diocesan Conference at Truro

in October I addressed, by invitation, a working men's meeting on the subject of the "Ideal Citizen."

Lady Meath left for San Remo on October 27th, stopping *en route* to visit her mother's grave. Her loving heart was at this time stirred to its depths by an account she read in the Italian newspaper the *Corriere della Sera* of October 17th of the sufferings of children employed in the sulphur-mines of Virdello, near Campobello in Sicily. She wrote a letter which was published in *The Times* of November 17th, with the result that the Italian Minister of Agriculture sent orders that the labour of children in the mines of Sicily should be more humanely conducted.

As neither Jeanie nor I was feeling well, both of us having been somewhat overstrained, we took a sea-voyage to Gibraltar on February 15th, 1894, and from thence we crossed over to Tangier.

The wretched condition of the native women of Morocco distressed my wife, and from this moment she began to think how she could establish a women's small hospital under the charge of a British lady doctor. This project ultimately materialised. A couple of upper floors in a house on the top of the walls of the city looking over the "Soko," or market, were hired, and Miss Breeze, a qualified doctor, was placed in charge, and until their deaths, which both occurred about the same time, this useful institution was carried on through my wife's generosity, to the immense relief of many respectable Mohammedan women.

In May of this year (1894) there appeared an article from my pen entitled "Shall Indian Princes sit in the House of Lords?" I argued that such a reform would be of advantage to India, as well as to Great Britain

and the House of Lords. Since then India has been, and is, represented at this moment (1921) in the Upper House, by a native, Lord Sinha, lately Under-Secretary of State for India.

In August I wrote to the *New Review* on "The Possibilities of Metropolitan Parks," in which I argued that though London is excellently provided with the larger recreation grounds, much still remains to be done in the way of increasing the number of small open spaces and playgrounds in the denser parts of the city, as they are of far greater importance and utility to the wife and family of the working man than are the larger parks, which they can rarely find time to visit. I suggested also that the London County Council should turn some portions of the Embankment into places of open-air recreation—a sort of London Champs Elysées, with alfresco theatres, cafés, and restaurants. I asserted that if a Continental nation possessed such a splendid road and riverway through the centre of its capital as we do in the Thames, bright, clean, two- or three-decked steamers, and little fast steam-launches, like those at Stockholm, would flash over the surface of the waters, bearing, of a summer evening, passengers from cafés or restaurants overhanging the banks to water-side concerts and illuminated gardens. If such things can be done in Norway and Sweden, there is no reason why they cannot be accomplished in London. The success which attended the summer evening entertainments at the Horticultural Gardens at South Kensington, before the necessities of the builder demanded their destruction, have amply proved that people are talking nonsense when they say that our climate will not admit of evening open-air or semi-open-air entertainments of a public nature. These suggested reforms

still await the advent of my hoped-for Metropolitan Social Reformer.

My wife at this time was busily engaged in organising a scheme for providing semi-trained attendants for the old and infirm in workhouses.

In 1895 we visited Sicily, Tunis, Biskra, and Algiers, and then returned by way of Naples to San Remo.

In February of this year I published in the *Nineteenth Century* an article called "How to Mend the House of Lords." Commenting on my article, Mr. W. T. Stead, in his *Review of Reviews* of the same month, said :

"Lord Meath, in *The Nineteenth Century*, writes one of his painstaking, moderate, sensible papers, entitled 'How to Mend the House of Lords.' The following is the way in which the House of Lords would be constituted if Lord Meath's proposals were adopted : Hereditary Peers elected by their Order, 200 ; Life Peers, 30 ; Archbishops and Bishops of the Established Church, 20 ; Ecclesiastical Dignitaries of other Churches, 10 ; Recommended Life Peers, 20 ; Colonial and Indian Life Peers, 20 : total, 400."

Next year (1896) I wrote in the same magazine a paper on "Reasonable Patriotism." This was the year when the germ of the future Empire Day Movement took up its residence in my brain, as I wrote a letter to *The Times* under date of December 28th, 1896, in which I said, "Let the anniversary of the accession of the Queen be made a universal school holiday, the scholars meeting in the morning at the school house to sing the National Anthem and to salute the flag."

The last Report published by the Empire Day Movement on January 1, 1923, stated that the "total number of schools within the Empire which have been officially reported as keeping Empire Day amount to 71,264, and

the approximate number of scholars attending these schools is nearly 9,750,000."

Queen Victoria's Jubilee took place on June 22nd, 1897. Convinced that the military forces of the United Kingdom were not adequate to the defence of the British Empire, and that its extent and prosperity rendered it an object of jealousy and of hatred in the eyes of more than one great European military Power, I endeavoured to obtain popular support for a scheme I published in the *Fortnightly Review* for organising a National Boys' Brigade 200,000 strong. This idea next year took practical form in the establishment of the "Lads' Drill Association," of which I became Chairman, and which included Lord Roberts as a Vice-President.

In this year Ireland was visited by Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York, now our most gracious Sovereign King George and his Consort, Queen Mary. During their stay in Ireland they visited Bray and Powerscourt, and His Royal Highness inspected, under my command, a large body of the Boys' Brigade on the Viceregal Cricket Ground in the Phoenix Park.

In November I published a letter asking for contributions of money or clothes in order to carry out a scheme for giving help to clothe the ragged youth of Dublin. This was an attempt, which had already succeeded in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Birmingham, and Liverpool, to co-operate with the police authorities in supplying poor children with clothes, without demoralising the parents. It was called "The Police Aided Clothing Scheme," and was under the direction of the Dublin Philanthropic Reform Association, of which I was President, and Mrs. Tolerton the active Secretary.

In March 1898 I was a second time elected an Alderman of the London County Council, on the occasion

of the election of three Aldermen to fill the vacancies created by the resignations of Sir Godfrey Lushington, Lord Farrer, and the Hon. E. Hubbard. The result of the ballot was as follows : Earl of Meath, 93 votes ; Sir Algernon West, 52 votes ; Mr. T. B. Westacott, 43 votes ; Mr. John Lloyd, 5 votes ; Mr. Evan Spicer, 4 votes ; Mr. Robert Lyon, 2 votes.

In the early days of the month of May 1898 Queen Victoria was pleased to approve of my appointment as Her Majesty's Lieutenant for the County of Dublin, in the room of the late Lord Holmpatrick.

On May 20th, 1898, the Lord Mayor of Dublin opened a handsome fountain erected by us on the site of the Old Meath Courthouse, in Thomas Court, Dublin.

My dear mother, who had for some considerable time been in failing health, died this year, 1898, on July 16th. She had reached a very advanced age, and during her long and useful life had never neglected any opportunity of helping those less favoured by fortune than herself, and of relieving human misery. She resided almost permanently at Killruddery, and as long as she was physically strong enough to go amongst the people she visited all connected with the estate, and was loved for her kindly disposition and her sympathetic nature. At her death a resolution was passed unanimously and in silence, by the Town Commissioners of Bray, in the following terms : " That we, the members of this Township Board, tender our deepest sympathy to the Earl of Meath and family in their bereavement through the death of the Dowager Countess of Meath." She was buried in the grave which held my father's body in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Bray, under the beautiful Celtic cross erected at the time of his death.

In September 1898 the Duchess of York became

Patroness of my wife's Ministering Children's League and, as our present Queen, still honours the Society by holding the position in 1923.

In view of the approaching visit of Queen Victoria to Ireland, I summoned the Deputy Lieutenants and Magistrates of the County and City of Dublin to a meeting on April 1st, 1900, to consider the presentation of an Address welcoming Her Majesty to the shores of Ireland. The Queen entered Dublin on April 4th, 1900, in the midst of enthusiastic plaudits from the crowds gathered at the windows overlooking the line of procession and in the streets through which she passed.

On the 7th a State Banquet was given by the Lord Lieutenant and Countess of Cadogan in St. Patrick's Hall, Dublin Castle; and on the 16th I had the honour of sleeping at the Viceregal Lodge, and of dining with Her Majesty, the other guests including, besides the Lord Lieutenant and Lady Cadogan, the Archbishop of Armagh, Miss Alexander, Lord and Lady Iveagh, and Lady Holmpatrick.

Archbishop Alexander was an infirm, elderly man, who found it very difficult to rise to his feet without assistance. After dinner, when all were seated in the drawing-room, the Queen unexpectedly stood up, and of course all present did the same, with the exception of the Archbishop, who was fixed by his infirmities to his seat. Then occurred a funny scene. To him rushed an excited, indignant Court official, shouting "Stand up," evidently ignorant of the reason which kept the loyal ecclesiastic bound to his chair. As the Archbishop still calmly remained where he was, the official seized him by both hands, and tried forcibly to raise him to his feet; but the courtier was a slightly built man, and then, to the great amusement of all present,

commenced a mighty game of see-saw, in which for some time weight overcame energy, indignation at such apparent disrespect to the Queen, and mighty efforts on the part of the official to restore proper Court etiquette!

This was not the only adventure which His Grace of Armagh had to undergo during the course of that night, for my butler, who was then acting as my valet, tells how Dr. Alexander's servant got roaring drunk, and with difficulty helped his master into bed and then left with his clothes, which he dropped in the passages, marking his trail to his own room as in a paper-chase. The archiepiscopal breeches and apron were found next morning in the principal hall, luckily in time enough *not* to be seen by the Queen!

It had been announced that Her Majesty would limit her visits to persons residing not more than thirteen miles distant from Dublin. As Killruddery is about fifteen English miles, or about thirteen Irish miles, from the capital, I was emboldened to ask if she would honour me by coming some day to Killruddery either to luncheon or tea, stating at the same time that I was about thirteen miles from Dublin. The Queen smilingly asked me whether these thirteen miles were Irish or English. Her Majesty had her wits about her, and was not to be deceived. I replied, "Of course, madam, in Ireland we reckon by Irish miles." She then laughingly said she feared the distance would be too far for her to drive. So Killruddery was never honoured by a visit from the Great Queen.

And now, having reached a new century, it is time for me to bid adieu to my reader, or this story would forfeit the right to be called "Memories of the Nineteenth Century."

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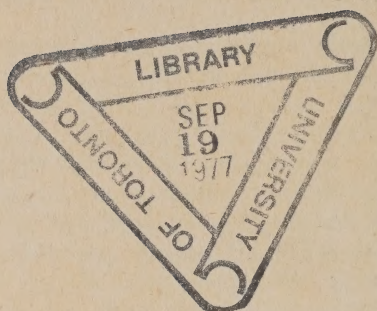
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